

VISAGENICS

“Take the chocolate sauce and drip it on your body.”

“What do you think that they are saying?”

“I do not know.”

“They want more than sauce.”

“They want the cream.”

“This is all graphic and raw.”

“Don’t you know me.”

She stared right through me as if I wasn’t there. I kept talking, but she didn’t hear a word.

“Maybe, you weren’t saying the right thing.”

“What was I supposed to be saying.”

“This is a great day to be alive.”

“Why this particular day?”

Visagenics had done such a brilliant job in transforming Kay into a perfect Sedalia.

How would she orient her personality differently?

“I do things that you cannot control. Things that you can never understand.”

I considered that this was some kind of cult.

“Steven, you could never have what we need. You want to exercise too much personal control over others.”

“I am only helping you to be better.”

“Do I look as if I need help?”

“You have to learn how to work the machine.”

“I understand computers.”

“That is not what I am talking about.”

I was trying to explain the social insight.

“Steven, I have my friends.”

“They are not teaching you about the stream.”

“What are you talking about?”

I wanted to be able to create this lively discourse that moved the narrative along. If it meant understanding Kay in a more profound way, that was all part of the challenge. She was already expressing a resistance to the process. She did not want to see herself as predictable. If I thought that she was Sedalia, she would make sure that she was not Sedalia.

In this model of Visagenics, all the players were members of the Sedalia class. Any operation applied to a Sedalia term would result in the same result if applied to any of the other terms.

“What are you looking for Steven. You want to read an exposition of government to accord with your vision. The people will recognize how they can limit the actions of a tyrant. While the tyrant will try to use the institutions to reinforce his immunity.”

“There are a set of actions, which we would call transgressive. We are seeking a resolution, which would punish these actions. In our thoughts and in our actions, there is a collective movement to advance these safeguards to counter these transgressions. The narrative describes the method whereby this progression can be implemented.”

“How could our beliefs and actions not be included as part of an effective program. The tyrant is doing all that he can to avoid any form of oversight.”

“Kay believes that her lifestyle provides a program to escape tyranny. Steven has behaviors, ways of thought, which she associates with tyranny. Some Steven could never attain a proper awareness. Only some Sub-Steven, checked by his reeducation, could ever have ideas that would affect Kay. And none of these would relate to any kind of physical desire. Any Steven would use his personal development to find the means to dominate some Kay, of the ideal Visagenic class of Sedalias. Sedalia exists in this realm to exercise her total independence from some Steven and any of his attempts to subjugate her consciousness.”

“I think that there is a problem here.”

“What will you freely do in order to receive the necessary emotional inducements to continue along your path?”

“You have to stay close, but not too close.”

“What would Sedalia want?”

“I need Kay to create enough interference, so that no Steven thinks that he can roadblock my life.”

“What is a Steven?”

“Someone who creates independent notions about my being that have nothing to do with my consent.”

“What sense does that make?”

“What sense should it make?”

“Some Steven who appears in my proximity will be ignored.”

“Were you talking to me? I didn’t hear what you said.”

“Sedalia.”

I couldn’t find the certainty to focus my words. I tried to speak to her, but nothing came out.

“You remind me of some Sedalia. Sedalia who thinks about herself in a positive way. She is introspective. She has a plan for the universe.”

“Who is behind this?”

“Why are you even thinking of this?”

“Money is part of my plan.”

“Steven, you write books. Books are there to rob the consciousness of others. They do not allow for an equal response. We like pamphlets and cartoons.”

“I used to be much better than this.”

“What can you know for sure?”

“I will evolve.”

“What if you slow down your development?”

“Some Dominique might try to accelerate it.”

“She is not seeking accelerated development. She wants her watchers to accelerate their desires.”

“Someone is sponsoring every moment.”

“We are going to lose Sedalia?”

“Where does she get lost?”

“She gets lost in the library.”

“All the members of this group seek the same resulted.”

“The liberated Willy.”

“How does that work?”

“The canvas can be seen as a set of explosive Willies.”

“We keep coming back to the same thing.”

“You can only take so much paradise.”

“None of this will ever work out.”

“Steven, I am free.”

“Do you see yourself as some liberated Willy?”

“I am now.”

“I gave you a hint.”

“No one is taking a hint.”

“This is your hint.”

“I do not have the text.”

How many poodles?

Nora could figure out this question.

Who was winning?

“The canvas can be viewed as the beginning of her story. What is left out? What keeps manifesting in every rendition.”

“Why was I not taught an innovative technique? Even as I progressed as an artist, why did I not recognize skills, which would have helped me to develop my original voice. As I applied myself, why was I not able to recognize a style that was so distinct that it needed nurturing?”

“My work was worthy of a gallery show. But none of the owners wanted to give me that opportunity. They did not see what I was offering.”

“The Explosive Willy got in the way.”

“Your lines have no authority.”

“My lines have no authority. I need to have a better grasp of light and shadow. My painting are not electric.”

“Willy can show you.”

“What does some Willy see about the world?”

“Steven, you are advocating for some Willy envy and saying that this blocked her development.”

“It could have been Sam or Lucia. She was looking for a distraction.”

“How do you know that she didn’t discover an artistic revelation?”

“The art is a distraction from personal growth and self-awareness.”

“There was moment when each breath brought her closer to her art.”

“What was she missing?”

“It would take a million years to unravel that tangle.”

“Perhaps, she had a method.”

“You need to hold on. You need to do your part.”

“You live in this community that is cut off from the world. And you try to create these

dictates for the rest of the world.”

“A billion Oreos lined up next to each other.”

“This is an investment Oreo.”

“I could no longer think in terms of past or future.”

“You made me get lost.”

“I always felt lost.”

“In the fall, I am enrolling in an art program in North Carolina. I am really excited about the opportunity. I have been saving up to pay for everything.”

“That sounds fantastic.”

“It really is fantastic. But it still seems like forever before I am ready for this.”

“You have to act as if you are always the artist.”

“Everyone draws a line on paper.”

“How does the second line relate to the first?”

I had seen signs for *Horror House*. This was not just entertainment. It was a new way of seeing myself. That is what the invitation told me. Was I willing to explore madness? And what were the risks? I had become entirely complacent in my way of life. I was around people who spent all their time thinking about money. Did they have enough? Would they ever find personal satisfaction? How did they measure happiness? All this struggle didn’t turn into anything resembling paradise. This was constant suffering.

The *Horror House* had this other appeal. It was not some kind of childish prank. This was a real exploration of the individual. I wanted to learn more about this journey. The abandonment of the self. The awakening of a deeper longing. The surrender to the fundamental impulses of the soul.

I picked up one of the fliers. I wanted to learn more. I looked at the location. It claimed that it was only open on Saturdays. This seemed enticing. I wanted to learn about the attractions. The next Saturday, I followed the directions to this Victorian house high on a hill. I knocked on the door. I was invited in by the master of ceremonies. He gave me a big smile as if I was now the dinner guest.

“My name is Dominique.”

Was I really face-to-face with the great Dominique? She was in the middle of a performance art piece. She called it, “*Confession of the Soul*.” She described her days of darkness. I had read about this act before. The other patrons were all aghast as she told her story. She wanted to invite others to the ritual. Would they be able to accept the burden. This was not a fascination that she had cast aside. Each night she would play this confession. She would contemplate her infernal bargain. That hardly meant that the turmoil dissipated. Her eyes reflected the intensity of her struggle. Surely, she was on something that made her so frenzied. But she had become so immersed in this performance. I believed everything about each revelation. She believed that her experience only enabled her to progress further in the descent. She didn’t seem to be hurting herself. Little beads of sweat formed on her brow. And she shook all over. She wanted to hide this fury; however, it radiated out from her being. The other players took pleasure in the revelations. They almost delighted in the suffering of another. I wondered if my compassion had become an impediment to a more authentic search.

The others were almost blase in their responses. They all seemed jaded to this kind of

act. But that did not diminish their involvement. They almost jeered her for not giving enough. I looked around. There was a blank expression on each face. Nevertheless, I took it for some form of cruelty. They was no mercy anywhere.

“When you start to share your inner desires, you realize that there is a risk. And I was immersed in the danger. All these events had been real for me. Even the re-enactment became difficult. I believed that this would be my forever. I would keep returning to the same traumas. I felt that the performance would enable me to surpass my horror.”

“The structure of the self had become an impediment to further exploration. I was feeling pain due to the profound nature of my recollection. These repetitions opened up the possibility of a new kind of being. Indeed, the troubling episodes were now a thing of the past. I was living beyond the suffering. In the performances, I reenacted the experiences. It almost seemed as if I had become numb to my own reality. But I was no longer present. I had truly surpassed my being. And in this nether zone, I had touched another kind of inhering. I only had a tangential connection to my own body. However, I wondered if I was only embracing my pain. Did that make me inauthentic to the search?”

I could only take so much of Dominique. All this honesty was a little upsetting to me. This created a sense of disorientation.

At home, I was not sure what to make of it all. All these adults were involved in a child’s game. But it was about very serious things. What more could Dominique reveal to corroborate her personal terror? How would that implicate the rest of us in that conflict?

I had thought about this for too long. If it became part of me, I would become subdued by this madness. This was only a trifle. I couldn’t let this overtake me.

I did everything that I could to put this out of my mind. I tried to do my work. However, I needed to get back for Dominique. Her insights enticed me. But I also felt drawn by her apparent lack of guile. Perhaps, I was supposed to do something to make her trials less extreme.

How could people train themselves to be so effective in conveying their emotions to others? I felt as if I had never lived. I had spent all my time drowning myself in work.

I still had the flier on my desk. There was an image of Dominique in her performance outfit behind bars. She wanted us to free her from this bondage. I rubbed my hand up and down the flier, as if I was transmitting my energy to her. This needed to amount for something.

My office mate saw the picture and smiled.

“You are in for these clown shows.”

“What are you talking about? This is deadly serious.”

“He looked back with a sneer.”

“How can you be so comfortable in your cocoon. I see you all, and all that I see is destruction. Am I supposed to free you from this frustration?”

We were all looking at Dominique in the eye. None of us did anything, but she seemed to attack us all with her hostility. She was making us need her act. We were getting pulled into the conflict.

Afterwards, I pushed through the crowd. I told Dominique that I needed to talk.”

“Sir, I cannot do that. That is against house rules.”

“There is so much that I want to know.”

“That is all part of the experience. You need to figure these things out.”

That hardly seemed fair. She was opening up these questions in all of us. But we none of us seemed to be able to do anything about it. Perhaps, I was too sensitive. This was all getting out of hand.

“I am an expert. You are all amateurs. I recognize our zeal. But I cannot let down my guard to any of you. Those are the rules.”

She had invited us to this entertainment space. Now, she was becoming very strict about rules. How was this supposed to work? The success of her performance depended on our assent as audience members. She was taking advantage of our emotions so that she could go deeper in the self. This was sapping our energies.

“You are all selves. That is your problem. I am way beyond that.”

With that, she made her exit. I was reaching out for her support. But she offered little to me.

She was reminding me that this was a quaint little game for her. She could make it work this way for as long as it suited her. It was no longer a matter of ceasing our visits. She knew that she was successful in her sorcery.

I worked to approach this in a rational manner. I did not want to admit that I was even a part of any of this. This was a lot of hocus pocus.

I had a dream, and there she was in the cage. And she was inviting me to accompany her on a further journey. She was blaming me for her pain. Was she asking me to increase to suffering level. I couldn't admit to this experience. Was this how she was distributing responsibility?”

“Your life is about inflicting pain, kind sir. That is what you are the way that you are.”

Where was any of this coming from? I did not see myself as cruel. But Dominique implied that my whole life was about cruelty. She was trying to teach me an ethical lesson. What was the concrete basis of this awareness? Did she want me to review my life so that I could put everything in place?

The dream caused me to rerun her performances. I wanted to focus my own involvement in the representation. This hardly gave me the opportunity to find any kind of independence. I was completely involved.

I felt as if I had not been living. I had only been in a trance. There were intermittent moments when I seemed to be present. Otherwise, I was floating in the universe remote from myself. I loved the immediacy of her appeal. I truly felt as if she was reaching out to me.

After the next performance, she picked me out of the group.”

“Follow me!”

I did not feel as if I was ready for this. I had asked for the connection, but it seemed too real.

“What do you want from me?”

“What is your name?”

I told her my name.

“You can call me Dominique.”

“Dominique, what am I supposed to do?”

“I want to take you on as an apprentice. You seemed so interested. I want to teach you about everything that I do. But I never want you to encroach upon my space. I have invited you here. You are a guest. You will always be a guest. As such, I need to learn about you, this will never be an equal exchange. You will need to tell me things. All that I will tell you about myself are things that I shared in my performance.”

“Continue!”

“You are a weak person. Very weak. You may have wondered why I picked out. If your strength of character was the sole determinant, I would have left you alone. This is about so much more than that. You were more than inquisitive. You have a relentlessness that can be extremely unpleasant. But I can work with you to turn that into a plus.

“What do I do now?”

“I want you to think about why you are here. I am going to go out and do another performance. When I am finished, I will come back to my room. And you will leave.”

“What is the point?”

“For once, you are not being given an easy answer. You need to figure that out.”

Are you trying to puzzle me?”

“Sit still. I need to get back out there.”

She straightened up herself. Then she went back to the stage. And I was left in here. This was totally disconcerting. She was insulting me, and she wanted me to learn from my mistake. Was I truly weak? What was I missing in my being? She had exposed a weakness. And she was now pouring salt in the wound. She had me squirming. This was the basis of the confession. That was her act. But she had really told us nothing. She was cutting me open like a fish. I floundered back and forth.

When she came back, I actually believed that she had something to say to me. It was nothing like that. She was taunting me.

“I need to undress. I do not want you in here. Please leave!”

At home, I felt this hollow. What had she done to me? I had never felt this inadequacy before. But it could not be more manifest. I was sensing my own malignancy. I wanted to get rid of my doubts, my doubts about myself. But she seemed to be mocking everything about me.

She had succeeded in teaching her first lesson. I did not realize how effective this method was. That was why she professed to her expertise. This had worked for her. It had blessed herself with a profound awareness.

The next night at the House of Horrors, she let me watch her perform. Then she invited me to her room.

“What did you see?”

“I saw someone who is not entirely comfortable with her emotions.”

“Are you describing yourself?”

“What do you mean?”

“I made you uncomfortable. Do you think that I could do this all the time if I was really uncomfortable with my emotions?”

“You have all this anger.”

“You are the angry one. What did I say that bothered you?”

“All this frustration about the past.”

“Tell me about your past.”

“There is not much to tell. I am a writer.”

“A very safe profession. You rewrite your own emotions, and you try to trap people in their terrible situations.”

“That isn’t how it works.”

“Tell me about your life.”

“Tell me more about yours.”

“That is not how it works. You have trouble with your emotions. You like to dominate other people.”

“Does that come from your dusty psychology books?”

“How else should it be?”

“What do you want to learn?”

“I am learning by your reticence. You are a tightly wound sort.”

“You like to find helpless young things and dominate them.”

“I am not like that at all.”

“We have had enough from you for the night.”

She was exposing my real motives. It wasn’t just helplessness. I wasn’t showing that much courage. I expected Dominique to put me in place.

“I want you to strip naked for me. Then I am going to leave you locked in this room all night.”

“What is that about?”

“I want to see you raw. You have nowhere to hide. I am not going to help you out.”

She made me anticipate something. I had no idea what it was.

“You do not know how to commit yourself to anything.”

“You are making me more confused.”

I needed to review our lessons. Was she helping me to understand anything about myself? She made herself seem impressive. She was already doing that on stage. What was she offering with the extra teaching?

I wanted to see her perform. With each movement of her eyes or each gentle caress of the hand, she was engaging the audience in an exploration of inner space. I now recognized how could make all of this seem so intimate while holding us all at a distance. As I tried to push back, she held me in place. She was more than clever. She was unforgiving.

“Why can’t we be better?”

“I am a professional. I am not allowed to be that lax.”

She was inciting me to a professionalism. I was reviewing her technique. She was making me afraid of myself. And I was creating these terrible scenarios from my own past. Had I ever been that weak? What did I lack? She made all my failures seem glaring? And she reduced my triumphs to rubble.

What did I really need to do to put all the pieces in place? At home, I did my own

act in front of a mirror. I could hear an audience roaring in laughter. There were not laughing at my jokes. They were doing what they could to humiliate me. Dominique would not have been taken to such a point. She would have controlled everyone with an iron hand.

I needed to figure out how to do that. She made me feel that I would need to let it all ooze out. That would only make me more vulnerable. I was twisting around on the ground in front of everyone.

“I do not see humiliation as a learning experience.”

“That is supposed to be my line.”

“Dominique, are you given to cruelty?”

“You are seeing what you want to see. I have told you that all along.”

The lessons were exposing my own venality. That made me see how I posed a threat to her. How did she want me to respond?

She would dress me down with her next performance. She saw me in the crowd, and every word was sent my way.

“There is nothing there. You are protecting something in the daylight. But you are being opened like a whale carcass. You really do not know what it is to have a moment of freedom.”

She asked herself? “Do you want me to cry? Do you want me to protest. We are face to face with the fact that you are a shit?”

“What was that about, Dominique?”

“How do you want me to be? Do you want to see the chocolate sauce dripping off my body? I don’t want to present myself that way. What do I have to say to the world so that things do not end up that way?”

“How can anyone protect herself when that much of her is exposed?”

“There is a reward.”

“What are you passing out? What are you putting in someone’s hands?”

All this was running by me. I needed to catch it all. In all my weakness, I had not envisioned myself that vulnerable. Could anyone ever live like that? Dominique claimed that everyone breathed that rarified air. Besides those rare clouds of joy, there was permanent turmoil. Her act had been so biting that night.

How would humiliation complete her act? The audience was ready to spit on her. The jeers were incessant. But the room remained completely silent. No one would step forward to accept culpability.

“No one ever does. They get their minds thinking so quickly that there would never be any respite.”

She was ripping our insides with barbed wire.

“Steven, are you betraying this story.”

“What does that mean?”

“You are making everyone tainted.”

“That is Dominique’s doing. What about the weather.”

“What can you do about it?”

“I can seed clouds.”

“Dominique, what if I deny your premise? None of this matters. You assume that

you are more adept than you could possibly be. In the real world, someone would be crying at her desk.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Do you delight in the suffering of others?”

“That is your story, isn’t it. All of you. That is what you think that you are seeing. I am giving all of myself. Do you know that?”

“Pass the rainbow trout?”

“What does trout realize?”

“I have suffered for a cause today.”

“You need to open your eyes.”

“What does art help me to see?”

“Who wants to squirt chocolate sauce on me?”

“Where does that come from?”

“Isn’t that the only question that you ask? Are you looking at me? What do you see?”

“I see all your desperation.”

“I am glad that you are a wonderful performer.”

“You are the performer.”

“Are you looking to discern?”

“What do you want to know, Dominique?”

“I could give you the world.”

“I could give you the world.”

“This is another bargain.”

“Do you have the dessert sauce?”

“Do you have the cleansing sauce?”

“Once you have already done the damage, how can you fix things up?”

“Do you have the antiseptic cream?”

She was doing everything that she could to shake me up.

“This is a different view of the same subject.”

“Are you a photographer?”

“I am a photographer.”

“What do you know that Sedalia could never know?”

Dominique was the subject matter She was the subject matter in a a terribly quaint way.

“What is the stimulus?”

“Who is asking this?”

“The observer.”

“What is a trigger?”

“The light changed on you.”

“I have a list of stimuli.”

“This is impossible.”

“You cannot control this.”

“I am already asleep.”

“There is another version.”

“That is the only version. Learn the keywords.”

“Where is this headed?”

“What result are you waiting for?”

“I could have helped.”

“Steven, you do not have any competition.”

“Dominique is doing a great job.”

“I have it all locked down.”

“The words have it all locked down.”

“What happened here?”

“What happened here?”

“Nothing that I could ever escape from.”

“You are taking too long.”

Dominique understood her abrasive personality. She had spent time trying to attain this focus. She took some time off of performance to do a series of photographs. She had an accompanying text. This was where it was supposed to get interesting.

“The game goes on even if you are not watching.”

“This is the only game worth watching.”

“We will not be able to get to the net level.”

“What do you see in my photos that make me me?”

“This is getting out of hand?”

“Hope could figure it out.”

“Hope does not perform from the raw edge.”

“What does Dominique know?”

“Who is looking at the photos?”

“Who is ever looking?”

“The editor.”

“What are we taking out?”

“Why do you reveal so much?”

“Can you explain Visagenics?”

“I thought that you were Sedalia.”

“What would it really mean if you were Sedalia?”

“Sedalia does not take as many risks.”

“It is all real for her. They are all risks.”

“Who is the photographer?”

“Someone who can get me to stand in place.”

“Why did you let Sable get away?”

“That is another story in itself. Dominique is behind the camera.”

“I don’t think that I could describe the audience.”

“I have to show you what I want you to see.”

“Flowers and spiders.”

“No one is going to surprise me.”

“How did Dominique train to be so adept?”

“What are you trading?”

“You already know. Kitchens and bathrooms. That is the only point that you find liberation.”

“What do you not have?”

“We are ending up where we started. This guy is high as fuck, and he locked the door to my bathroom”

“That is the embarrassment that we expose in performance.”

“Too many performances.”

“Too excruciating.”

“This is seeing what we already know.”

“I really screwed up badly.”

“This has to be the day.”

“These stages of seeing are all embodied in a different part of the performance.”

“What is she hiding?”

“I have nothing to hide. The performance is not about hiding.”

“There is so much work to do to please another person.”

“Dominique, is that really a kind of performance.”

“Why did you leave me like this?”

Dominique realized how good she would have to be if she was going to be successful in conveying her message. She could sense how people were taking from her. This did not leave her much opportunity to find her self-confidence. They were like birds of prey feeding. She was so certain about the nature of her audience. She looked in the face of each person. She had faced such formidable interference. She was not going to let it overwhelm.

“I first saw my performances as a kind of personal growth. I was doing what I needed for my own development. This gave me the benefits that I sought. But I feel as if I have been hitting this barrier. And this hardly helps me to develop any further. I was sure that I could do this on my own. That was the basis of my artistic awareness. I could represent anything that had been troubling me. And my performance would cause all these negative influences to disappear.

“I could sense emotions in my audience that really disturbed. There was this sadistic tendency. They did not see me as curing myself. They loved me immerse in my own darkness. And they were doing what they could to keep me in this place. I felt that my cages was a permanent state of being. The collective feeling was driving me down. I hated the people who were watching me. And my anger was without limit.”

Dominique had been thorough at documenting her misgivings. Dr. Reed was struck by the residual of her performances. She was still on her stage. She wanted Dr. Reed to respond to her as an entertainer. Dominique felt that her most extreme emotions were represented on the stage. In talking to Dr. Reed, she needed an accurate witness to what was going on.

This was going to be a real test for Dr. Reed. Dominique was evidently erecting barriers to her own recovery. This was why she needed someone to assist her in trying to escape. Dominique also feared that she would lose the very thing that made her such a committed performer. She did not want to give everything that she had to the therapeutic process.

Immediately, Dr. Waters noticed this incredible challenge. She was suppose to give part of herself to Dominique’s revelation. Dominique was testing her.

This was hardly the first time that Dr. Reed had been challenged in this way. But Dominique was a professional in her own way. She did not want to yield to the doctor. That would mean surrendering the very thing that made her unique.

In some ways, Dominique wondered if Dr. Reed was still a victim to the thing that had touched her in her own development. Dominique had made an effort to balance these forces. She walked this fine line in order to take the stage. Dr. Reed needed to use her commitment to give credibility to her process. Dominique was immersed in her own trial. And she needed to believe in the authenticity of this discipline.

She knew that she was not on stage. But this was always something more. She did not want to give up on all the marvelous lessons that she had gleaned. Try as she might, Dr. Reed was not going to threaten any of her spoils of war.

Dominique did not want her defensiveness to seem evident.

“Why are you doing this? Is this really something that you care about?”

“This is all that I can do. It is the only thing that gets me out of the hell that I live.”

I had no idea why I was telling her these things. This totally contradicted how I thought about myself. I had found strength in my actions. I did not see myself as weak. But I was becoming disgusted by my clientele. They wanted to degrade me. They wanted to berate me for being weak. These were people, who went along with all kind of shit. But they wanted me to be different. When I showed who I was, that made them afraid. They wanted me to go back to pouring chocolate sauce on my body. I was not about some kind of perversion. I was trying to make myself strong.

The stronger that I became, the more that they wanted to take me down. That gave them this rush. It convinced that they were powerful.

Rain had forwarded me a paper about the Melvin Field. By the time that I started to look into the paper, she had disappeared into the field. Cambridge and Green had worked together to map that field. Green had his own ideas about the dangers of the Pleasure Principle. Few of the participants had succumbed to the field in such unpleasant ways. Even though he had collaborated on the paper, Cambridge believed that the effects were not so serious.

Mera believed that her understanding was sufficient to inform her associates. On her view, the field only confirmed her own guidance. Thus, each visit was meant to reinforce her leadership.

Mera’s perspective did not differ in substance from Cambridge and Green. Her perspective focused on the immediate effects. However, Cambridge and Green indicated that these effects could be even more pronounced. Thus, there were these two competing models, which served as the basis for the theory.

Green wondered what was the role of personal influence in the elaboration of the theory. Personal influence could mediate the transition from the Supposed State to the Melvin Field. Mera was arguing for the critical notions of the Supposed State. In the Supposed State, the initial energy levels dropped to coordinate with the experience in the Pleasure Principle. The participants were becoming accustomed to their roles. This experience became more challenging as individuals maintained their tenure. There were doing what they could not to overwhelm the situation with their seeming expertise. At the same time, they struggled with the surrounding effects.

Mera expected to use the Supposed State for her benefit. She transmitted these ideas to all of her associates. There was a critical issue if the Melvin Field played havoc with Mera's intentions. Mera has outlined clear principles to support her point of view. Under such a perspective, no one would make a serious mistake. However, Mera, herself seemed the most likely to experience the effects of the Melvin Field. For that reason, it was in her interest to maintain that these effects were minimal.

Larry looked at the paper on the Supposed State. He questioned whether other factors could present the same results. He wondered if Mera's system was exhaustive. The mediation of effects could disrupt the effort to resist the field. Under these circumstances, any sort of moderating effects could enable an overshooting. The individual would seem to act against programming. This was the intent of the Pleasure Principle. Nothing unusual would occur, but Wade would get his desired outcome. The Melvin Field could induce a more intense transformation.

Dr. Reed was studying such a phenomenon. She claimed that was her hope for the Deduction Competency. This provided an escape velocity from the Melvin Field. Reed claimed that this was the point of the field. It enables the Nocturnals to use the irregularities in the field to project to another level of existence. Even though she elaborated such a theory, she had personal misgivings against following up on such a conjecture. She hoped that someone else might take the risk. Indeed, she feared that there were major impediments if she made the trek solo. She was a scientist. She believed in her work, but she did not want to be the person who would make the journey by herself.

"Steven, this is not the first time that you have observed this phenomenon."

"In fact, this was an extension of a similar manifestation. The self is erased by a series of cascading events. What remains is a pure experience. No attachments, no stimulation. Just presence."

"Pure absence."

What could Dr. Reed make of any of this? How would it fit with any of her other work? Was there a state of nothingness, which could have therapeutic benefits?

"I feel as if there is something missing."

"This feeling of absence could collectively contribute to a healing moment."

"Are you actually convinced that these behaviors could motivate an individual to make progress?"

"Feelings of negativity might detriment any sort of cure. However, these feelings could be deep-seeded, and they could represent other sorts of energies."

"Is this what you call the dark cure?"

"Others have used that term. I have other ways of talking about it, but there are these feelings of turmoil that indicate a resistance to change on the part of the individual. When a person can engage these contradictory feelings, she can embrace growth."

"Dr. Reed, are you convinced of the usefulness of such an approach? Don't you think that there could be a downside of these detrimental feelings?"

"If we try to get rid of something that is part of self, that could be more problematic to the individual. We really try to get to the heart of these feelings for what it's worth."

"You see success for such an approach."

“It is worthwhile in a number of cases. This perspective is the foundation of my therapy.”

Some patients questioned whether the therapy had its intended effect. The dark cure left them fascinated with the very thing that had trapped them in their delusion. They sought other sorts of experience, which seemed to increase the intensity of their encounter. While the initial effects seemed welcome, it became difficult to pursue further steps to recovery.

Dr. Reed became embroiled in a controversy, which reflected a critical disagreement in the field. Some therapists felt that the dark cure made light of the roots of trauma. They claimed that this only accommodated the patient to the events, which had crushed them. As such, this prevented the individual from attaining sufficient will to avoid such circumstances in the future.

Could the Melvin Field be constituted as a transition to a deeper understanding of the mechanisms of the psyche? This connection would enable the self to attain a greater level of personal control. She could resist the tendency to be dominated by a past without any sort of assertiveness. She could engage these terrible representation in a way that empowered her. She would not have relive the painful aspects.

This give and take only invited a sense of freedom for the clients. Dr. Reed saw real improvement in these cases. She felt empowered by this application. That continued her repeated use of the same techniques. This enabled her to open up the road to self-confidence.

I was not going to find liberation through further revelation. I had opened up too much of myself. I needed Dr. Reed to show me another route. What could that possibly be?

There wasn't this place that they could just turn on. There wasn't a button to push. I was not meant to be all wound up like that. I needed a part of myself that they could not touch. What did that mean? I was living for an adulation that I hated. I did not want them to love me. These were unlovable people. They were taking something from me.

When Dominique told me her story, I felt as if it was becoming my story. I embraced what it gave me. I wanted a stage where I could express my inner secrets. It seemed like a rush. But I needed to admit a downside. And there were many.

She had this unique confidence when we sat together. I wanted my body to express the same sense of certainty. I was not weak. I had a career. But I was living in my head. Had I given up on a side of myself. Had I let pretend emotions take the place of this completely liberated carelessness. I looked at my calendar. Everything was so controlled. All down to my fingers. And here was someone who had no fear.

I stepped back I did not want to get taken in by her carelessness. She could create this courageous persona. Everything seemed to be so together. Everything was in control. Behind the mask, she was completely uncertain. That was she was coming to me. Did I want to get overtaken by my emotions?

She was making me return to past crisis in my own life. I questioned whether I even had the authority to give out advice. Her life seemed so easy. She did not have to censor her thoughts. She could meet abuse with resistance. I wasn't that self-confident.

This made me very uncomfortable. I was sure that I had worked out all these details. And they were coming back to haunt me in the worst way. I needed to find a way to sort out these details.

“Steven, this is your technique all the way. I am not sure how you do it. You can take all these details from someone else's experience. And you claim them as your own. This becomes

an everything to you. I am a professional. I do not want to see myself as vulnerable in that way. You are not going to go back to the dark moments in the past and create some kind of intimacy so that you can get to know me any better. There is nothing that we share. There is nothing that was share. More than that, you are being some kind of pervert with my life. Each little detail, that I add to help understand better, you twist to fit into your story. And that makes you feel as if you have more control. It makes me feel like less of a person.”

There was this point when I was not a person. In my depths, I discovered something consistent. This pulsating wave. And I gave myself to that constancy. The became a reference point. I could catch my breath. I could come up for air.

Dominique was confusing me. I was never that tangled up. And I did not show that kind of aggression to the world. She claimed that she was focusing all this energy in a creative way. When I tried to think like that, all my frustration came to the surface. This did not seem like a fair exchange.

This rawness was more than a little extreme. Once, I was incited, there seemed to be no end. The emotions were infinite.

It was all to evident to me. Dr. Reed thought that there was something wrong with me. But she did not have the strength to let the world know how she felt. I saw how these people really were. They measured everything as success and failure. They saw themselves as winners.

I needed to demonstrate the hollow in my clients. I wanted to shake them all over. I wanted to mock their temporary victories. None of this made them feel any better.

I had so much to do that I was becoming paralyzed by these thoughts. I needed something to shake me out of this lull. Dominique had this endless intensity. She was always up. And I was tiring in my being.

It was all strange. I could fall asleep and let it all go. But was I allowed to sleep? Was it fair to let it go without any kind of after-effect.

Dominique could talk me into jumping off a building. There was all this kind of danger in her pitch. I felt as if I was going to harm myself.

I was the therapist. I needed to add to my notes. There were thing that needed to be said. I was avoiding them.

“Where am I? This noise is inside me. It means nothing. But it will not cease. Did I make things like this? How was I contributing to my own demise? I was waking up each day, but I was being torn in two by my desire to live. Who was making me like this?”

“I felt as if I had overcome all these terrible thoughts. And they were now being rerun. I wanted to let go of the aggression. There was nothing but aggression.”

I was afraid that I would never want to get on the stage again. I had become immune to myself. I could not fake it. I could not pretend. If there was aggression in me, I needed to let it all out for people to see. This was even more embarrassing on my part. I controlled things better than this.

I looked at my analyst. She had all her emotions in control. She would never want to take out her anger against her clients. I jumped into that arena. I pounding the air. The hatred was seething. I was a boiling kettle ready to burst. There as no room for restraint.

What did I detest about my clientele? What made them so smug? Their accomplishments only turned them into a mockery of themselves. But they believed that they

had surpassed themselves. They believed that they deserved recognition. And they were ready to defend their ideology to the death. No wonder, they would wish such pain on another person.

I needed my analyst to help me establish some kind of limit to this suffering. That was the universe. How was this going? The audience were afraid of me. And I wondered. Did I feel the same way about myself. I hoped for some kind of respite.

I could not adopt Dr. Walter's calm. This seemed like an imposition. There was no cure for our personality. I was more revved up than approved by the good doctor.

"I am not kidding. This is so sad."

"What are the origins of sadness?"

"Light reflecting through broken glass."

"We can fix that?"

"How?"

"Light bending glasses."

"When I feel as if I do not understand things, I write as if I do."

"One day, you will see me as a god, and your only hope will be to destroy me."

"What sense does that make?"

"What do you worry about?"

"I am going to edit the story."

"There is no editor."

"What does a good editor do?"

"You are going to realize that I am a goddess, and you are going to do everything that you can to stop me."

I kept away from Dr. Reed and returned to performance. I did not want to think that my hatred was getting in the way of my performance. I wanted to expose the anger felt by my audience. Each expressed his own frustration. And I was only trying to reflect that feeling.

Why had I thought it necessary to bring in someone else to help me understand what was going on with me?

"I felt as if I was losing touch with the flow of time."

"Dr. Reed, I had no idea that you would come to one of my shows."

"I needed to figure out what it was all about."

"This does not breach some kind of ethics."

"This helps me to have a better awareness why you act the way that you do."

"This is giving you the advantage over me."

"You are a public performer. I really can't see it any way."

"I could come see you if you were also performing in public."

"I really don't think I am going to perform in public any time soon."

"It could be wildly therapeutic for you."

"I will stick to more traditional methods."

The therapist decided that she would not become a performance artist.

Dominique seemed to reference the therapeutic process. She talked about her mind being controlled by someone else.

"You can't say that trying to survive in your career is an ethical violation."

“What are you talking about?”

“You know that there is a problem. A hideous crisis of conscience.”

“How can knowledge constitute itself as conscience when you can do nothing to change?”

“What do you want to see? Me coughing up blood. I am not feeling that unstable.”

“I don’t want to see this shit over and over again.”

“There are some things better left unsaid.”

“How did you start getting so moralistic?”

“People would see me in the street. And they wanted me to act the same. They wanted to confront me. I had exposed their worst. And they wanted to kill the messenger.”

“Are you this way because of something that happened to you when you were young?”

“Of course nothing happened to you. And if you felt the inclination, you wouldn’t mind acting as my bully. Would you like me to go along with the torture?”

“What are forms of suffering?”

“Do you have nothing better to do with your time?”

“This could be emotional isolation.”

“You go to work.”

“Where is the performance?”

“What do you want me to show?”

“I don’t want to get up in the morning. I deal. I don’t complain.”

“What do you want me to do?”

“Some real bad things are coming.”

“What about the pet gerbils?”

“Where does this come from?”

“What am I really afraid of?”

“I turn strangers into friends.”

“What does that mean?”

“I am looking for a good meal!”

“This is not going to look pretty.”

“What would it mean to call her a great dinner date?”

“She will please the CEO of the company.”

“I have been thinking about creating a new division in Asia.”

“Is that really what was said?”

“How can we export debt?”

“We can call it investment.”

“My analyst regressed me to a time when I got along well with my family. And I let that idea remain with me. We have all had that idealized image even if it has nothing to do with our reality. I honored that principle.”

“I realized that I had lost my confidence. I could not do what I needed to do to assert myself. I had taken a step in the right direction. But there was not enough commitment deep inside. I wondered if that regression had robbed me of my strength.”

“I blamed my analyst for taking my will away. I had become more afraid of myself.”

More afraid of something that remained hidden. I needed a different approach. I needed to work through the source of my pain.”

“Why do you view pain as the basis for an understanding of self? Pain is a personal reaction to an actual situation?”

“The experience makes no sense without the response.”

“Where does this come from?”

The performance revealed all kinds of emotions. But it was just that, entertainment. Even if it was potent, the viewers would easily forget the potency when they returned to their routines. People could exaggerate. They could feel the anguish from their inability to get over their various coping techniques.

“I don’t think people would care about this if they didn’t want something from you. And you look like someone, who is willing to give a great deal of herself.”

“You start to feel that the only thing that really matters is some service that you can offer. You know your price. You learn about the market. Nothing else means much of anything.”

“I want people to see and to know. You nothing else seems absurd.”

“We are not keeping track.”

“People keep track of every single thing.”

“There is heart rate and compassion rating.”

“What can I do?”

“You can patch things together. You can make yourself feel better. You can follow the currents to resolution.”

“What do you want me to do for myself?”

“I can start believing in a different way.”

“We can all start to feel in a different way.”

“That word difference is so abstract.”

“What is your object?”

“I am not going to get in a line and pretend that anything is changing. I do not want to wait.”

“Is this part of your performance?”

“I demonstrate things that people could want. And their aspirations are special.”

“This is hardly the basis for performance. Everyone has emotions.”

“I have classic emotions. I am a goddess.”

“That is the fear.”

I needed to focus my emotions. There was a lot of extraneous influences, which were getting in the way of an honest performance. Honesty meant not getting caught up in the trivial.

“You can’t spill blood if you are getting nothing in return. You are not there to humiliate yourself.”

I wondered if Dominique had been able to teach her lessons in performance. This was about a lot more than pretending to be a seer. She had shown a talent for creating a vitality out of nothingness. She was a survivor without equal. This was more than posing in chocolate sauce. That only satisfied the voyeurs.

Dr. Reed recognized how she had let Dominique distract her from her purpose. She

expected her clients to understand the fundamental emotions in their lives. This was all caught up with authenticity. She was there to fortify their choices. What was she willing to share for herself?

Why was authenticity so important? She was giving something to people, who felt this fundamental lack. How was she relating to that sense of doubt? It was not a matter of living up to someone else's expectation. Once people let go of that attachment, what else did they have to cherish?

"You aren't going to make sense of your own confusions by acting like a ghoul. That is not an authentic emotion. You are making an amusement about your own struggles. There is only one thing that will actually make you whole."

"You are talking all about emotions. There doesn't seem to be anything to relate with. You are getting me lost in abstractions."

"You get rejected by a long time lover. You are estranged from a parent. You have trouble keeping your job. You can't keep up with your rent. Any of these feelings sense you in a tailspin. You feel as if you are part of a world that cares little for your needs."

"It's not as if you can say no to any of this. You keep going over it again and again. You are in shit, and you are made to be in shit."

"So you consider it performance art to throw people's problems back in their face."

"Not in the least. I am trying to remind of the their immunity from the emotions of others."

"What do you want me to do? If someone cannot take care of herself, that is not my doing."

"It is the doing of your performance. What can you call real pain?"

"The actor should not try to invert the reality. A more intense emotion may not equal anything real in experience."

"I cut my finger, and I feel pain. It is not emotional pain."

"Where did this start."

"You are not getting out in front of your problems."

"Wake up to the reality!"

"I am as much reality as I need."

"You live in your own filth. And you are helpless to pick up your garbage. You are sinking deeper."

"The performance helps you to smell what you cannot smell. What is the origin of this understanding?"

"This is all being taken from me."

"What is the delivery space."

"I gave you the right number, but the wrong life."

"Do lives have pain number to indicate how they can be expressed?"

"You can order from the menu."

"We have a body with a limited tolerance for suffering."

"There are people who put up with anything."

"When do you realize that people are having pleasure at your expense?"

"Who is making the meal?"

"What are you talking about?"

park.”

“I am waiting for one person to understand.”

“She does not want to be understood.”

“I want to understand before I get tamed.”

“Why does he continue to sharpen the knives?”

“He is trying to make a point without any ambiguity.”

“Are you cutting hairs?”

“I am trimming very close.”

“I do not think that this can even be understood.”

“Keep trying.”

“Life goes on.”

“I am part of it.”

There is this thread that never touches the super-lunar plane.”

“You touch the lunar plane.”

“What does that mean?”

“I am haunted by secret forces.”

“That is an investment idea.”

“That was Sable’s argument.”

“I think that I have found four points of terrestrial suggestion: Celestine, Salt, Opal, and Gisele.”

They resembled Carmen, but none of them was Carmen.

“I had already been exposed to Visagenics. These were the terrestrial manifestation.”

“There is an extra-terrestrial sensory awareness.”

“Is that telepathic?”

“Can you do tricks, Chendra?”

“I am a trick.”

“I hear that I am going to be offered an inducement.”

“Girl Scout Cookies.”

“Palm oil treats.”

“Everything is a treat.”

“I have been cued.”

“You are going to have to sit in a room by yourself.”

“Am I being deprogrammed.”

Whatever was going to happen to her was something that she truly loved.

“Miami was able to provide an extra-terrestrial connection.”

“How did she do that?”

“Will power.”

“Lack of will power.”

“She got taken to a special place.”

“And where was that?”

“The end of the world.”

“I am going to have to make some critical changes.”

"I need you to ask."

"Would Visagenics substantially help me?"

"I need a new face."

"We are going to have to sue."

"I made her disappear."

She realized that getting wet could lead to a loss of power."

"This is the only time that I could visit.":

"I have a train to catch."

"And he is sitting on the same train that you are."

You had your health, a vision, and a deep inspiration. What was missing?

"I may need you to help with this story."

"My only goal in life is to feel safe."

"Do you know where this is really going?"

"To hell in a hand basket."

"I am not sure if we can accept her into our school. She will have to take some tests.

We have to see if she is right."

"Right for what. Your students sit in a room and look at butterflies all day."

"Do not insult us. We are not like you."

"Butterflies have a lot to teach us."

"Queen of the Butterflies."

"Is that how you developed your notoriety?"

"I would get people to metamorphosize."

"This would be one day for you to remain in the house."

"I need to get out."

I did not want to get left alone. I had just seen the two contrary cards, and they were working havoc with my personality.

"Imitation is our skill."

"Some things are not compatible."

"I can move very quickly."

"This would have been a perfect place for you, Chendra."

"Is this a leadership group?"

"I feel like a change agent."

Chendra had been fated.

In my physics class, we learned about the indomitable will of the scientist. He allied himself with the forces of the universe. Even if there was a barrier, he understood how he would remove it. From there, an explosive reaction would occur. He had mapped out these changes.

There was a motivation to appreciate uncertainty. These were confident individuals people looking for principles of uncertainty. Once found, there was only one thing that was certain, an assertion of will.

"Someone told me that this was Cambridge's dilemma."

"Cambridge understand many things that others do not."

"But he is driven by an unstoppable influence."

“I never understand how that works.”

If the impulse was unstoppable, could Cambridge resist that influence? What did he know? What was there in his science?”

“I feel a pain in my heart.”

“In the past, people experienced a moral dilemma. They were not clear about their allegiances. Now, we understand that foundation all too well. If we do not do our part, our enemy will take advantage of our weaknesses.”

I had a great fear. It was represented by this card. It was face up and looking at me. This was a portrait of my own vulnerability. I felt vulnerable around people who thought that they were superior. Why did I feel beholden to them? It wasn't as if they really knew anything about me. They symbolized everything that felt so helpless and mixed up in my life. This is nothing that I can do anything about. But all of you can do your part to make me feel miserable. And I hated to think of myself in that way. I was looking hopeless in front of people who felt that they were better than others. They were better because they knew no others. Everyone was just like them. Not in a literal sense. But they all exercised their will in exactly the same way. They never really held their breath. There was nothing that they were trying to avoid. They lived in a present where everything was sparkling as gold. And behind the glitter, there was more glitter. This was the gilded age.

“I need to feel this now as if it was everything. And in this representation, I wanted to manifest my deep understanding.

“How is this supposed to look?”

I was sure that I knew how everything was supposed to look. It is as if I could visualize the molecular structure of a giant organic compound. I wasn't looking at image. I was looking at the actual crystalline structure. And I felt blessed by this understanding. This indeed was a marvel.

No one else felt that same kind of immediacy.

Despite my profound awareness, there was something missing in my perspective. My knowledge could not sustain me.

I watched these cards as they fanned back and forth. And the prominent cards spoke again and again. Even as I tried to progress, I was getting pulled back. I was not surviving through my physics class. There was some alternative lesson waiting for me.

“What do you really want to know, Chendra?”

“I did not think that I would qualify for philosophy.”

“How are you feeling about existence.”

“I feel as if I am all here.”

“But you do have doubts.”

“We all have doubts.”

“That is part of your existence.”

“How is that?”

“How is that?”

“I was told that this was logic class. It would assist me to think in a more authoritative way.”

“You barely feel present.”

“Presence does not cut it here.”

“What is your overall complaint?”

“Cambridge would have a greater complaint.”

“Complaints interrupt our social experience.”

“That does not mean that we should not make them.”

“Where does this come from?”

“My words fail me. I know what I want to say. But I can never formulate the actual sentences.”

“Words can instruct the world to change. They can move the machines along.”

“Can I tell myself what I need to know?”

I stopped caring about grades and evaluations.

“Was this the source of the change?”

“I felt as if I can move mountains. But that seemed contrary to everything that was going on around me. There is this moment when you start listening to other people. And you realize that you really can do some shit. However, all the old denials are there in an even more potent form.”

“This is the first lesson: you can never have what you want because it is never as it seems to be.”

“The cake always falls once you take it out of the oven.”

“This is my wonderful career.”

“Maybe, Cambridge could make himself really useful. He could teach us how to manage our social lives in a scientific way.”

“That is hardly the basis for a personal transformation.”

“I would be in my room for long periods of time trying to turn over the right cards. There was a lesson that I wanted to learn. I wanted revelation to come my way. I felt as if I had a flash of insight. And I could turn it into something greater, for whatever that was.”

“There comes a point when you want to see behind the screen. And you use all your power to capture the shadows. And from those images, you do everything you can to describe actual behavior.”

“Celestine took a long time trying to work out a role for herself. She had a costume, but very little purpose.”

“Zandra is much better prepared.”

“There is a moment when I am going to have to get out of here.”

How could my understanding of accounts free me to do what I really wanted for my future development?

“We will be able to create life.”

“And a perfect fake steak sandwich.”

“What do you really want?”

“An ability to forget the sensation of steak.”

“You could eat some fresh liver.”

“What is the sudden meat obsession?”

“This is not me. I am trying to understand the influence of psychological associations.”

‘I was always the instigator.’

Celestine brought me to her house. This was someone with whom I had no history. And she was asking me shit about my personal life. I was trying to give her more of a purpose.

“Chendra, what would that be?”

“I really don’t know what that would be. Read a book. Turn off the television. Understand that history is continuous with the present moment.”

“No one in thhe room thinks the same things as you do.”

“Don’t you think that I know this?”

“I would look around the room. And I owuldn’t share a thing with anyone in there.”

“This was a point of influence. But it couldn’t be like that anymore.”

“You need to protect me.”

“I have the title.”

“I have the title.”

“I was looking for help.”

“There were all facets of the room.”

“Why would anyone care?”

“I had been locked in a closet.”

“Was it a food closet?”

“This is where a rat hides. I think that was the only way to understand what really was going on with me.”

“I didn’t have to be standardized.”

“I was excessive. Give me a stage, and give me a song.”

“There is pile of blankets.”

“Is that part of the philosophy?”

“There is that moment of aloneness with existence. And there is something excessive as if you feel everywhere in the world.”

“I am only being nice to you because you feel like some kind of stepping stone. How else should it be?”

“You never held it in your hand. You believed that it was something that you were holding.”

“Celestine asked me back to her place. And her mother made us sandwiches.”

“None of this happened?”

“I went to a shoe store.”

“This was very important. I was standing in the middle of a busy city street. I was doing my best to make my point.”

“I do not want to be left out.”

“You are going to be along for the ride.”

“We are all riding together.”

“You do not have to give.”

“I have given all of this and more.”

“Get rid of the feeling.”

“I have no idea how you can sit there and listen to any of this.”

“All of this was known at this time.”

“How will this work out for the rest of the gang?”

I was never there. My body was present, but I was living in some other kind of space.

“This is all too familiar.”

“This all shows.”

I only had to look, and it was all too evident for me.

“These are people who are never going to do a thing.”

“I want to forget. Are you going to help me forget?”

“You do not realize how much I give to someone else.”

“If you were not this guy, who would you be? You are 99% impulse. I am not taking anything away from you. But that is all that you have.”

“I could slop away. I could try to change it.”

“I was losing my aggression. What else was there to my history?”

“This is more than I could know. More than I could care to know.”

“Everyone wants to be part of this.”

“I was working two jobs and going to class.”

“That is not my story.”

“I had no idea where my life was going.”

“When do you leave the house? What would it mean for you to leave the house?”

“This is how it all comes together.”

“You look so much like the way that I am supposed to look.”

“So he opens my suitcase, and he starts looking at what I have inside.”

“Someone is imitating something that is nothing at all.”

“How to symbolize that on the board?”

“I was sleeping in class. My teacher would ask me something, and I would answer from the depths of a dream, and it was always right.”

“There are people who are impressed by me.

“And I go out with this guy. And he is telling me that it is some kind of privilege to be in the same room as him.”

“You could have been somewhere very important.”

“I was in the classroom with this guy. I thought that this was an important plac to be. I had no idea what he was going to do.”

“There was a precious thing.”

“How do you even start the car?”

“This is a total embarrassment.”

“Is there a lesson? Is there something that I need to know?”

“Yes, there is a solution. And you are part of the problem.”

“Where does that come from?”

“I want to see something that has some kind of clarity. And all that I am seeing is pain and nothingness.”

“I need to go for a run.”

“Something is carrying me along.”

“This is a medium.”

“This is a fluid.”

“All of this is fluid.”

“I got distracted by the currents.”

“Did I get the day right?”

“I am so off.”

“No one is getting it right.”

“I am so off.”

“There was a history lesson.”

“I was three days off.”

“I am trying to learn the dates. That does not make the events happen.”

“I need to learn how gases move.”

“I am so sorry that I got it wrong.”

There was no longer any sorrow in my life. Nothing was happy. Nothing was sad. I tried to make myself happy when I was not. I tried to make myself sad when I was not. I was immune.

“How is this preparing me for anything?”

“In a deep way, there is another side to our existence. I liked the possibility. I would awaken from this thing that I was not calling life.”

“My calendar is so off.”

“You are the only one who can get this right.”

“This is not simply an equation. This is a kind of really being in the now.”

“Equations describe kinds of balances.”

“I cannot live in the now. The now is an absence of something.”

“I knew that I got this so wrong.”

“There was an association.”

“Where does this come from?”

“I seemed almost perfect.”

“I wanted something from someone else that she was not willing to give. That he couldn't give. That no one could give.”

“Do you settle.”

“How do I get in?”

“Where are we going?”

“I am not on my own calendar.”

“She is at home doing work. She is adjusting her calendar.”

“I am getting this all so wrong.”

“There are three dates. I cannot get them right.”

“I am not trying to be inconsiderate.”

“I am not trying to be.”

“You are being cryptic.”

“I am pretending things that cannot be.”

I was back in that school. But I felt as if I was submerged in water, and I could not catch my breath.

“You learn how to play a game, and that becomes your life.”

“I was told not to talk to you.”

“Is this what you need?”

“Is this what you have been waiting for?”

“You did something really right. This is such a different story. You can perform all this shit. But none of it is anything to perform.”

“This is how it is all going to end.”

“I was deathly afraid of endings.”

“Where am I?”

“Let us say that you have been performing all of this. And in the terrestrial world, there are people who cannot perform. Their bodies do not give them the mobility to move that quickly. And they are doing a job where they are working on a quota. And that is breaking their backs day in and day out. And they get some kind of remedy. They are not addicted. But the pain is all nuts. And they are doing your best to control it. This is not an accident. This is not a cute story.”

“But it is not my story.”

“Tell me how you feel.”

“I am not sure if I will be here to feel.”

“You could ask what holds me in place.”

“There is somewhere and someone who puts all this in place.”

“And where is that?”

“What am I waiting for?”

“I am asking for a lot of shit.”

“I am not about this.”

“I will have a stage.”

“I will be very polite.”

“You work in a restaurant. And you hit that one day when you can barely move. And this is your best prospect.”

“That is not my prospect.”

“I want a reward.”

“There is a place where this is all different.”

“I am saving money for a trip.”

“And your car breaks down.”

“I take my bike.”

“You get hit.”

“Why are messing with my dream?”

“You are messing with your dream?”

“What do you want to know?”

“Chendra, I want to know loads of things. What does that inner voice say?”

“There are so many voices, and none of them are mine.”

“You are not that good.”

“Either are you.”

“This is not my show.”

“Why do you give in to that?”
 “Why would anyone?”
 “She is a performer. She hits the notes.”
 “I cannot hit the high notes.”
 “There is a solid hour of work.”
 “Is it always like that?”
 “What am I holding on to?”
 “There is a point when it all becomes terrestrial.”
 “What does Salt know?”
 “She is going to have to go to work in the morning.”
 “Are you really going to give me this shit?”
 “I am trying to give it to you as you want it.”
 “I never got it as I want it.”
 “The terrestrials know.”
 “Salt, what about your friends?”
 “Why does Salt get to do a performance?”
 “The night tells Opal how to feel.”
 “And Gisele comes after.”
 “What does she want to know?”
 “She is here. And she will be somewhere else tomorrow.”
 “What did you find out?”
 “I can help you to find it all out.”
 “Who are you?”
 “I am the one who you called up.”
 “What does that mean?”
 “I am here to tell you about your fate.”
 “What the fuck does that mean?”
 “You asked for a guide. I am here to prepare you for what comes next.”
 “I am looking for a logical explanation.”
 “Give me a chance to do this more clearly.”
 “I got dumped.”
 “Are you thinking about this?”
 “I need to take a couple of days to get this perfect.”
 “And what would perfect be?”
 “Saying the right thing at the right time.”
 “It is all getting out of my hands.”
 “This should be more obvious.”
 “How could I explain this?”

I did not have someone who could explain any of this to me. This was getting way out of hand. I felt as if there was this force that was making it all happen for me. But this really had nothing to do with me at all.

“What are you really bringing in here? How are the numbers breaking down?”
 “I am here.”

“And the Man of Points. This is the intersection of all things seen.”

“And the Man of Shapes.”

“This is how the world lives full on.

“Do you live full on?”

“I have seen ou living full on.”

“Where is this coming from?”

“This is what you expect.”

“You are very nervous.”

“I am one of the patients who escaped.”

“I have a beating heart.”

“I am looking for this point in space, which is beating with a pulse.”

“Everyone was moving in the same direction.”

“To a point.”

“On a path.”

I was convinced that I could escape from the card game. I was no longer into game playing. I had discovered a method. This gave me personal satisfaction. That was all that mattered.

The Man of Points still challenged me in an abstract way. My failings needed to be remedied. I did not want to feel exposed. I felt as if he knew something crucial about me. I had worked so hard not to be affected by my vulnerability. And he was playing me. I no longer had the skills, which I had taken for granted. Was I supposed to find someone who could guide me through the various challenges. What would that really be?

This was even easier than I expected it would be. I knew that I was taking my advantages for granted. That may have added to my vulnerability.

If I had it all together, what was still getting in my way. What was that impediment which was preventing me from being myself?

The Man of Scissors and Knives was adept at his craft. And his threats were always apparent. The Man of Points was a different kind of creature. He was an abstraction, who was nowhere and everywhere. I was not getting this right. In fact, he posed the real danger for my survival.

I did not feel immune. He had me going all the time. There was this dull roar in my existence. There was this haze in everything that I did. I had not achieved liberation. He seemed to take over my being, And I did what I could to find some kind of balance,

No one would find balance in this exposition. It was not meant to be like that.

“You are waiting for something that is not going to come your way,;;

“You have no right to tell me anything.”

“I do not want to call this a loss. Do you have a pulse?”

I was unsure if I had a pulse. This was a severe moment of doubt. Why did these events have the power to transform me, I understood what I needed and wanted for myself.

There were people who were truly concerned about some deeper inspiration. They really believed that some force could pick them out. And I wondered if I was blessed in just this way. There were moments when I felt more threatened, so could I ever call upon a greater force to lead me to the light.

I felt as if I was being turned around in a thousand different directions. And I needed a clarity that was totally mine. But I was also being called upon for some greater mission. The pull seemed more insistent.

What was leading this progression? I felt endowed with a special power. If this was true, would I be tested? Would I show my readiness?

I could sense that there were people who were trying to control my actions. They may not have had my best interests at heart. But there were waiting to make their assertiveness felt. I could hardly view myself as an innocent. I did not want to let myself be controlled.

Very quickly, I felt as if none of this had anything to do with me. There were forces trying to interrupt my progress. For the time being, I felt as if all of this was coming from inside of me., But I did not want to believe that I was totally helpless against what was to come. How could I know? What was my body telling me about any of this?

There needed to be a principle from within me, which could guide me to a greater revelation. This sense of a spiritual longing could be no more than the conflict within, that I sought to resolve.

Was it simply a matter of time which would assist me to see things with some confidence?

There was a sense of desperation, which seemed too much to deal with. How could something so useless turn into a source of strength. I was now facing a more enduring challenge.

Events like this always had a way of getting out of hand.

Chendra walked through the gallery. This was her temple, and it would enable her to take flight. For the moment, she was supposed to accustom herself to this space. Each painting seemed like a widow. And she observed the world through these panels.

“This will be your permanent home. You will be locked in here. And there is not way to make it out.”

This was her challenge, but she learned how to work her way out of this place. She had looked through each empty window and found a version of herself.

ANNOUNCEMENTS AND LIBERATION: I was waiting for Chendra to leave the cathedral. I wondered if her time inside had produced a sense of fulfillment. How had she been able to extricate herself from such a lock up?”

“Iron bars do not a prison make.”

There were many prisons in the world, which allowed no release through the exercise of the will. All the windows were nailed shut and were surrounded by iron bars. The door was padlocked closed. There was no way out. But she had succeeded in solving the puzzle. What did this reveal about her abilities. What did she expect for such a success?

She had overcome this challenge in a life that could be described as a series of liberating tasks. This was meant to be example for others. It demonstrated her resistance against her enemies.

She claimed that the puzzle had been constructed to match the impenetrable recesses in her own mind. I wondered what this meant. Did this describe things that she knew only for herself? Or was she unable to describe these wonders?

I needed to know for myself. She appeared to suggest that I would have to spend my own time in solitary. I saw it an imprisonment. Where did that imprisonment begin?

The paintings were meant to serve as windows. As such, they should have offered the means to escape. It seemed evident that she wanted to escape from this place. She was not able to pass through the eye of the needle. This welcoming exit only seemed to enclose around her. This meant staring at her the only apparent approach. It was not a matter of reviewing how the room had been constructed. She had already revealed the answer. That meant that she was implicated in this event. She had suffered from her own shortcomings.

The way out was not evident, but she had faced such opportunities before. She should have been able to find the suitable means to apply herself. Certainly, there was a sense of hesitation on her part. She realized that she did not have much of a hope. That was what she told herself.

She compared her own talents to the artist's. Did she have the means to realized such an intricate design. Assuredly, this came from inside her inside of her. This could provide the needed motivation for her ascent. Indeed, her personal survival relied on just such an understanding. How could she manifest this insight for the world to see? Was there some fundamental impediment, which prevented her from expressing her joy.

In marking her escape, she had expressed her sense of triumph. But that did not obscure a sense of let down. What had she expected from this experience? The windows were only reminding her of a sense of frustration. She was marked by a sense of absence. She did not have enough will to face her confusion head on.

She did not feel damaged. She seemed to bear no scars of a past tragedy. She didn't appear to be numb to the world. But there was this barrier, which held back anything vibrant. Even though she was more than a spectator, she could not express her involvement in more concrete terms.

Did the window provide the means for her to cast off her past troubles? What could this mean for her? She did not want to see herself as an enemy of the state. She was not trying to cast off the effects of consumerism. There was nothing that complex in her stand.

She had never been a spectacle. Perhaps, she had never been accepted the way that she hoped. There was this kind of regret staring back at her. Was this all her doing? She bore no ill will to anyone else. But she had never been accepted. Had anyone?

This was not entirely her experience. The art had touched her in a personal way. It gave her a history where she had questions about herself. There were gaps, which she could not fill in.

She did not think that she was denying family and acquaintance. In this place, none of that was enough. That was the presumption of the artist. And she had been taken in by this quest. Was she exchanging part of herself for a universal story? Could she accommodate to that deal. If not, what remained? The artist was portraying an isolated soul, who was profoundly affected by these shifting currents. What did it mean to face this denial? Did that recognition force her back into the room. There she was, suspended between two different modes of existence.

The window had never been a window. The promise was a delusion. As such, it was little more than a trap. So she had been tricked back into her sentence. She wondered how she had been mistaken. There must have been some kind of distraction, which had made her such an easy target. She was acceding to an order that prevailed here. All that commotion was somewhat due to something that she was feeling. She felt like soft plastic that could be shaped to

the circumstances.

The atmosphere was potent. That as the intent of the artist. Each piece was concentrated. He had imparted a little of the soul. And she felt hemmed in by his efforts. He was not going to let her go easily. This severity applied to any viewer.

She wondered if the room had really been padlocked. At this stage, it was clear that she never had the means to escape. She did not feel that was her doing. Now, she wondered. This fright was more than she now realized. She wanted to go back in there and inspect the door. That was the danger of the place. She would not be able to backtrack. She could just as easily be closed in again. And this time might never provide the possibility to escape.

The paintings did not resolve in an image of a door. All these shapes were a province of the mind. Instead, the artist provide a clearer guide about the contours of this space. There was nothing that seemed to engrap. Everything seemed very evident. She almost felt that she could pass her hand through the space implied by the canvas.

In going over what had happened, she was reliving the same hurt. This was how this space had been arrayed. Its traces were meant to linger. She was neither imprisoned nor free. She was a captive of the canvas. So she ran through all the options, which she had encountered.

She needed to reconstruct this space as a whole. In doing this, she could visualize how it continued to hold her in place. This was a lasting nightmare. It could interrupt her at breakfast. It could prevent her from going about her day.

She had already overcome the challenge. Why did the wonder linger? This had nothing to do with her personal uncertainty. How could the artist encompass all these facets in his presentation? He has his own misgivings. And that divide was so profound. How was she supposed to carry on with this legacy? She had no actual connection to the artist. But she felt that she could embody his struggle. That seemed easier said than done. He had presented her with a dilemma. And she did not feel all that confident in confronting the effects.

Overall, she felt a little invigorated. She could not have encompassed those same skills in her own attempts. But she had been driven by the deepest apprehensions. Should this have made her despondent? She was still not clear why she had been able to get away. If the door had been unlocked, this was all her doing. But she felt like a hostage. And she could not envision why she would have taken these risks.

For the time being, she tried to evoke a sense of belonging. She had been a visitor. She identified with what she had seen. And she had become too overcome by the experience. She assumed that the artist had been equally caught up in the moment. What kind of urgency was motivating him?

She needed to see each window as evoking a different facet of her sympathy. How was she responding to the invitation. She thought what it would be like to be exiled her permanently. Would she progress in her development? Did presence offer any sense of actual awareness? Could this resolve her sense of longing?

She understood how a sense of being cherished could easily degenerate through this contact. She was being manifested in her presence. But the canvas made it clear how she was undergoing total effacement. The artist may have been using this distance as the means to enshrine his point of view. And he could share this psychology with the like-minded.

Behind this public face, there were a host of bystanders who wanted to get more involved.

For them, presence offered an assurance. They could decorate it and celebrate it. That would never offer enough of a consolation.

They could hang out. They could wait for their turn. They could let others know about their intent. None of that mattered.

She wanted to take more of an interest. She wanted to strip away the pretenses. But there were no pretenses. These were only circumstances. That was why the art was so severe. This was not decorative. It was not pointing to something else. It inhered. It referenced itself. The message did not make promises. That was stark.

For this tenure, the view wanted some transcendence. She needed to surpass herself. Perhaps, a reward would offer her what was expected. This work was not offering anything in return. It had not nothing to do with sacrifice. It did not suggest redemption. It was never hopeless, because it had not offered hope.

She thought about what it would mean to be the real subject of this study. If someone posed or hesitated, they would seem to imply some future event. This was all too evident. Nothing was meant to follow. That itself could be this horrendous letdown. She wanted to have something to show for all that lost time. But there would be no further brilliance. The viewer needed to understand the source of the light.

She was not being asked to recognize a source. This was not about a higher state. This was not about immanence. Even in the clarity of the image, this was about murkiness. And you could get sidetracked by the lack of direction.

If this fog was disconcerting, the next panel seemed to promise a utilitarian bent. With such assurances, it was easier to become submerged in one's vain hopes. A viewer could spend all night lost in excitation. And this feeling would seem to move toward some fulfilling outcome. This sensation could last for a prolonged period. This was a worthy distraction.

Could she ever encompass all this magic? She had her own creativity. She did not want to believe that it was all prospects. This picture created doubts. She became convinced that the road to success would be enormous. The utilitarian promise was just that.

She could fill a room with such efforts. That would not make her any more aware. The progress was slow. And there were moments when she was regressing, just doing the same thing over and over again. That was hardly a fit way to contemplate her days.

What would it mean for the artist to have a stronger physical connection to the material? She recognized that this was a critical philosophical understanding. She did not want to think that an artist depended on an ethereal awareness. That was why this relationship was based on a raw physical awareness.

The artist was reminding her of this encounter. But she could so easily become distracted in this pursuit. The artist would be committed to constant production, but she would find her primary satisfaction in the sensual link to the world. She was making an effort to attain this realization. There were too many impediments in her way. How could she make this work for her?

She told herself that this was all part of becoming more qualified. She was thinking about her art. Why did this physical manifestation keep her trapped in this place? She was living inside. She was living in the now. Thus, she could not disentangle her perceptions. She was stuck in this place. The art gave her solace, but it did not encourage her to go further.

She recognized others who were adept at enhancing their identities. And these places were full of these lively mannequins.

The viewer stood before the canvas. She appreciated the brute quality of her emotions. If they were magic in that way, she could increase their intensity. Couldn't entertainment play the same role? Her art did not seem to have a clear function. She could not get the same level of focus. She didn't need to.

Chendra found appeal in this interchange. But that was not going to be enough. She wanted an art that was more dynamic. The panels reminded the viewer of all the things that she could not accomplish on her own. The artist was not taken in by these physical realizations. He created works which denied this visual recognition. From what was seen, they reminded the individual of the unseen.

The artist was ready to regress the viewer to another point of awareness. This was not a psychological development. This was no longer about coveting something in the world. This kind of perceptual experience was based on a knowing in the another realm. The artist was ready to create with more assurance.

She realized the inherent dangers in the present series. She wished that she could participate with such verve. But her lack of commitment was revealed by her present feelings of inaction. The particular panel reminded her of her own misgivings. She could become accomplished, but nothing would resonate with this sense of desperation. She identified with these feelings. However, she had no idea how to translate this exuberance into her work. That made her feel so precious. These were not vibrant emotions. She was too caught up in her own history.

What was the collective awareness that held these works together? Why did she feel helpless when facing this weight of time? This was not a magnification. The suffering only represented an inability to face these contradictions.

In her mind, she was fooling with the lock, and she could not figure out the combination, which would provide her what she needed to know.

“Steven, this story is meant to suggest something with which you are so familiar. But it is nothing like that at all.”

“I wasn't seeing this as anything that complex. It simply reminded me of a past story. She appreciated art. And I could see her talent in her sense of style.”

“You are a very controlling person.”

“Yes, I am. But I am not really all that in control.”

“At what point, did you decide that you wanted to see something more.”

“Are you telling me that you never think about it? What are you representing?”

“You can't make the world by how you talk about it.”

“When you look in this room, what do you feel for those in suffering?”

“These are children who want to do harm to themselves and others.”

“Are you trying to tell a joke?”

“How should I respond? I am supposed to want to help.”

“Steven, I wouldn't mind giving them small degrees of electric current in the hopes that it would right them psychologically?”

“Is this your character, Marie?”

“Is Sable any different? She believes in the proper balance between pleasure and pain.”

“How did they know this stuff?”

“You could be trying to monitor a subgroup.”

“The ones who hold hands with each other for a long time. The group, who is afraid of elephants. The society, which is unable to identify emotionally with other people.”

“Sometimes this is wonderful.”

“Sometimes, this is hideous.”

“I can identify with other people.”

“Only to a point.”

“Sable, what do you think?”

“I can only share emotions with other people, which I already feel for myself.”

“That sounds just!”

“Who is going to help the children?”

“What can you do to help, Chendra?”

“I can help myself.”

Dr. Reed wanted to help Chendra escape the effects of darkness.

“Why does darkness affect us in such incredible ways?”

“The lack of light reminds us how we are incapable to deal with our fears.”

“This is physiological. The darkness enhances parasites.”

“I do have a serious side.”

“What the fuck are you doing over there?”

“Then you realized what a shitty life this was.”

“This is not my story.”

“You are more than glamorous.”

“I take blood samples from all my patients.”

“You seem anemic.”

“Are you talking about my personal contribution?”

“You really like it like this.”

Darkness could play havoc with your moods. The light brought the organism to life. But the intermittent periods of darkness interfered with its development. The life form was able to adapt so that the darkness became a resting state. Thus, some processes were nocturnal in nature.

What did this have to do with my journey in the gallery? I recognized how the paintings were depicting a biological code. But this was something that manifested itself at eye-level.

What were the interruptions in this code? The organism represented its encounter with a threat. It had altered its structure to defend itself. Thus, emotions represented a survival mechanism. The individual recognized how to beat back its enemies. Sadness could require more withdrawal and rest. Happiness might encourage more social interaction.

The more complex emotions could involve enhanced behavioral patterns on the part of the individual.

“What is this nonsense?”

“I am explaining why I am afraid of the dark.”

“What do you want to learn?”

“You are being too tricky!”

“Do you think that you run this place?”

“I run my own emotions.”

“Did you eat a bad fish sandwich?”

“I am a bad fish sandwich.”

Marie understood how to present an ethical argument. The barrier served as a trigger for the reaction. Once the barrier was removed, matter would reach an excitatory state. Thus, the barrier served as an expression of the political argument. The formulation sketched the stages leading to the higher states.

Cambridge explained the historical context. There was little doubt that this series of experiments would culminate in this representation. The increased excitatory states of the particles would ultimately lead to a higher energy level for the whole system. It was inevitable that the ethical dilemma would be presented for the participants. They had no other reference points for their inventiveness. Thus, they viewed their actions as flowing natural from their curiosity. They could not recognize their roles as the monsters in the machine.

Marie tried to formulate the same challenges for herself. What kind of provocation would cause her to engage in a similar self-reflection. Any kind of indulgence on her part was always met with a sturdy denial. She would forge ahead in her exercise program. Or she would sprint in the morning chill. She had achieved the suitable balance to carry on with her routine. It was more interesting thinking about the trials of someone else than contemplating the same questions for herself.

Was this only an idle project for her like watching a movie or reading a book? This could never be the risk for her own existence. She would rather rush off for a snack. The bubbling of the deep fryer or the powerful flavor of the charcoal fires was more than enough stimulation for her.

“I see this as a different kind of resolution. In my world, I need some kind of justice for myself. Maybe, you find me deserving, and you buy me dinner. Or you recognize my charms, and we decide to become partners in crime.”

“Is this only a transaction for you? You really do hope for some return on your part?”

“How else should I describe this? This only seems like fairness.”

“I do enjoy fairness.”

She dipped the chicken in the cinnamon honey sauce.

“This is unique.”

“We assumed that you would find particular enjoyment in the combination.”

She did not see this as some kind of chemical intersection.

“I think that there is some issue with a fire in confined quarters.”

“Do you teach this for money?”

“I am not sure how to explain this.”

“I live my life for maximum pleasure in the minimum amount of time.”

“What are you really after?”

“Whatever comes my way comes my way. There is no need for a complex theory.”

“I want things to happen in the immediate present.”

“Is this something that you really like?”

“Give me another piece of chicken.”

“Is there enough crunch? Does this fill you up? Does this remind you of something else?”

“I think that this could be explosive.”

“Surely, there was some place which cast you out!”

“I can hear the dinner bell.”

“We were taught to fill in for the details in our life. Your life is a movie playing in your head. And you are looking for the appropriate audience.”

“All the events are so fantastic. They glitter. I walk into a classroom, and everyone turns my way.”

“Get to the board, and give the lesson for everyone.”

“I am not that good at this.”

“I was born in a log cabin.”

“Was it cold?”

“We found ways to stay warm.”

“We have your show!”

“Who is the sponsor?”

“The chicken manufacturer.”

“No one else can do it.”

“Are you considering the conditions for the workers? How are the chickens doing?”

“I am only looking at the bag.”

“What does it say?”

“This is a terrible habit.”

“You are making words mean whatever want.”

“There are moral circumstances.”

“This is all a private joke.”

“Loads of jokes in private.”

“This was part of the celebration.”

“Don’t you have anything else to do with your time.”

“I evidently do. That is why I am not here right now.”

You had your own view of normal behavior. This may have had nothing to do with the present situation. But you applied your version of the now to the now.

“Who is talking about Girl Scout cookies?”

“Everyone who eats them.”

“This was a formative part of my life.”

“This is a kind of sharing that I do not understand.”

“Mouth to mouth resuscitation.”

“I can do unusual things with bones.”

“I am learning important lessons about humanity.”

“I like it this way.”

“I am in line!”

“You will get the next transplant.”

“I feel as if I made a serious mistake.”

“This is the only thing that hold any of this together.”

“He made me a trade. Straight trade.”

“I would do it again if I had the chance.”

“What do you resent?”

“I did not even know that I was part of this.”

“How did you ever make it out of that place.”

“I am going to provide you with a revision. This amulet had special powers. It was able to bring the spirit to life.”

“Do you believe in this shit?”

“I use it against my enemies.”

“Are you who I think that you are?”

“The exorcist.”

“The deprogrammer.”

“The bull shit detector.”

“This was one of my paintings. But I cannot decode it. I do not remember how I created the contours. What is the relief? I need to remember. From my present view, this might as well have been created by someone else. For what it is, this does not provide me with a way out of here. None of this was meant to be charming. It was immediate. It went to the heart of who I was. Who was that? What did this have to do with who I was at this moment?”

“I could not have done this. I appreciate the lines. I am one with the form. I understand the intent. But the skill seems to evade me.”

“If you can figure out how to do these paintings, this could represent your escape. It isn’t a matter of being serious about these representations.”

I needed to hear from you. Why were you hiding?

“There was nothing that I could do to bring these paintings any closer to me. I would be no better at putting any of this together.”

None of the canvases were blank, even if a feelings of nothingness pervaded the presentation. The creator had worked through these feelings of doubt. The space was completely full. The clarity had given way to this new kind of knowledge. And something was preventing me from grasping what was happening here.

I had this desire to start again. I need to clear everything away. There was something entirely organic in my awareness. I endowed the colors with this realization. They spoke of the possibility of creation. This provided an understanding of memory. These forms were irregular. They were no seeking balance. The individual projected into these spaces with a greater purpose.

“Is this meant to represent an aggressiveness on your part?”

“If people realized their hopelessness, they would all hide.”

“Why do you have such a negative view of humanity?”

“I do not see it that way. I am trying to understand the substratum of emotions.”

“What does that mean?”

“This is about something more than survival. What perdures?”

"That makes no sense."

"Everything has to be something that you see."

"What am I supposed to see?"

"The fundamental longing of the spirit."

"Does the spirit ever find satisfaction?"

"Does the spirit want to see?"

"I want that image to suggest intelligence."

"What is that?"

"An ability to get out of tight places."

"I am caught in a tight place."

"This is how I protect myself."

"Are you spiritual?"

"A blessing comes to me."

"I am alive. I am filling up time."

"Time might not be there."

"I could absent myself."

"You hunger and thirst."

"Back to the fundamental longing."

"So many things have changed."

"You take the wrong path?"

"They are all connections Ways to eat and breathe. What more is there?"

"I am waiting for her to return."

"I need to make it back to myself."

"I want to discover if I can know more than in my immediate vicinity. What do I expect?"

What do I want to see?"

"You see that you have the ability to paint. But you do not like the shapes that you depict."

"You have emotions. Authentic emotions. This is the essence of the art."

"What about escaping from my entrapment?"

"That is part of the story."

Chendra decided that she needed to talk to Dr. Reed.

"I have this profound regret. I can't get over it. I have no idea what is causing it. And I can't get out of here to save my life."

"This is not a story. You are not immersed in an endless myth. There are actual reasons that you feel this way."

"Genius, I need you to tell me something worthwhile. And you are engaging in puzzles?"

"Is there something that you need to tell me?"

"Consciousness was these crazy waves. I could not grasp the motivation. I was twisting back and forth. This was without explanation. Even in this strict order, there was absurd chaos. I was trying to work my way through the tangles. I believed that my nature was more fluid. What would help to guide me through my confusion."

The panels had a total focus. Within this space, the artist could make sense of every gesture. There was something overly rigid in this presentation. But he could not let go of this

commitment.

If this pose seemed restrictive, it was all part of the overall intent. It provided him with incredible confidence. It opened him to a new way of seeing. The raft should have set off in the pursuit of new adventures.

When she watched, she could not move the craft along. She wanted these to be works of the imagination. As such, they would be liberating. She has gotten so close to this power. But she was being held back. And she was not sure if she was going to find the necessary push. If the painter had wrestled with this entrapment, she felt that it might be better to let it all go. She could simply fold.

She was again back in the temple, and it felt more unlikely that she would find a way out.

“Chendra, you do not care enough.”

“That is so presumptuous.

“How do you want to see it?”

“I am very caring. I have a big heart.”

“Where does heart take you? You are performing your suffering.”

“This is not an amusement. I really want to get involved.”

“You leave this place, and the rest of your life will turn around. This will be the first day of a complete transformation. You will be ready to turn over a new leaf and help the world.”

“I cannot help what I have been given.”

She felt as if she had navigated through a set of critical emotions. The experience had trained her for what would come next.

I greeted her as she left the ordeal.

I was released into this forest. It was nighttime, and there were all kinds of noises around me.

“I am only looking for a heartbeat.”

“How was that going to give her the will to lead?”

“How did turtles crawl out of the ancient sea?”

“This way to civilization.”

“This way to the soup kitchen.”

“After this ordeal, I am not sure if I will ever be able to cry.”

“And what will you find?”

“A caravan of turtles.”

“The expectation of turtles for a wonderful future.”

“How big is this sea?”

“There is a raft to a higher state of consciousness.”

“What is the turtle’s expectations?”

“A better day awaits.”

“There is a different kind of writing.”

“With reeds and waves.”

“I am working for some disgusting people. And I do not know what they expect of me. But none of it is pretty.”

“We are caught between the obvious and the super obvious.”

What was Chendra's trajectory? How had she been chosen for this journey ahead?

"You are going to have to convince a lot of people that you are qualified to give them enlightenment. But you have emerged from the shadows.. No one will understand you."

"Only one person can free the spirit of hilarity."

"I am a performer."

"Do your duty, my dear."

"Steven, you are in my way. You do not realize that!"

"I need to be in your way. A confrontation between us awaits."

"Steven, do you think that Chendra is destined for greatness?"

"She knows that is part of her."

"I need someone to tell me that I am protected."

"You are protected!"

"How did we become distracted again?"

"Chendra, how did you get distracted?"

"I assumed that I had a skill that I never had."

"Where are you watching from?"

"You are going to have to learn how to disappear."

"I was claimed."

"Does another prison await?"

"Probably. You have enemies, who are not of your making."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"You were supposed to be trained for this eventuality."

"I feel totally useless. There is nothing that I can do at this point."

You will have moments when you question your vision. Your mission will seem absurd. Too incredible for you to ever overcome.

"You know who the real enemy is."

"Do you think that I have stopped caring?"

"You are not part of a circus of caring."

"What does that mean?"

"Are you looking at a freak show?"

"I was never able to do what I was expected to do."

"There are many stages left. You have not finished your preparation."

This poison would help her to overcome her persecutors.

"There is no overcoming. I am supposed to feel pain."

"Is this a kind of empathy?"

"I can't break it down in a better way."

"I cannot save all the lost souls."

"What do you really know?"

"He is one of your lieutenants."

"He is a clown."

"I only want some version of you."

"What does that mean?"

"Do you know where we are now?"

"Do you know?"

“Iron bars.”

“These bars really are iron.”

“Move them all out of the way!”

“They are not the guards. They are your allies.”

“Make them act that way.”

“Why do you feel suspicious of me?”

“Who are you willing to compromise with?”

“Who is there to assist you?”

“What are you after?”

“My memory is getting in my way.”

“You have to act as if you know what you are doing. Even if you cannot concentrate.”

“There are going to be moments when your mind just gets away from you.”

“Don’t let go of the snack plate!”

“When you go through some kind of shit, you don’t want someone else interfering. You just need to work it out on your own. Steven, you are acting as if you have some kind of special formula to help work things out. No one wants to be an experimental subject in one of your crazy experiments.”

“Is this what you want to tell me, Soleil?”

“What were you doing before you were smiling?”

“It was surely a long road to sunshine.”

“Sometimes sunshine can interfere with our path to wellness.”

“I walk up to these women and ask them when they stopped believing in Santa Claus.”

“This can be a very traumatic even in an individual’s experience.”

“She realize that she is no longer thrice blessed.”

“Steven, what do you really want?”

“A tour of the salt mine.”

“That was part of the cubic connection.”

“Will I see it?”

“You will only live the present as presented.

Soleil was doing what she could to preserve these quaint beliefs.

“There is a point when every turn of her lips telegraphs a profounder awareness of human experience.”

“Or she tries to redeem those who have been damned by their affection for darkness.”

“The sewer contains its own remedies.”

“What would happen once Soleil gave in to her dominant influences?”

“She would have a theory to go along with this.”

“By paying attention to a key influence on her life, she finds a way to escape her brainwashing.”

“I have found loads of people existing just like me.”

“Is it called a colony?”

“Delphine would like to make her contribution.”

“What can she do?”

“She is great at public song.”

“I hear noise everywhere!”

“That was just what I saw!”

“**We could take Soleil’s Theorem and see if a verified observer set could provide values.**”

“**How would that alter our ability to observe and record actual events in the world?**”

“**What are you looking at?**”

“We keep getting closer.”

“Is that a point of revelation?”

“What if the matter is reduced to such a minute level that there is no longer any possibility of revelation?”

“You taste it, and you lose your ability to taste something lasting?”

“Steven, do you think that these theories matter?”

“How many times do I need to keep doing this?”

“Just gaze at the picture, and tell me what you are thinking.”

“These kinds of images are not that conducive to free association.”

“Just tell me whatever comes to mind.”

“I ask them what pictures are in their gallery.”

“There is the first time when they lie to authorities.”

“And the time when the lights go out.”

“Every one.”

“Why is doubt related to darkness?”

“We cannot see in the dark.”

“I can feel the warmth.”

“That could lead to a confusing choice.”

“You feel an inner warmth that corresponds to images in the painting.”

“I do not see a thing. What am I supposed to see?”

“How many hands do you have?”

“I always need an extra one.”

“Is this assisting the action, or is it an impediment?”

“What other kinds of entertainment do you have her?”

“We have public confessions.”

“If we like our lives, why would we have something to confess?”

“We call ourselves the Glad Rags.”

“Does that mean that we are constantly happy?”

I felt that our internal states actually corresponded to something important in the lives of other people.”

“You have to eat.”

“Did someone say no?”

“You have to plan this out a little better.”

“I didn’t know that I was going to be nominated.”

“We will fix it all in post.”

“We are all making our lives into something opportunistic and much more exciting.”

“This is how five minutes gets turned into a lifetime.”

“Why do you want to do this?”

“Did you get permission to do this?”
 “I want all of you to participate.”
 “Soleil develops the questions that she wants to ask young women.”
 “Are these questions that you would ask yourself?”
 “When did you realize that your body can’t tell you anything about the universe?”
 “How do you feel when your husband touches you?”
 “He was chosen for me.”
 “There is a moment in my life when all my priorities will straighten themselves out.”
 “Before I go to bed, I think about what I really need to say to tell others what I know.”
 “You keep trying to second guess yourself. Just write what you feel.”
 “I am too numb to feel much of anything.”
 “Soleil, what do you really ask these women?”
 “What embarrasses you?”
 “I have an ulterior motive.”
 “Why are you asking these questions of me?”
 “There is an ethical and an unethical way to ask questions.”
 “What kind of questions did you want to ask?”
 “What makes you do unusual things?”
 “I have doubts about my upbringing!”
 “This is the only thing that I really care about.”
 “Sedalia, I thought that we had made a perfect connection.”
 “There is nothing perfect in my life.”
 “There is a clump of paint.”
 “Why are you chipping it all off?”
 “The artist gave too much of himself. If he just sliced a little bit off.”
 “How did I even end up here? I don’t think that I will ever make it back.”
 “I will give you a ride.”
 “Sedalia, I forgot that you had a car.”
 “We all are in bump cars.”
 “This is not how you make friends.”
 “You are trying to smooth it out.”
 “You cannot slice off a finger without losing something that is essential to the process.”
 “That was frostbite.”
 “And you consider this a friendship opportunity.”
 “Sedalia was using the rock to make herself get real.”
 “There are so many variations in personality. I want to find one to make myself.”
 “I do what I do. The reasons have no rule to them.”
 “I am trying to do this in a rational manner.”
 “Steven, there is no rationality here.”
 “Time is still affecting me.”
 “Time and tide waits for no man.”
 “And you are telling me that this is safe?”
 “I am so good at putting on.”

“Where is this going?”

“I want to perform each one of these paintings.”

“Each reveals a little more agony.”

“You died a long time ago.”

“I am back for dessert.”

“Chendra is whipping up something good.”

“You are trying to whip us all into shape. But that doesn’t do much good for anything.”

“Life does not provide enough variation of experience.”

“We could use science to provide us with more options.”

“Make things happen for me.”

“What do you want, Chendra?”

“That does not lead me out of darkness.”

“This is happening too quickly for me.”

“This is way too fast for anyone.”

We met this guy. We shared some beers. Then he acted like a friend. Next thing we knew, he was going through our stuff.

“Chendra, there are playing our song.”

“What is the first question that you ask Chendra?”

“I wanted to figure out what would bring the Chendra to life. She was a test case.”

“Let me be honest, if I am not writing for a friend, I try to second guess myself when I write. And I want to say a thousand things at once.”

“I just want to be happy.”

“Letting all the water flow out of the only river that makes a difference.”

“How does a social situation make you want to take all the water for yourself?”

“Chendra shows special character.”

“You aren’t anywhere close to this!”

“I can pretend.”

“That won’t cut it. This is a chemical reaction.”

“I have no memories to speak of.”

“Use what you have in metal.”

“That was good.”

“You are on track for yourself.”

“So good.”

“Do you have real emotions?”

“I love you!”

“Chendra needs to make decisions for other people.”

What were people seeing when I looked at them? I knew what I was seeing when I looked in a mirror. What happened to words that I spoke? Were they misinterpreted in just the same way? Was I doing the same thing to myself?

I wanted some kind of consistency in my life. That was the promise of Visagenics. It could enable me to present my desired image to the world. And it would have exactly the effect that I hoped for. I wanted to look educated, as I could talk on and on about the important topics of the world. I had this deep understanding of geopolitics. I would be an excellent dinner guest.

I could share my insights with other people, who exuded the same confidence about their nature. This seemed exciting.

I thought about the benefits of Visagenics. The program described changes that I could not make on my own. I wished that I could. I wanted to believe that my inner power was indeed blessed. But I was facing so many obstacles. On some many occasions, it became evident that people were not taking me seriously. They were messing with my countenance. They were taking steps to delude me. They were drawing me into their circle of influence. And I was being manipulated by their ideas. That was hardly how I wanted to be greeted.

Visagenics seemed to be another program, which could control my thoughts and beliefs. That wasn't how it was meant. The creators understood something essential about the human condition. This meant empowering each individual in a unique way. I was satisfied by this process.

They claimed that I already manifested an inner face. Their techniques were there to bring those characteristics to the fore. That way I would have greater control over my own emotions. I realize how this face was being manipulated in negative ways. People were making me feel obligated contrary to my personality. I was losing my independence. Visagenics was all about restoring my integrity. That was a serious breach in my being that I needed to mend. How was I supposed to apply this new knowledge?

Was Visagenics promising something that it could not deliver? Was there a general philosophy, which was only meant to interfere with my development? I needed to be careful about this new element in my life. I knew that I was vulnerable to suggestion.

I thought about peeling away all the masks. There would be this final image. I would be exhilarated with this apparition. I was meant to encounter this phantom. This was my essence.

How did this vision accord with what awaited me? I may have manifested this inner face, but that could have been a brutal leftover from my past. I needed to make steps towards my liberation. This was only interfering with my eventual emergence.

Was Visagenics nothing but a trick? I could have been told anything, and that would have given me a direction. But for what?

I wanted to believe that there was more to this technique. It was offering an authoritative map of my character. I could observe the different facets, and it could enhance how I acted. I could use my Visagenics profile to my advantage. I could toss out any detrimental traits. I could offer a more receptive face to the world. I would not be so prone to misunderstanding.

Was that all that I needed for my personal liberation. I felt that there was a simple switch, and all that I needed to do was to flip it on, and I would be electric.

The lovely thing about Visagenics was its non-invasive quality. It was going to work with what I had. It was not going to destroy anything about my personality. It was only there to make things clear for me. In many ways, no one else would be able to understand this picture as well as I could. I felt overjoyed. I was being given this gift. And it was tailor-made for me.

I still had doubts. This could be nothing but a pseudo science, and the associate was there to affect this final result for his own benefit. Was I that easy to read?

I wanted to do my own Visagenics. It only reminded me of the plans that I was making, but I could not follow through. I wanted to believe that I had more motivation than that. I could not have been taken to this point without having more integrity in myself.

I repeated the name, Visagenics. What kind of nonsense was this? Why would I think that I could discover any clue how to affect my behavior in a deep way. I had tried that before. Everything worked out better if I did what felt right for me. I was not meant to psychologize that profoundly about my nature. I had my own unique talents. I could not be expected to be any more adept at transforming my nature.

Sure, some events would shift me back and forth. I would be a chameleon. But after all that give and take, I would peel back the mask, and everything would make sense. I would revert to my true self. That was more than enough Visagenics for me.

The method seemed to be implying so much more. I was the magic woman. I could use these powers to effect real change. I could cast off my inhibitions. I could let go of any fears on my part.

I washed my face almost to imitate the power of Visagenics. All it took was a chemical mask, a personality probe. A deep cleansing effect. I could get rid of my most intense burdens.

This was only the beginning. I thumbed through the brochure. This was a form of knowledge. I could learn all about the intent.

Visagenics was not like a cult. There was nothing fake about it. They described how it was based on science. But I questioned the science. How could these minor characteristics of the face make a difference? It wasn't as if we had total control over what we projected. This was the same thing with words. And Visagenics was promising this control.

I thought about all that I had been through. Were all my missteps due to my inability to convey my intentions? There were so many features of life, which seemed out of my control. Visagenics was acting like fortune tellers. There were shuffling the cards in the hopes for new results. There was nothing new, only the same thing piled layer upon layer.

Did I feel exposed? Could other people see something that was not available to me. I was witnessing their reactions. But they were not being completely honest with me. I wanted transparency. How was I failing in conveying my intentions?"

I sought a balance.

Once the manual had explained all the features, was that a sufficient basis for me to come up with my own method? How could I get out of myself, so that I could establish an independent point of view. I did not want to be a tourist in my life. But I did not think that I was all that objective when I was trying to describe myself.

Did the Visagenics people really have the tools to create a more detailed analysis? People had done such personality analysis in the past. How was this different?

Their science offered its own system. This grid was meant to capture all the shifts in facial expression. There was a solid theory, which extended these ideas in a more comprehensive way. The face was viewed as an intersection of these varied forces. The mask pushed out. The inner beliefs manifested themselves. The self was the intersection of all these effects.

I seemed to be seeing so much more about myself. I could handle this Visagenics on my own. I grasped the method, but what was I doing to apply it in a comprehensive way. I felt as if I was leaving out so much. I was pressured to take short cuts.

I could have done Visagenics on my own. Why did I need to spend loads of money to have someone else tell me what I could figure out on my own?

The philosophy was already touching me in significant ways. I felt as if was coming up

short. I was supposed to be transforming into a leader in this method. That way I could save the money. But I longed for an expert who could truly inform me of the actual secrets.

The manual reported, but it did not demonstrate. It described these vague powers. Was the whole system based on such a vague description? That seemed to be the value of Visagenics. It was preying on people who lacked confidence in themselves. Of course, they embraced a Visagenics. I would do the same if I was equally confused.

Visagenics had such a credible ring to it. I wanted to play along. I could be an expert myself. I would study the shading and the electric currents. I would master the hidden forces.

What if I went to work for Visagenics? Would I learn how to love the program? I wanted to become an adherent.

This was not meant just to apply to something vague in our experience. We were endowed with special characteristics. This could assist us in transcending our circumstances. I loved the possibility of a Visagenics. I felt as if this was created just for me. I thought about others who might benefit.

I thought about my encounter. She gave me a knowing glance. This must have been Carmen. She had been through a program, which offered her feelings of transport. She had never encountered such transcendent blessings. Indeed. And she was motivated to share.

I had never seen Carmen like this before. She was honest without any sense of pretense. She was normally not like this. And it made me wonder. Perhaps, this was Carson and not Carmen.

How did the Visagenics inform you?

I wonder about the Visagenic qualities, which drew these two into the same orbit. And I was fooled. I was not even sure who I was looking at.

Carson hardly seemed as aware as Carmen. But Carmen had a unique openness.

I told her about my theories. She gave me a strange look. What the hell was I talking about? Carson was too deep in her manifestation to pull back and look at what was happening to her.

I wished that Carson's honesty could serve Carmen. But Carmen seemed to recognize less and less about what had transpired. I wanted to throw her a lifeline. I wanted her to give me what Carson so freely shared.

Neither could find that Visagenic realization. They were both caught in their performances.

"I have been thinking about doing Visagenics."

"What are you talking about?"

"What should I be talking about? How do I want to transform?"

"We are all animal forms waiting to be shaped for new circumstances."

"That seems too simple. I am more than a cat. I have science."

"Visagenics has its science."

"Who wants to know?"

Sedalia recognized how Visagenics could help her to remain on the path. That only seemed artificial. There was so much that was out of her grasp. If she was not meant to do art, could Visagenics enable her to acquire a more constant awareness.

She could sense how the circumstances seemed to drain her being. And she did not want

to think that she was so susceptible. She did not have the independence that she wanted.

She stared at a canvas that remained incomplete. She did not want to believe that this was an expression of a lack in her personality. Who cared for an instant what she did with this canvas. What mattered for her own development. She used to believe that the art could carry her. Where? This was not about getting a gallery show. She had no adherents. She was not longer sharing what she was doing. She couldn't be said to be doing this for herself. There was no concern for any self in any of this.

If she wasn't working for something, where was any of this going? She was working just so that she would never have to raise any of these questions. She rested only so that she could return to more of the same. Was understanding going to ease her discomfort?

She would add a clump of paint in this corner, and tomorrow would be a marvelous time. She would keep enhancing. None of this seemed to be leading anywhere. She was coming out of herself.

Dominique had such ideas for her art. Other people were seeing her in ways that contradicted her beliefs about herself. She could no longer hide. She needed display everything that she felt. This was not so much honesty. This was more of a desperation.

She decided that she need to be more forthright. She needed to feel no shame about her body. Then she hit the snag. The shame was created by her viewers. They thought that she was making promises to them. There was nothing being promised. But she was not confident enough to shut them out. This was her audience. She wanted an audience. She embraced the audience. Who could she shut out? Was she only shutting out herself?

How would chocolate sauce represent an idea about Visagenics? The sauce suggested something about her will. There was a point when she was totally under the influence of someone else. But she did not want to give in to such an imposition. So she claimed to have an independence of the will. She was dripping sauce as if she was dripping paint.”

The audience assumed an intimacy with her. And the sauce expressed that connection. She would not drip for anyone. But she was dripping for everyone. That was the tolerance point of her art. She wanted people to desire a connection that they never would have. And she played upon these gradations. The dripping had its patterns. And these patterns embellished the moment. She pretended that was all that mattered. Although she would dismiss anyone who wanted to talk about this abstraction.

She was living for something all the more concrete. Even then, there was a promise. And the promise made everything seem more present than it was.

Sedalia was supposed to have the same commitment. She would never create this universal statement. She would never create this momentary qualification. If she dripped chocolate sauce, it would have to be for everyone. But she would never have the *for everyone* declaration

Sedalia could understand the artistic import of the sauce, but it could not be real sauce. Her body could not be the canvas. She needed to make the effect work somewhere else.

Chocolate sauce needed to be an opening. What was the actual revelation? Who was being spoken?

Sedalia wanted to understand the inherent qualities of chocolate sauce. What was missing from her outlook? The appeal of the sauce was based on the connection between viewer

and performer. If the performer was not willing to reveal, there was nothing that the viewer could do. Otherwise, he would be taking from the performer. Sedalia wanted to avoid this trespass.

Dominique hardly agreed with this perspective. For her the sauce had this potent effect. At the same time, Dominique wanted to resist any kind of connection with the viewer. She was implying a belief, They could bask in that supposed intimacy.

How different was this than other kinds of transactions? Dominique was playing upon this wonder. Chocolate sauce said everything that she indicated and more. On her view, there was this place, which remained untouched by the invitation. This was the origin of the incredible cost. And the viewer believed the exorbitance of this amount. Therein lay her conviction. She was unwilling to yield. That only made the exorbitant seem more exorbitant. This belief could create belief on the part of the observer.

Dominique became more involved in this routine. This was about more than sauce or treats. This was the basis of her art. If she was that good, she could make it mean something more. That exorbitance would be a part of the craft. But she was not adding anything of the sort to this representation. There was something perfect in her imposition.

Sedalia attempted to create art based on such a perspective. She only seemed to drift further from her goal. There was nothing that held her in place. She felt as if she was floating through all the variations.

Her life was not a performance. Chocolate sauce was too much of a showing. There was nothing symbolic. There was no retreat. Everything was present in the moment. She could not deal with the surplus of meaning. That would drain her. She was stringing sauce everywhere in her world. And there was no way to restrain that essence.

She wanted to be more controlled. Sure, she had moments of silliness. So the expression would only be more insistent. As such, it could seem garish. That would only interfere with the clarity of her intention. She didn't want someone to laugh at her. She did not want to get this wrong.

Dominique had no fear because Visagenics offered her a million options. She didn't mind sharing. She had enough distance from the self that she could protect herself. As such, she seemed to persecute her viewers. They would always assume so much.

Sedalia would always seem more reserved. Visagenics could open doors for her, but she had none of the seriousness Dominique. It was all too serious. It was all a risk. She would prefer to make it all seem like a sport. She would not feel pain. She would not get caught up her uncertainty. This was what it was once and for all.

Chendra observed these variations. There needed to be so much more if she was going to discover her ultimate mission. She needed serious intentions if she was going to execute. This was not simply a matter of dressing the part. The shadows were making clear what was necessary for her. She was seeing nobility in her calling. She hated the fact that she seemed so unequal to the task. Why was her calling any more unique. There were so many impediments to her realization.

For a while, she had assumed this was her tale. She had tracked all the prophecies. She had been so consistent in asserting her commitment. None of that had been sufficient. She was still observing her life from the outside. She was being led astray by her beliefs. What did it really mean to battle such an enemy.

She thought about some future time when this would all fall into place. Until then, she felt herself cut in two. Visgenics only described cosmetics. She seeking a spiritual transformation.

People clung to Visgenics because of the evident promise. There was nothing of substance in such simple transformations. Chendra was proposing something more ominous. She wondered if she would have to fall more before her uprising. Everything seemed so temporary here.

There was a constant speculation if anything of this would ever matter. She might accept her role, but she might lack the wherewithal to carry on.

Did she need to find a more profound justification for her work? Everything seemed like a private joke, and she could not find a thread to link it to her experience.

Did Chendra need someone to watch over her? Would a guardian interfere with her mission, or would he offer her what she needed to succeed? What was she lacking for her progress? Was she really doing anything to train. None of this seemed to matter to her, not in the least.

She questioned herself. If she failed to accomplish what was expected, that could only mean that she was denied the reward for her efforts. She could sense an exile, which seemed to await her.

If Chendra was exiled, what would the form of her rescue be? She was already sensing her alienation. She did not think that some kind of ritual would assist her in casting off her hesitancy. The isolation was getting to her. This was all part of her preparation.

She wanted to see her exploits in an epic fashion. This had only been the culmination. Now, she was sensing a critical obstacle to her progress. That made no sense. She was ready for whatever was to come.

Others had used Visgenics to clear the way through this passage. She needed her own foundational idea. What would that be? She would have to create a linking idea to help relate all the triumphant moments in a coherent tale. The world was waiting for her.

She become better with each progressive stage. She could deliver with total accuracy. She no longer had any credible enemies. Everything was in her favor. She was not feeling so empowered.

Chendra had spent all this time in incubation. She had perfected all her skills That was still not enough to achieve glory. She was more obsessed with the drama. She felt that was enough to assert her skill. Something was absent from this representation.

She recognized an evident distraction. Others lacked focus. They let these entertainments engage their concerns. She did not want to get accused of frivolousness. But this burden seemed crushing. She did not like how that could make her lose her sense of purpose. Had she really accepted this task?

“Do you realize your actions are making it worse for other people?”

“Who is this one other person?”

Were the Glad Rags contributing to her personal development? She was going to avoid asking leading questions. She accepted the personal benefits that flowed from this connection. These were more than friends. This was her family. They were all watching out for her for whatever that meant. She didn't feel as if she was submitting to a standard for her behavior. There were no rules. But that did not prevent people from really caring for each other. They

found a shared obligation, and that vague association held them all together. They all had aspirations, and that created a myth for everyone. Eventually, they would all be able to live these dreams.

If they were all going to go in style, that could be a kind of being. Thus, they were all striving for something more even as they accepted what they had. And there was a sense that this was pretty much everything.

“Was there a soundtrack to go along with their arising? Certainly, it was something on piano. And that banging got everyone to circle, and this circle cycled around itself.”

There were trying to create miracles. None was sure what was the actual source of their powers. This was meant to be something

The creation of a miracle requires a thorough understanding what constituted a miracle. It wasn't a determination for the individual. There needed to be a committee, who could draw on well known principles for the designation as a miracle.

A miraculous appearance would never qualify by itself. There needed to be actual evidence that went beyond individual perceptions. This could be a total lifestyle. The Glad Rags were committed to such a manifestation. Miracles could abound in a community where everyone was looking for one.

Chendra had become attached to this collective consciousness. It was almost as if they all could read minds. That ability spoke to the effectiveness of this collective. And such influences predominated everywhere.

The successes of the Glad Rags seemed to promise so much more. They simply needed a venue where they could wreak their havoc. But what could they really do. There was always such a minor explosion whenever they showed together, like a fleet of motorcycles descending on a small town. There was not much else to say about their mischief. There was more pose than threat. And even that was a little unstable. They had their predecessors. However, what were they passing on those who followed. This wasn't even a flame that was going to swiftly burn out.

Was Chendra going to find her vocation if she stayed attached to these luminaries? Everyone realized what it mean to be charming for the short term. Could such behaviors ever be rewarded outside of this circle?

Everyone had an art. They all had a cause. They all had a regret. And the group propelled each toward a vibrant future. It wasn't enough to know the book. They needed to live it.

A Glad Rag did not want to be contradicted. A Glad Rag was willing to protect the other Rags. This was how the loose confederation was developed. At times, the Glad Rags were cocky. They had a vision, and they really believed that would be enough to guide them along.

Chendra realized how she was able to play each of them. That made her a queen of the hive. Would that be sufficient to lead her toward greater accomplishments? Who would sound the horn for her to make the great charge?

If you looked through the numbers you would see the devoted. For what it was worth, she was devoted to them. Was that ever going to be sufficient to lead her to her destiny for whatever that meant.

The Glad Rags were not taking instructions from anyone else, even if it wasn't clear if

they were all taking instructions from each other. They all lived in that dull roar. A desire for greatness. An acceptance of the now.

Would the Glad Rags ever be able to emerge? They were all in their own trances. This was also part of the collective awareness. They were there to subdue the world.

"We can find a job for you."

"What are you talking about?"

"All of us are well connected."

"Do you run companies?"

"We know the managers. We just don't want to deal with the responsibility."

All of the Glad Rags had this variable sense of identity. They took advantage of this ambiguity. When things got really tight, they could run out on any situation.

K. decided that he wanted to perform a wedding. This would be an ideal theater piece for the Glad Rags. Chendra was going to be married to a god-like character named Eblow. This was all part of her ascendance to a higher state of being. Such a transformation was necessary for her to be recognized as a leader.

"I need to learn to love Eblow."

"Are you saying this as a prescription for your life?"

"I cannot see it any other way. A passionate love will destroy my social position."

"But you need to show enough devotion so that you can confirm those feelings for the people."

"Maybe, I do not want to give that much of myself to such a person."

"The world awaits the emergence of Eblow."

How would this creature affect the ritualistic practices of the world? This was not entirely a personal connection with Eblow. Eblow demanded a more mystical relationship with the believer. He attracted the individual to these energy-based attachments. This had little to do with any kind of rational commitment.

Chendra would represent this kind of supernatural encounter, which would propel her political leadership. Her followers would be carried along by these incredible powers. They would never question her role.

Chendra felt that this ritual wedding only carried along the actual dynamics of the Glad Rags. She needed to contemplate the territory over, over which she now directed. What would serve to confirm her new power?

"We need to get out of here. And we need to leave her quickly."

"Of course, you do!"

If the Glad Rags could establish various spheres of influence, then their reign would be tighter and more effective. Did they really view each other in such a prophetic manner?

The Glad Rags felt that they had an inside track to the nature. Getting back to the garden was an essential tenet of their philosophy. What could advance their movement? They used this understanding to license a succession of bizarre habits. This meant giving in to any inclination and finding a higher principle to justify such dabbling. Any such principle could find it support through their escapades.

Chendra wanted to keep up with the sense of experimentation, but she also wanted something, which would allow more of a focus. She did not want to seem like a dilettante. However, she did not want to submit to a formal system of knowledge. She needed the

freedom to go down her own road.

She loved the idea of the ritual wedding. She still seemed to profess an allegiance to Eblow. But she wondered if a more personal relationship with her maker would lend more credibility to her mission.

Chendra's musings about her faith were important for her development. This could help in determining how she could influence others. She wanted to provide depth for the movement. This went beyond the loose association of the Glad Rags. If she followed their tendencies, she would lose this deeper plan for herself.

"How are you able to put in effect a more sustained plan for social change?"

"What change? I need to wake up in the morning."

"You are working a job. But you are doing everything to deny the effects. You try to turn your agony into a badge of honor. As if your talk will really alter your condition. Do what you will to create a belief."

"I can't worry about this stuff."

"Are we all leaving together?"

"I am struggling, but this is all temporary."

"Sure it is. What is your long range perspective?"

"I am waiting for a ride from one of the Glad Rags."

K. seemed very powerful.

"You are remarkable."

"That is something that means something to me."

Would K.'s advice really affect her that deeply? What could he tell her? Was she being subsumed as part of the Glad Rags. Would this prevent any independent future for her? Was that a critical issue for her development?

"I am working as a waiter. But I am not a waiter."

"Is the sore back from being a waiter? Or is that a role that you play?"

"I am hardly ready for this?"

"How could a body be prepared for multiple roles?"

"Anything that I give to the role, I can get back."

"My friends were wondering."

"Your friends wonder because they are all members of the Glad Rags. They have ways of influencing your behavior. You know when you should take a chance."

"You know that sense of fatigue when only sleep will do."

"This is so much beyond that."

"I cannot imagine ever making it home."

"I need you to fix one thing for me."

"I see failure on the horizon."

"Are you a fortune teller?"

"I am prepared for a night like this."

"How do you train?"

"It is all based on a form of mental concentration. And that is influenced by my beliefs."

"Chendra, what do you believe?"

"Chendra believes in the persistence of the human spirit."

“This will only get better.”

“Are you willing to take a chance?”

“Do you want all this cleared by the Glad Rags?”

“You are becoming more important every day.”

“That is what they are telling you.”

“All of thi is a game that you have been playing.”

“Who is the queen of the castle?”

“Why do we need castles?”

“We need to see things far away.”

“Sometimes you miss what is in front of you.”

“That is the puzzle.”

“I am getting puzzled.”

“Make the move.”

“I am covered by water on three sides.”

“Is this a puzzle?”

“You cannot retreat.”

“I ask you: who is willing to help?”

“We have become used to submitting to a higher power. Chendra represented the ability to break from these influences.”

“We have the chance to do so much more?”

Chendra was trying to determine when she needed to act. She did not see this as part of a theater piece. This was going to have actual consequences.”

Would Chendra ever have the opportunity to strike out on her own? There were too many people trying to get her to act in the right manner. Did she even have the strength to keep the Glad Rags at bay.

“The Glad Rags do exactly what I tell them to do.”

Was she to be believed? She could lead them to hell and back. How extensive was her control? Would she really be all that much better at leading her adherents?

The Glad Rags hardly seemed all that formidable. She could have easily been replaced by another.

K. wondered if he needed to be more forceful. Had he left Chendra to her own devices. Was she shying away from the commitment to her mission?

“I do not want my life to be a rerun.”

“How is that?”

“Who is talking?”

“I am hearing voices everywhere.”

“They were told to be quiet.”

“Great things will come to someone who can hear all the voices at once.”

She didn’t want K. to interpret for her. This was a turning point for her.

“I have been waiting for you all my life.”

“Are you an assassin?”

“Would her vocation demand such a challenge?”

“I don’t want to end any story prematurely.”

“There are people getting in your way.”

“I try to steer them away from the field of conflict.”

“They all have a way of coming back.”

“Why are you so serious about this?”

“I wonder if I can sleep. And in sleep, will these voices no longer bother me. Then I can have a clear view to understanding.”

“If we assume that you stepped out of a mundane story, and now you feel something important for social development.”

“Chendra, do you feel like a role model for other people.”

“I am not even sure what my role is. So how can I be any kind of positive model.”

“You have to quit worrying about hurting yourself.”

“Where is this coming from? Who is telling me this?”

“What would you say to yourself now that you have the opportunity?”

“My kingdom for a dog.”

“What is that about?”

“I am looking for a creature who feels more despised than I do.”

“Why are you picking on a poor dog?”

“Bark! Bark!”

“I am looking to liberate myself by describing my actual state of melancholy.”

“What is the source?”

“Something that is not balanced in the state. Something that looks everything like tyranny.”

“Are you ever going to take a risk on your own?”

“I need to ask the Glad Rags.”

“You will always find someone to ask.”

“I do not expect to be here a long time.”

“Someone is going to have to take a risk.”

“Where do you live?”

“I live in the outer banks.”

“What is the combination to the safe.”

“Love and tenderness.”

“We love each other, but there is no tenderness.”

“Does that get you in the safe?”

“We are supposed to share what we have, but there is a tradition of possessiveness among us.”

“I will never be able to escape from this place.”

“You are imprisoned. And the symbol of your imprisonment is a castle.”

“What will cause the castle to fade away?”

“Too much ambition.”

We had always envisioned that we would have our own castle, even if it was only a pile of rocks. We taught each other to speak, as if were sitting on the top of the rocks.

“You only know how to threaten.”

“We have learned how to enjoy ourselves. We like to have fun.”

“How does that work?”

“We know what we are playing for.”

“I feel as if we are defeating ourselves.”

We wondered if our present defeats were predicated on mistakes in the past. We were not going to dwell on these tendencies, but this did represent a terrible threat to our development.

“What are you developing: a dessert circle?”

“Where is this going?”

“To dinner. To nowhere.”

“I need to sit here.”

“More castles in the sky.”

“This is the best moment of your day.”

“I can do things with needle and thread.”

“Where does the fabric come from?”

“Do you really believe that is going to go anywhere?”

“Thrift clothes or ordered online from England.”

“I have my own store.”

“Everyone does.”

“We are trading stories and emotions.”

“I do not have to touch an object.”

All the Glad Rags had touched the same objects. This was a perceptual training. It seemed like a rock.

“What kind of rock?”

“Who is rocking the rock?”

“We truly love these people.”

What did the Glad Rag know that no one else understood?

“Look at me. What do I know about myself?”

“Who is next?”

“I have lost so much along the way.”

“It isn’t very funny.”

“I think that it is my turn.”

“I can take care of this easily.”

“I am using the talents that I was given.”

“That is a great look.”

“I made it happen on my own.”

“It is all about the pose.”

“I would have to be cast out three times. But I am still in the lap of luxury.”

“I was slipping down, and the Glad Rags reached out to prevent me from going down.”

“I have this.”

“What did you lose?”

“Mary, Mary, what did I do wrong?”

“Clean it all up for me.”

“Steven, are you looking for those who have been cast out.”

“Do you like to be humiliated?”

“This is how I feel it.”

“If it means nothing, why are you not being up front about it.”

“Do you know that you are staring?”

He wondered if the Glad Rags benefitted from the staring.

“He is upstairs writing a novel about us.”

“What is he saying?”

“That we do not spar with the kind of power that we think that we have.”

“Can we make money doing this?”

“The bus is finally here after many years.”

“I am glad that you are so observant about other things.”

“I want someone who is better at this.”

“This is a lot of lip.”

“I have this under control.”

“This is a lot of flip.”

“I am still trying to understand the force that spins us around.”

“It is a way of getting to know ourselves.”

“You can sit here.”

“We are developing a seating chart for the dinner.”

“What conversations do you want?”

“I only want a table to myself.”

“I would like to see what you are working on.”

“We are meeting expectations.”

“What should I expect?”

“You can say whatever shit to whom you please.”

He was in the cell next to me. I heard his story. When he died, I snuck into his cell. I moved his body into my cell. Then I pretended to be him. I was the dead corpse in the bed. And then I got tossed in the sea as if it was my final resting place. It was very risky. They almost tossed my body on the rocks. Once in the water, I needed to escape from the sharks.

“Did the Glad Rags know about this?”

“This was more of a challenge than they have ever faced.”

“Run away!”

I was suspended in mid-air. This was my point of freedom.

“I want everything to happen in the now.”

“I fear this is going to happen again.”

“They found his body in my cell. They assumed that I had died too.”

“This makes no sense.”

“I assumed his life.”

“He was dead.”

“He was dead. I put him in my cell. We looked enough alike. They thought that I was dead. His sentence was commuted, and I got out in his stead.”

“Nothing changes.”

“I am still in the group.”

“I look wonderful.”

"So you don't remember me?"

"Should I?"

"Everyone knows who I am."

"My millions drifted from my hands."

"What are you saying?"

"I could blame you, Chendra."

"Really, why would you blame anyone?"

"What did you do to me?"

"What is your complaint, Steven?"

"Who are you working for?"

"You can't blame someone else for your life."

"You took a lot of money."

"It's only money."

"You took my time."

"Now, you are back to challenge me."

Steven was adept at turning the tables.

"I live a life I hate for a long time. Then it becomes something that I love immensely."

"There are alternatives."

"You go a little ways at the time."

"I have seen this map."

"I am expecting far more in return."

"I know that bridge."

"Who cares?"

"You do believe that shit."

The Glad Rags had attained a level of power. Now they were being challenged.

"Were they fighting among themselves?"

"We remembered an ancient conflict"

"I need two doors to open at once."

"The Glad Rags had made a stand."

"Someone was going to break them down."

"What were they defending?"

"You act as if you have done nothing."

"I could teach you new words to say."

"I cannot say sentences like that."

"I can teach you."

"This is not going to help me make more money."

"You are in the same residue class."

"What does that mean?"

"I think that you know what it all means. That is all that you know."

"I am hoping for something to happen that I cannot make happen on my own."

"I have extra days to put this into place."

"I am skimming from the bottom of the barrel."

"At least, I am at home."

"This is a place where I feel very safe."

"Make this painless."

"Are you talking about the procedure or the anesthetic?"

"I see it as a combination."

"Of course, you do."

The Glad Rags were not able to alter the results. They really had little understanding of what was going on beneath their shiny surfaces.

"This is supposed to be based on trust."

"We can never really know ourselves."

"We can know all the engines."

"That was lovely."

"Tell me what happened, Chendra. This guy who you hadn't seen in years shows up, and he makes some kind of claim on your life. Surely, you just told him to fuck himself."

"He knew things about me."

"Of course, he did."

"That is Steven Fisher. He knows things about everyone."

"How do you take every day?"

"I don't have time to think about it."

"There are new principles."

"I can't do it all in one night."

"We are going to have to hit the books."

"Ten years of books."

"These are things that I do not want to forget."

"What skills do you have?"

"I know how to get out of places that I don't want to be."

"Trying spending ten years in a cell. It gives you a lot of time to think about."

"This is really going to mess me up."

"Why did you even allow me to be a part of this?"

"You look like you could lead a movement based on a dress code."

"We want to be fed better."

"They are going to demolish the tents."

"We are going to have to hide in less conspicuous places."

"People are learning how to protect their money."

"I made these clothes myself."

"I found them for nothing."

"What about the garment industry?"

"You would need a book to describe your aspirations."

"You always choose conspiracies. And individuals with secret powers. You cannot actualize any of your behaviors into a system."

"I am looking for a suitable person to write about."

"I cannot even get from point A to point B."

"There is a philosophy."

"You look lovely."

"There are two ways to go. Torture and recrimination."

"All of it is more of the same. You are excusing things about yourself."

"That look is part of a policy."

"I am trying to figure it out."

"Daddy has taught you secret words. You keep them in a manual that you hold close to the heart."

"None of these strategies are working to make me any happier."

"Do you really want to be happy?"

"How much food can you eat?"

"I have a doctor who has arranged for me to digest everything in my bank account. I can call on it when I need it."

"We were recruiting for the Glad Rags. She would have been perfect."

"My life grows perfect in this perfect place."

"So much for the sea."

"You cannot settle on anything."

"It only takes a little push, and the whole system comes to a precipitous end."

"No one cares."

"This is going to come down to a showdown."

"Should I fear any of the Glad Rags?"

"Should you?"

"No one is that assertive."

"I do not mean to be that aggressive."

"You have to decide to be something."

"This is a book of enhancement."

"Someone feels great for pages and pages."

"You need a plot. You need something to go after."

"I can hit all the marks."

"Do it now before you have to give up."

"You have to commit yourself to one thing."

"Does Visagenics really work?"

"The Glad Rags have their own method of transformation."

"This is really great."

"Where are we headed?"

"What am I going to have to give?"

"She certainly has become distracted."

"She has limited aspirations."

"Do not lie to me."

"Give me the other voice."

"The scary one!"

"You could describe your schooling. Then things got out of hand. You learned a new lesson. You took a chance."

"This has nothing to do with me."

"You describe when you have encountered the field. How you lose yourself in darkness."

"That is a process. All this is a process."

"Not everyone makes it through every stage."

“Chendra, you need to explain it.”

“It is about something that you used to do.”

“That is closer than I can take.”

“You need to be very quick.”

“Chendra, you are spending a lot of time thinking about this.”

“So you make Mercy House.”

“I do not want to look inside.”

“That is not as good as you think.”

“You need to look inside.”

“Steven, I do not want to enter Mercy House. It is too much me.”

Chendra’s hesitation to enter Mercy House proved to be a limitation on her abilities.

“I never said that I was going to go in.”

“I thought that this was a condition on you award.”

“I only promised to do research.”

“That is part of the research. You have to touch the hands. You have to understand the way of living.”

“I don’t like the way that it was completed.”

“Do not blame me!”

“You are the only one to take the blame.”

“Get out while you can.”

“Is it all worth something?”

“This is not about getting an academic appointment. You decide to make a difference, or you go elsewhere.”

“I feel as if I am only repeating the problems in my life. I am forcing others to live like me.”

“This is some haunted house.”

“The question is can remain her by yourself.”

“I am well protected.”

“This was once the most sought after position.”

“When we lock the doors, you will be by yourself.”

“I to think about the horrible risks.”

“Think about them all.”

“You left yourself open for that.”

“There is a list of mania. Any of them could be something we live.”

“Something that you live. Something that you think about all the time.”

“What is your biggest worry?”

“I am only a beginner.”

“I am going to say something that I hate myself for.”

“This is not about shame. This is never about shame.”

“Read the journals.”

“What was any of this about?”

“A kind of knowledge.”

“Can you ever know yourself?”

“Did you read the notes that he wrote about you?”

"I was never here."
"You have to imagine."
"You have to enter Mercy House."
"I feel all powerful."
"I am depending on you."
"You can do magic."
"That is what she said about her guide."
"Guide?"
"Editor."
"If you take out the objectionable things, you have a life."
"This is not my confessional. I never went to this place."
"This is like a fucking prison. I would never want to be here."
"The longer that you stay, the more that you become like everyone else here."
"Talk to the phantoms."
"Should we believe? Or is there a progression from what we believe to something that seems doubtful, but acquires momentum after a great deal of experience."
"I did not pay for any of this."
"Who or what are you protecting?"
"I am here!"
"I know how this works."
"I need to get to the shadows."
"There is another field."
"What do you expect?"
"I have to go deeper."
"This is not all about you."
"You have been tap dancing all night."
"I did not bring the right shoes."
"Do you think that I care about any of this?"
"Steven, you wanted to make me a prisoner of this place. You would lock the door, and I would never be able to walk out; I would find reasons that to stay."
"I need to get out."
"Are you mocking me?"
"Have the Glad Rags spring you out. One of them has locked you in here."
"Why do you say it like that?"
"I can give you a head start."
"You are almost all the way done."
"You will only need one to get home."
"He was my savior."
"You have to practice that one."
"When did you take care of that?"
"You are a million dollar show."
"We all are."
"These are private records."
"These are all theatrical pieces. You learn the roles, and you act out the play."

"I do not want to see myself in that way. I have my own words."

"This is meant to be therapeutic."

"I do not want to be some kind of freak."

"You need to be comfortable with your emotions."

"Is this going to take a whole another week?"

"I need to go into more depth."

"This is only play-acting."

"It is much too close."

"I could not take a step into Mercy House."

"Why is this capitalized?"

"What do you want to know."

"This is not going to help."

"Is this something of value?"

"I was assigned a room with him. And I caught him in my things. Then they said that I was being too aggressive about all this."

"Is that written up in the notes?"

"They followed everything that we did. We couldn't even find a moment's peace."

"I was asked to serve a time at Mercy House. They told me that this was all part of the arrangement. Nothing was that specific about the job. I realized that there were dangers for people who spent a long time inside."

"I think that I believed that Mercy House offered some kind of liberation for me. I would be among other people who were like me. We would share our stories. I could find experts, who really understood what I was doing. It was nothing like that whatsoever. I felt this sense of constant intimidation. I could never be by myself. The people who promised assistance were never that good at giving me what I needed."

"None of this is supposed to be that worked out. Things just happen all around me."

"You are not using this the way that it is meant to be used."

"I am not sure where any of this is coming from."

"I can explain."

"We cannot explain what we do. There are moments when things go wrong. And we do everything we can to put it all back into place. Otherwise, we just do what do."

"Are you ever jealous?"

"I do not have enough motivation to be like that."

"You could try to move a little faster."

"I am going as quickly as possible."

"Can you imagine that the world is some kind of jigsaw puzzle?"

"Indeed, that is how it is meant to seem."

"Just make it end."

"This will not be close at all."

"How can you say that?"

"You are going to quit early."

I was locked in with all these wonderful people. We found some old theater costumes. And we would wear them all the time. They really had a special feel. They gave

us an opportunity to express ourselves. They made us super happy. We each played roles. We were the Glad Rags.

“You can make all the excuses in he world. That is never going to get you out of here.”

“I am like you. I have answers.”

“That is not going to be good enough.”

“I cannot think that far from now.”

“I am feeling destroyed.”

“Write faster.”

“This does not lead to a cure.”

“You are the cure.”

“You were celebrating everything that you had. Everything that you were.”

“One will walk away a winner.”

“I felt that I had more of a chance to be myself.”

“Imagine that the Glad Rags were not inside. But the sense of imprisonment seemed to function as you acted out your role on the outside.”

“Are you saying that my friends were my jailers?”

“You figure it out.”

“I cannot figure it out very well.”

“These are people who I am told to call friends.”

“Why are you so cynical about everything.?”

“Do you want to humiliate me?”

“You have to ask that question of your friends.”

“I am living too much down time.”

“You can’t be up all the time.”

“This is a high level of performance.”

“There is shit that is happening here that is too crazy to talk about.”

“You cannot keep this stuff in.”

“It is staying in on its own.”

“Chendra, there are things that you need to talk about.”

“Are you the secret police?”

“Why are you insulting me?”

“How do you want it to be?”

“This is the magic moment.”

“The snowball is picking up momentum.”

“Why have I been waiting for so long?”

“I am asleep.”

“Keep talking. You have a great deal to reveal.”

“What do you want to know?”

“What do you really know?”

“Where?”

“I need to know more.”

“How do you want to be known?”

“The only rule worth obeying is the rule that says to disobey all the rules.”

“How does that work?”

The lesson was poetic. Everything asserted was contradicted by the way of the word.

“I am bringing about a birth!”

He wanted to lay an egg. But it dropped from the bag with an air of unrestrained brashness. I thought that he was going to blow up the place.

“You are going to realize that everything that you grew up with means nothing.”

“No one will ever love you. No one will bless you from on high.”

“How can you lay an egg? You are not a mama bird.”

“I am all things, and I can do all things.”

“Is this a new version of truth?”

“I am Simmons, and I am all things.”

Suraja was a believer. And she believed that the world could change to meet her expectations.

“Oliver is going to pick me up.”

But Oliver was not there. And this became dangerous territory for her.

“Do you need a ride?”

“I do not.”

Someone jumped out of the car and pushed her in.

“She represents her parent’s values.”

Simmons was performing on the screen.

“Listen to what he says.”

“When are you going to let me go?”

“You can leave of your own volition.”

“Why am I tied up?”

“Those are not restraints. You are creating your own impediments.”

“I can’t even move. You have tied me so tightly.”

“Do not blame me.”

“What do you want to believe.”

Simmons had trusted his ability to affect other people. Now, he has someone who he could teach.

“How did you get in here?” he asked.

“You brought me here.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Are you going to stay?”

“What are you talking about?”

“There is someone who loves me somewhere.”

“You know how to press his buttons.”

“We are on buttons again.”

She has entered a situation that was worsening as she spoke. She needed to do her best to survive.

“I want to join your organization.”

He talked about organization, but he was more given to big ideas. Now was the time to

make a move.

“What do you want me to tell you? We could rob a bank. This would be a subversive act and give us money to do other revolutionary deeds.”

“Did I hear you right? I was thinking about simple things. Starting an NGO. Get a website. Send out fliers. Go canvassing door to door.

“What do you want?”

“A career that I can be proud of.”

“I just want to do some crazy things.”

Simmons wanted to link the collective sewer of human existence.

“Lover, you turn me on.”

“No more push-button talk.”

They said that she was kidnaped after class.

“She willingly came by the house.”

No one could be honest at this point.

“What do you want me to say?”

“I see historical change as a necessary part of progress.

“History is our description of past events. It reflects our point of view.”

“Suraja, do you need an excuse to leave your old life behind. You are already questioning our values. You see a society not responsive to the needs of the people. Poverty increases. Everyone blames the messenger.”

“What do you want me to do about it?”

I sat in class trying to sort through these versions of progress. Each version was meant to pay tribute to the learner.

“You can make the change that you want to.”

“Don’t take on a real problem; it will only make you frustrated.”

“They are using AI analysis to eliminate people from the poverty rolls. I wish that someone would kidnap me and get me out of here.”

“Oliver loves you. He is going to pick you up.”

“He wants me to pledge my allegiance to the new tech utopia.”

“He excuses all the sins.”

“He provides absolution.”

I moved in with this man. And he told me that I could break all the rules. But the only thing that he ended up breaking was me. I told him to back off, just back off. He just kept coming. This was his utopia.

How did he get like this? He felt that he had total justification. He was schooling me for this great change in society. I was his test case. If he could whip me into shape, then the rest was easy. What was Simmons thinking? This was worse than Oliver. Sure, I had disposed with all my old ideas. But he only replaced them with something just as restrictive. This did nothing for my growth.

I may not been entirely independent in my upbringing, but I did have a skeptical nature about the world. I thought that Simmons provided me with the perfect complement for my own mindset. He would enable me to advance intellectually. I could quit giving in to these feelings, which had entrapped me when I was growing up.

It all went off the deep end. I was rolling around trying to right myself. I had given so much hope to this process, but it was really getting me nowhere. I might as well have been tied up and disciplined. He had a way of getting in my head. I have no idea how he did this. The feeling passed all through my body. And it made me nearly impossible for me to breathe.

Mercy House provided a challenge for me. I understood what was expected of me. I was supposed to demonstrate that I was a compassionate person. Indeed, I recognized how Mercy House could benefit from resources and staff, who could help the kids. But there was more than this. I had gone through similar experiences when I was younger. And I saw where that feeling of isolation could just mow you down. You felt the bottom drop out of your life. But I didn't like how they handled therapy here. The mental health workers could not even apply their lessons to themselves. That hardly seemed like a fair way to teach other people.

I may have felt on the top of the world, but it only took a little push to bring me to my knees. I needed more inspiration to give me a feeling of confidence. What was I lacking?

I needed to understand better how I could share my insights with others.

Mercy House seemed to be a turning point for everyone. It wasn't enough to marvel at the experiences of the residents. You couldn't walk away without feeling that your complacency had been shaken.

Suraja understood that she could make a difference with a more radical approach to therapy. She claimed that others did not apply these methods to themselves, but she herself wanted to protect her way of life. So she was not all that different.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Try and not speak for other people."

"What am I doing wrong?"

"You are reading your story into other people's lives."

"I couldn't imagine being here for long."

"We are all in our own version of Mercy House. What can we do to change the course of a river?"

"What are you proposing?"

"I need to get to my bed."

"That is hardly going to help."

"Why?"

"There is something irritating happening in your life, and you need to do something about it."

"I told her that she needed to liberate herself with touch."

"Oliver seemed to be doing the job for her."

"Oliver is manipulating your mind. And that is going to get you nowhere."

"Oliver is my only check on reality."

"He is rubbing it all in. It causes stress and friction."

"Do not try to mess with my life. I like it the way that it is."

"But you expect society to be more responsive to the needs of the citizens."

"What would that be?"

"Do you want to examine historical developments?"

"How did I ever get in Mercy House?"

Oliver seemed more willing to go along with the status quo. He was accepting of the corporate line. He wanted to cash out.

"Where is the line?"

"Oliver, you are so far behind."

"What are you expecting to find that is not here."

"Oliver had a great deal to learn."

"This is not working in my favor."

"This is not working in Oliver's favor."

"He is looking for the irreversible reaction. And he wants to win."

"Who doesn't?"

"Does he have the words to help him to change?"

"What is change? Your heart is beating faster."

"I have a great job."

"I exercised all day."

"You just want to get rid of the hate form so that you can earn millions."

"You hate the fact that I push so hard. You hate the fact that I am a winner."

"The time is going to come that the only person, who you can ever beat is yourself."

"Are we spectators?"

"What would you play?"

"Everything that I could to win it all."

"And what do you have."

"A little bit of a little that is going to grow into a big bit of a lot."

"Where does this start?"

"Are we arguing?"

"No, I am telling you that I am right."

"That is your life. I do not understand how you got to that place."

Oliver would always give her what she wanted because she could never ask for something that he would refuse. She knew what not to ask for."

"What kind of society is this becoming?"

"Do you want a witness?"

"That is all that we have."

"I would not have taken it to that point."

"If you get me home, I will not complain anymore."

"I cannot last forever here."

"No one can."

"It is so damp out here."

"We are going to screw with you."

"We are going to screw."

"Steven, I am a well informed person."

"Are you sharing your resume?"

"I am tired of hearing the same sentences. I am not looking at saviors."

"What is this place?"

"What do you want me to do?"

“I want you to show me how to do it right on my own.”

“You can’t even do it on your own.”

“You fixing the game.”

“Oliver, what are the options. If I discover the options, how will that make me a better person.”

“How do you make money, how do you take money, how do you take things, how do forget history?”

“What have I left out.”

“What is all this scribbling.”

“These are things that I want to remember.”

“I want to be fair.”

“If I never came here again, how would you feel?”

“I would find you.”

“How do I ever get rid of some person called Oliver.”

“There is some person called Judy.”

“What is this silliness about?”

“These are not all great days.”

Oliver wanted to talk about his life. He had his own frustrations.

“Oliver wants to be on top.”

“I am going to get an appointment at Mercy House.”

“The world is destroying me.”

“How can you say that?”

“The world is destroying me.”

“Do not create your own stories.”

“Really, who are you.”

“You all went back to your own lives.”

“I thought that this was going to be easy.”

“It will. There are a few simple variations.”

“I need to be very quick.”

“Quick plus quick equals super quick.”

“That is the form of success.”

“I am doing this too well.”

“I am not good at that.”

“Why am I breaking down?”

“It is chronic.”

“What do you mean by that? Are you trying to drive me crazy?”

“Oliver or Simmons.”

“I am going to pull a rabbit from a hat.”

“You have a disease.”

“This is called love.”

“I loved you to death.”

“Why are you guys so cruel.”

“None of this is meant to be like this.”

“Something happened in the beginning.”

”We are going to reverse the in-the-beginning strategy.”

SIMMONS STATES HIS CASE: I looked at it very simply. Physical pain and mental anguish had been inflicted on me. As I have analyzed the systematic application of oppression, I realized that my whole being had been damaged by this trespass. In seeing this connection, I recognized that I was not the only one who had been affected in this way. There were millions of us who had been beaten down. How else could I see this? I needed to find the means to give back that same suffering to the system and its leaders who had done these things to me.

I needed to choose those methods, which could advance my program. That program needed to be consistent with the actual degradation of this oppressive system. I was not seeking revenge. I was not embracing hurt in itself. But I did realize that my liberation was based on self-defense. I was meeting force with force.

I was facing a powerful system. It would do what it could to shut me down. I needed to choose subversive techniques. I could deliver pain without having that suffering revisited on me.

I realized that I had the emotions, which could battle this condition. I needed to do what I could to beat back these effects. How could I bless my efforts?

Only through a process of self-analysis could I discover the means to overcome all the brainwashing and deep programming, which had occurred. I needed to shake up my whole reality. As long as I accepted the world as it was given to me, I would continue to engage those same behavioral cycles, which reinforced the system. I needed to find a way to short-circuit these connections.

My revolution was based on a new reality. I needed to master all the features of this reality. I needed to discover how to communicate all these experiences to others. I could find people, who had felt the same brunt that I had. Together, we could create the organization to advance our beliefs. Without a program and an organization, my efforts were useless. Given the nature of this system, I needed to become my own program. I needed to assert myself as an organization. I needed to infiltrate their order and expose it as total disorder.

How authoritative was my gesture? I did not see this as only a personal quest. I needed to create a science, which could fulfill my needs.

This was not a matter of waiting on the sidelines. Each one of my actions was meant to create a strong dynamic for change. Others could learn from my example. Together, these principles could advance the movement. We were working in concert. Our numbers were the basis of the organization. The system broke apart through our collective efforts.

“My name is Fera.”

“You told me that your name was Marie.”

“I never said that. That is your imagination.”

“Fera.”

“I want to kiss you.”

“I have been waiting all night for this.”

“I am waiting all night for loads of things.”

“You told me that your name was Marie.”

“I will do everything that you want.”

“I need you to read this.”

“What is that?”

“This is a contract.”

“I have you by the balls.”

“Is that a good thing?”

“Who has a good thing.”

“If this is Marie, she has all the good things. I could sit her and watch you for years.”

“How are you going to eat?”

“That mother fucker is draining all your energy, Marie.”

“That is how I get my energy. I get it from him looking. And he will tell others. And I am fantastic. And more will look. And everyone will look at me. And they will look after me. And they will do what they have to do. Can you do what you have to do? Can you do it again and again? Help me out here.

“Can you do it for Fera?”

“Fera, you have such beautiful lips.”

“I need more than talk. I need action.”

“My life is all about action. This is the beginning of a new life for us.”

“There is no us. We are here to do a contract.”

“That is not in the contract.”

“You can do it all.”

“Can you sign a contract?”

“I know what I need to see.”

“Everyone knows what they need to see.”

“How long does this look last?”

“Can you make it immortal?”

“I can make it everything that you and more.”

“Everything that you need.”

Fera perked up.

“I can send you more picture. I will do anything that you want to do.”

“You are already doing that. What do you get?”

“I want to forget about Marie.”

“Vanna has to go to work.”

“How can I put all the pieces back together?”

“This means forever.”

“Stay outside.”

“This is no longer fair.”

“I am short-circuiting.”

“Once there was a Vanna.”

“Vanna has to go to work.”

“Fera wants to spend all her time having fun.”

“I own myself now.”

“What does Marie say?”

“She is trying to tell a story. She is trying to write letters.”

“ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS: Each question opens a door.”

“How do I get out of here?”

“What did I take?”

“Will I feel all right.”

“Does this make me feel better?”

“I am feeling sick.”

“What am I doing wrong?”

“You are not feeling enough pleasure.”

“I feel so good.”

“Of course, you do.”

“Can you make me feel wonderful?”

“Fera can be defined as making me feel pleasure.”

“You are in the pleasure zone.”

“Is this progressive?”

“Oh, lovely this is so fantastic.”

We wondered what we could do to entice Steven. It wouldn't take much to distract him. He had simple needs. Most of them were visually-based.

“Do you want to complain about something?”

“What are you looking for?”

“Something that I will never have.”

“Why are you any different?”

“I could build it in the program.”

“I only need enough stimulation to help me forget tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow hasn't even arrived yet, Vanna.”

“That is what I am talking about.”

“What have you figure out tonight?”

“I have mapped the orbit of the planet, Earth.”

“That could be your orbit.”

“I only want to escape.”

“Vanna, you are a perfect candidate for change.”

“I need to feed the pet mouse.”

“You are working tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow is Sunday. I have to do school work.”

“What are you figuring out?”

“Consumer behavior.”

“You can buy a different face.”

“Visagenics gives me whatever I need.”

“This should turn on some lights.”

“These are all vitamins.”

“These chemicals change lives.”

“That word change could get you in trouble.”

“I don’t want my ice cream to melt until I have eaten.”
“The planet has concerns about melting.”
“Can you use words to fashion your personality?”
“Suraja, do you really have serious concerns?”
“I want to cure people of displacement diseases.”
“I suffer from vertigo.”
“You are contemplating the terrible power of your ideas.”
“The mind cannot remake the world.”
“Why not?”
“I have a patent for that.”
“How does that work?”
“That is a definition of personal freedom.”
“You make things that will make you make you feel better.”
“I have a machine that works.”
“Do you know about the girl who used to live in that apartment?”
“What are you talking about?”
“She looked so much like you. You know what they say.”
“What?”
“They call her a dead ringer.”
“What can she do that other humans cannot?”
“These stories are all about mistaken identity.”
“That is how you get something that always seemed outside of your grasp.”
“She was one of my best clients for Visagenics.”
“I chose this over plastic surgery.”
“I wanted opportunities that always seemed out of my grasp. I worked and worked and worked. I wasn’t even getting close. Every day seemed pretty much the same.”
“So you think that Visagenics can help you to clean up.”
“We all share one thing.”
“I know.”
“I know.”
“I know.”
“What do you have that no one else has?”
“A desire.”
“I have one of those.”
“I have one of those.”
“What is that?”
“Then you find out that you are bleeding everywhere.”
“I just want one place.”
“I am looking for a miracle.”
“There is more than one.”
“You can take me part way to my goal.”
“I told you that we wouldn’t have to cut.”
“We could use a scarf and a bracelet.”

“You no longer look like yourself.”
 “Now, all the clever stuff comes off.”
 “What is your issue?”
 “I am clean.”
 “Ha! Ha!”
 “Blue, how are your ideas of life any different.”
 “I have better control over my accounts.”
 “You have a great look.”
 “Is that what people say to each other in Mercy House?”
 “They made you hate yourself when you were on the outside. And that put you in here.”
 “I am only looking for somewhere to redo my attitude.”
 “What is a bad attitude?”
 “I hate the diagnosis.”
 “What is the feeling at the center of these evaluations?”
 “I basically get what I want, and more.”
 “Vanna, did you ever see her?”
 “This was the false Marie.”
 “What would the super Marie be?”
 “I could do these massive additions and multiplications in my head.”
 “Did it give you a big head?”
 “I could move sea and sky with my will.”
 “You could fertilize, or you could leave fallow.”
 “I am so sorry that I made a mistake.”
 “At Mercy House, there are no mistakes.”
 “That seems like a dare.”
 “Who are you daring?”
 “Who should I dare?”
 “We have been daring ourselves and doing ridiculous things.”
 “Who are you people?”
 “How long do I have to watch this shit?”
 “At Mercy House, we all love each other.”
 “I cannot take this improvement therapy. I want to destroy something.”
 “You really do need help.”

Simmons was able to get her away from her family. He created a whole new set of influences. He gave her stuff to read. But he only exaggerated her isolation. That was not good for her wellbeing.

“I knew how to make her feel good. And I got her to question all this shit that her parents told her about enjoying life.”

“So she stopped enjoying life.”

“No, she quit giving in to their dreams about her future.”

“Is that so remarkable?”

“I called it the poet’s way. You stayed up late. And you realized that you had all these powers that you had been denied. You could finally think on your own. You no

longer yield to the cognitive patterns imposed by others.”

“That sounds like a welcome ideal. But that became a ruse for messing with other people.”

“You gambled on this one.”

“I have made other choice.”

“I am really jolly.”

“Go for it.”

“No one is ever going to say to you what you want to hear.”

“Are you becoming abusive to me?”

“No one will love me as much as I love myself.”

“You take this too seriously.”

“He wasn’t going to change the society. He was discovering anything important about people. He was learning how create fake emotions that he could sell to others.”

“And you believe that?”

“Where is the real value?”

“Are you being honest to me?”

“It is all in buying buying.”

“How will that change a thing?”

“This is going to last all night.”

“I needed to get away from all of this.”

“I was asked to hold in place.”

“Do you think that anyone would really bother?”

“Simmons smiled at you, and it went from there.”

“He had this anarchistic streak. He wanted to destroy everything in the world.”

“How does this work.”

“I overpay, then you undersell.”

“I am building up value.”

“That is an expensive piece of meat.”

“Are you serious?”

“That is controversial.”

“Do you think that anyone really believes that? Overvalued yachts going around in circles.”

“All that you do is complain.”

“Do you want me to compliment you? You look wonderful.”

“What do you want from me? Should I rob a bank?”

“Don’t you have something better to do?”

“This is something that you all understand.”

“Your language.”

“Oink, oink.”

“Write what you really thing!”

“Give it all away.”

“He had horses.”

“That is a lot for a horse.”

“And what are you selling?”
 “The right to sell.”
 “Take a lien on that.”
 “What type is that?”
 “The one that never finishes what she starts.”
 “I know where this starts.”
 “Oink, oink.”
 “There are not bad relations.”
 “You are fucking with me. This is a pig sty.”
 “Going back.”
 “Going back in games.”
 “What is the word?”
 “Baby sitter.”
 “Baby sister.”
 “Who is running this place?”
 “This is how we get around.”
 “It is called paydirt.”
 “I have found oil.”
 “Where does this begin and end.”
 “I am working in a restaurant, but I am going to be owning a restaurant.”
 “I love your sentiments. I am going to be eating the profits.”
 “Look, and be happy!”
 “When today is worse than yesterday.”
 “Take two.”
 “I am looking for big things.”
 “I wanted to explain how baby sister felt.”
 “We look alike, but we are nothing alike.”
 “Where do you crack head come from, and why are you invading my dreams?”
 “A big hole in your dreams.”
 “I was going to say something else.”
 “He is the teacher.”
 “I am only coming out for the police.”
 “What do you see?”
 “I see domination. I could end it here and now.”
 “What do they say in Mercy House?”
 “Suraja says that there is not enough money for social services.”
 “I am glad that you are having a jolly time.”
 “This was almost something.”
 “Did she enjoy what happened?”
 “You were afraid. And you became intimate with your fear.”
 “Is that supposed to have some kind of effect on me?”
 “Suraja, Marie, and Chendra. Is that a Visagenics circle?”
 “There are other dimensions.”

“Get them all to match.”
 “Is this what you like more than anything?”
 “Faceless and smokeless.”
 “He would work for anyone. He would end up destroying the world.”
 “Sing!”
 “Marie, is that who you are looking for.”
 “We claim that we want to make a difference. We are only increasing the level of fear.”
 “How does that happen?”
 “I make up my own shit.”
 “That is what I thought.”
 “Someone is missing.”
 “There was a pseudo-Licorice.”
 “Lexa.”
 “That was all so tasty.”
 “You are a writer.”
 “A diet book.”
 “A sex book.”
 “A sales log.”
 “I am not convinced by any of this.”
 “Not another dog shit dog.”
 “We all bark on cue.”
 “Rough, rough.”
 “He is mocking all of you.”
 “Tough guy!”
 “You have your own cell. Guards and all.”
 “Is this maximum security?”
 “Chendra could leave whenever she wanted.”
 “Blue looks so good.”
 “That is another strain.”
 “Marie wants to tell us something.”
 “Everyone is saying the same thing. She wants that one someone who can say I do not care what happens later. I do it for the now.”
 “Marie, you are going to make me explode.”
 “I explode over and over again. I hate myself. And I end up in Mercy House.”
 “Chendra, you could explain it some other way.”
 “There is somewhere that I need to be.”
 “I don’t think that I will ever make this place.”
 “I know how this will end up.”
 “What did you get?”
 “I can’t control any of this.”
 “Do a wash, and clean it all up.”
 “I have been cleaned out.”
 “I knew that it would end up like this.”

“I figure that it was going on like that.”
“We are all on like that.”
“I am not going to play along.”
“This is too close.”
“I leave home. I meet this guy who tells me silly things.”
“So you go for Oliver.”
“I need one person to come back. I could explain.”
“I am so far beyond come back.”
“Explain!”
“I want to be safe.”
“I want to be myself.”
“They want to sell the killing machines.”
“What is your objection?”
“Simmons, do you hate yourself?”
“You get out by going back to where you started.”
“How long do I have to keep this going?”
“Tomorrow will liberate you.”
“Between the heart and the universe.”
“We all ended up in Sable’s trap.”
“How did that land?”
“In my lap.”
“You have shown too much already. You are looking out for a peace candidate.”
“He has needs.”
“Marie, what do you think about Mercy House?”
“I am too practical to think about it.”
“We all get pushed.”
“But we do not want to push ourselves.”
“We all have masters.”
“We love our masters.”
“Why do you put it that way?”
“That is the only way to finish.”
“We love our masters.”
“Where does this start.”
“I want someone to feel sorry for me.”
“Give me what I always wanted.”
“No one will rescue you at this moment.”
“Someone will give you a prize.”
“I am more and more useless.”
“There is too much suffering in your proposition. They should be little ideas.”
“There is noise and a lot of noise.”
“Where are you hanging?”
“I am looking for a joke.”
“Are you going to tell it?”

“I am going to live it?”
“Now I have my doubts.”
“You need to work more quickly.”
“Duh!”
“I am done!”
“I work in an amusement park. I pay my taxes, and I look the other way.”
“And what do you see?”
“Nothing that makes any difference?”
“What does any of this mean for you?”
“The gig is up.”
“Close your eyes, and go to sleep.”
“This is pure intimacy.”
“Pure as the driven snow.”
“I cannot help you Steven.”
“Steven helps himself to what he wants.”
“He wants what he helps himself to.”
“Suraja does not want corporations controlling the our lives.”
“Someone has to make the cake.”
“Let them eat bar soap.”
“This is the worse empire that I have ever watched.”
“You do not have to watch.”
“I arrived early to make the bread.”
“Do I really have to watch this?”
“This is never cleaned.”
“This is not that pretty.”
“I am serious about this.”
“I know.”
“I know.”
“I know.”
“I saw things in Simmons that I had seen in my last lover.”
“I cannot bring you into light.”
“What do you have?”
“I feel as if I am crashing on the rocks again and again.”
“You should have jumped up to your feet.”
“What do you really have to say?”
“I am going to feel better in the morning.”
“I have already been through that?”
“I declared it my party.”
“And who shared?”
“It is all coming to a ceremonious end.”
“I see it, and I want it.”
“Don’t let it get away from me.”
“Simmons this is your fault.”

“Where did it start? It all started with fear.”
“I have had enough.”
“Do you have a place to go?”
“You could say a few words to her which would fuck her up for life.”
“It really would.”
“We have got so beyond that.”
“I slipped.”
“I have you.”
“Thanks, Oliver.”
“I want what he has.”
“We all do. He has what we all wants.”
“I am trying to be clever.”
“Do you want to come with me?”
“I will never make it out of here.”
“Life got too big.”
“I am getting too big for this.”
“Do we need to keep doing this?”
“That is how it works.”
“There is a last, and there is a final value.”
“There is more time.”:
“He really was fucking with me.”
“I don’t think that I am going to complete this.”
“You need to write a lot faster.”
“I had one more.”
“My fault.”
“Waiting.”
“Chendra said that she could help Seph get back to herself.”
“The line was winding.”
“She has to be herself.”
“You want a better guide. You want someone to lead you to the truth.”
“Leading me to dinner.”
“I can smell it.”
“I heard the dinner bell.”
“And what do you really have for me.”
“A couple of good weekends.”
“I am going to the other place.”
“You are not willing to accept any moral responsibility for your actions.”
“You have no idea what you are talking about.”
“There are tranches.”
“Have you seen the actual accounts.”
“What did you just do?”
“Say good bye to pain.”
“I only need someone who can put all the pieces back together.”

“Nothing is moving.”
 “We can probably save the patient.”
 “How do we do that?”
 “Tell the truth about the method.”
 “We need to touch base soon.”
 “I want to get this done.”
 “That is not going to do it!”
 “We need to talk about the physician of record.”
 “He is the one who moves a lot.”
“One who moves back and forth.”
“This is an orbit.”
“The sky makes me cry.”
“This is not here for you.”
“It will never be here for you.”
“We need to bring her back to life.”
“To be reborn, you need to understand what you have been doing wrong.”
“Everything.”
 “I will survive.”
 “I don’t want to get caught in the field.”
 “Are you willing to trade up?”
 “You are not very practical.”
 “You only giving so much of yourself.”
 “She has a natural power.”
 “You can’t wait around forever.”
 “Marie, you have a wonderful magic, but it is not enough for me.”
 “This is fifth period English. We are discussing preparation for the defense of the world.”
 “What are we defending?”
 “Chendra, did you read the novel?”
 “It hasn’t come to the house yet. But I was able to do some research.”
 “Santa ain’t going to make a trip if you don’t put some tinsel on the tree.”
 “Just make sure that you get the angel on top.”
 Chendra had wonderful plans for her life. She needed to commit herself to her dreams.
 “Did they just wax the floor? I almost slipped coming in here.”
 “They are trying to get their revenge on us.”
 “Is that how they teach these days?”
 “I think that they want us to learn by example.”
 “Of course, that is the new lesson.
 Chendra had worked on her presentation. She wanted to control time in a more efficient manner.
 “Nothing gets better over time.”
 “You are not doing enough work.”
 “Where are we supposed to realize our dreams?”
 “Deep in our hearts.”

“A heart is a beating muscle. How can it contain dreams?”

“We relate to our bodies as expressions of our poetry. That beating helps us to open the door to other puzzles.”

“Where is the puzzle?”

“There is a physical heart. And there is a metaphysical one. I listen to the beating of the metaphysical heart.”

“How does that sound?”

“Very loud and very angry.”

“The metaphysical heart could be symbolic of guilt.”

“How does that work?”

“The world is thunderous. All evil is replayed by extreme guilt. The heavens crash down on the individual.”

“What if the heavens ignore us? The beating is loud and onerous. We can never accommodate that.”

“There is no resolution.”

“What kind of tragedy is that?”

“Romantic tragedy.”

“I want someone to answer my prayers.”

“When they don’t, you seek a more urgent resolution.”

“I am pulling out my hair.”

“I cannot take any of this seriously.”

“This is not something in which I want to participate.”

“How has the world degenerated to this point that nothing can improve our development?”

“Some people believe in a tech solution.”

“Do you know where you touch it?”

“How does this work?”

“There is a place where this has solidity.”

“We have been waiting all night for this.”

“Can you pay for my gas?”

“Is it okay to drive this right now?”

“What is the law on this?”

“Do not drive it off the lot.”

“I need somewhere to show off.”

“You need to find a speed demon.”

“Some people live as if physics is not a reality.”

“You better be good at this.”

“I do not want to fail.”

“You need to take steps.”

“I was in the midst of steps.”

“Then you revealed your secret identity.”

“What is the hope?”

“That the secret is a revelation of a more constant energy.”

“He really does take chances on the track.”

“Chendra, can you dig that in a guy?”

“I assumed that we were beyond the motor car.”

“You seem shocked.”

“I don’t know how it came to this.”

“I cannot be serious about any of this.”

“You really have been moved the wrong way.”

“I think that it is a game of chicken.”

“Who makes the sandwich?”

“Who gets the drop on the other guy?”

“This is all going by.”

“Life over.”

“I always thought that people had supernatural abilities in a cemetery.”

“You can assume many things. Proof is something else.”

“When you walk that thin line, you assume that you can take chances. You never should. But that is the only way that you can live. There is really not enough profile in a heart beat.”

“I am looking for someone who I can look up to.”

“Unless someone messes with me.”

“I want to come out of this clean.”

“You need to work on your engine.”

“This is pathetic.”

“I only bet on winners.”

“What are you saying, Chendra? You do not even care about car racing.”

“I really can’t get into someone who goes around in a circle over and over again.”

“Marie presented a paper on the connection between technology and ethics.”

“Where is the connection?”

“Technology should lead towards a more committed ethical understanding. You have the power to change the world. You can avoid your worst mistakes.”

“Mistakes don’t always end up that way.”

“What is the source of your worst mistakes?”

“Belief in falsehoods.”

“You realize how you can get over on the world.”

“Technology has the power to liberate.”

“That is the tech belief.”

“He has gone his own way.”

“Of course, he has.”

“I am totally beyond myself.”

“You have to die to be reborn.”

“I am not doing well on the dying part.”

“Have you already worked out the balance?”

“I do not have what I need to have.”

“You need a bigger engine.”

“We have been talking about the heart.”

“How do interpret the poetry?”

“It all starts with a sense of self-confidence.”

“That is a storm.”

“That dos not mean?”

Chenda was trying to work out te stages in her development. She did not want to look at the world from the outside. She had valuable skills.

“Is there a balance?”

“It gets from A to B.”

“We have been talking about B.”

“We need to do more research at the library.”

“Who is that?”

“That is Chendra.”

“She works in retail.”

“She works in detail.”

“She is financing her dream.”

“She never sleeps.”

“I have been sleeping in class.”

“We are working on this together.”

“This is how metal vibrates.”

“You have what I could never have.”

“The key to the castle.”

“What does the castle look like?”

“A big rocket.”

“A little rock.”

“We throw a rock up, and we hope to reach the sky.”

“I am not part of this.”

Was Marie willing to make a moral argument?

“There are many happy events in my life.”

“Every happy incident is balanced with unhappiness.”

“I always get what I want.”

“What you really wanted slipped away with the flowing river?”

“Real river or river in the sky?”

“What kind of river do you need?”

“Marie and Chendra have very different goals.”

“What is you goal?”

“I go with the river.”

“What do you go with?”

“The wind.”

“Her name is win.”

“Is she someone who is known?”

I was looking for some known in the moment.

“This is not philosophy class.”

“I can get you in my philosophy class.”
 “We ask important questions.”
 “What is being?”
 “What is substance?”
 “Substance has come to mean something very different in common discourse.”
 “Show me what you want to see.”
 “This is already beyond you.”
 “Substance is the constant object that underlies all discourse.”
 “We will never get it right.”
 “I take whatever can I can take.”
 “You have to plot this out a little better.”
 “What about perfume?”
 “What did it smell like in the cemetery?”
 “The body was passing toward another manifestation of being.”
 “I can show you how to make the devices work in your favor.”
 “A large part of the world has become victims of warfare.”
 “People do not have to think of themselves as victims.”
 “We are talking about a political indiscretion.”
 “I have something important to share.”
 “Where can we sell our wares?”
 “You are both played out.”
 “What did I miss?”
 “You need to act more quickly.”
 “Who is chasing geese?”
 “If you cannot catch it, you cannot eat it.”
 “Are you a betting person?”
 “In a contest between Marie and Chendra, who will win?”
 “They both will win.”
 “What did you have to kill for that?”
 “Can we change the balance?”
 “Tell me what you think.”
 “You told me that this was the most magnificent wonder of th world.”
 “You have given too much of yourself.”
 “Marie is good with equations.”
 She had a calculator.
 “I am the calculator.”
 “Is nothing sacred?”
 “There needs to be an enigma. How can the number reveal the enigma?”
 “There is a count behind the count.”
 “They call it a James number.”
 “He counts backwards.”
 “That is two counts.”
 “That is discounting counting.”

“What is that reflection?”

“How many stars in the sky?”

“How many skies full of stars.”

“What is the collective consciousness?”

“The constellations describe the sacred text.”

“What do you offer?”

“How could Chenda ever complete this?”

“The Compassion Room was created so people could demonstrate their virtuous capacities.”

“Don’t worry about your capacities. Do something real!”

“This is hideous.”

“I am not very capable of anything.”

“That is a skeptical position.”

“What am I waiting for?”

“An explanation.”

“Sometimes, I just have to disappear on people.”

“I am glad that there is nothing else that excites you.”

“That is Marie’s question.”

“It was really Sable’s question, but Sable did not have a real ability to frame questions.”

“The turkey got out of the barn.”

“A likely story.”

“Sable, what do you know?”

“I have a book full of all the variations.”

“I did not think that I was going to be dealing with all these possibilities.”

“You can map them all. There is a pattern.”

“We look up at the sky, and we wonder what the stars were like thousands of years ago when the light first wandered our way.”

Chendra, Suraja, Marie, Soleil, Sedalia—none of these participants will understand.”

“I am her to participate in the fun.”

“This is worse than I could have imagined.”

“Where does this break down?”

We were talking about participants in organizations where they exercised little control.

“You start your own company.”

“You did your own grave.”

“You make your own bed.”

“I make a lot of beds.”

“Are you paid well?”

“Are you ever paid well?”

“You have to complete.”

“She burned sage to give the room a redeemed air.”

“I cannot control any of this.”

“The act did not work.”

“Where do I write?”

“Someone is giving a lot of credit to bull shit.”

“That is how it all works.”

“What are the options?”

“What did Chendra lack?”

“A sense of the immediate.”

“We are observing a hummingbird.”

“This is going by a lot more quickly than I realized.”

“What happens when you do not learn the lesson quick enough?”

“Then there is not lesson to learn.”

“Break it apart. Learn each part. Practice each.”

“It should appear to be a lot easier than this.”

“It is not what you see; it is what you think that see.”

“I am chewing a carrot.”

“I took the easy way out.”

“This couldn’t be worse.”

“Chendra, how can you fix things.”

“We can do it another night.”

“We use paper and pencil.”

“We learn techniques of exaggeration.”

“We come with a script.”

“We have the first twenty plays worked out.”

“We get crushed in our opening move.”

“Tears do not work.”

“How can you keep repeating the act, and you keep getting it worse?”

“Chendra is teaching poetry.”

“What do you want us to know?”

“You need to understand something about the past.”

“The castle is the past.”

“You look down on your present.”

“You need to see over the hill.”

“Has this been worth it?”

“It never has been.”

“I do not want to miss this.”

“I never thought that I would be facing this?”

Chendra understood where she had gone wrong. But she preferred glibness to probity.

“They call you the gravedigger of civilization.”

“I think that some equalization is needed.”

“Are you kidding me?”

“Everyone is deluded.”

“You are in the wrong place.”

“I am trashed at home. I cannot move my body.”

“I went in the wrong class.”

“Can you stand on your head?”

“History is not doing a good job at switching places.”

Chendra was supposed to get executive training. This could have prepared her to assume positions of leadership.

“I want to be in the control position.”

“Has anyone told you to shut your fucking face?”

“My father. That was the last thing that he ever said to me.”

Chendra had all these distractions.

“I need to finish this paper.”

“All kinds of amateur shit.”

“I have worked at Mercy House.”

“Did I miss a step?”

“There was a healing.”

“I am better than healed.”

“Then pad your resume.”

“No one is going to get raised from the dead.”

“They all have to die first.”

“I could right everything.”

“You could right one thing.”

“Sable, what are in the letters?”

“I wrote all the letters myself.”

“Great novel.”

“What did you want?”

“I wanted a treaty.”

“Your side is good at faking the truth.”

“One dust.”

“Spies everywhere.”

“Why would you call me a spy?”

“Are you doing this for yourself? Or are you doing to tell someone else?”

“Where is the well-reasoned argument?”

“I am living it.”

“Who is living it?”

“This used to mean something.”

“The diction needs to be clearer.”

“What is the right word?”

“How do you see it right?”

“There so many identities.”

“I just want one.”

“She had the routine.”

“This was exaggeration.”

“There is only one thing to do.”

“Lash out.”
“This was too revealing.”
“The reveal is not meant to deal.”
“Someone is interfering.”
“The coat shone in the dark.”
“Some defense establishment shit.”
“Someone found the recipe for coke.”
“The chicken sandwich.”
“The perfect nap.”
“Social isolation.”
“Government bull shit.”
“The state.”
“This guy needs to put the bathrobe in the closet.”
“Fran knows.”
“Fran broken down in public.”
“That was a calculated performance.”
“Chendra, you can change it all in post.”
“You sign the treaty. You rip it up.”
“You were not the first.”
“We are going to do an operation.”
“We need bones.”
“Tell me about your medical plans, Suraja.”
“We only need a better version.”
“Minauda can make her presence known.”
“What do you know beyond Marie?”
“What does anyone know?”
“This is too complex to worry about.”
“You do not need this.”
“The slug.”
“I am moving along the ocean bottom.”
“Then you claim that you have the power to influence and change.”
“This is an astronomy awareness.”
“I have a neural transmitter.”
“I am constructing sense and nonsense.”
“There is physics and a movie.”
“He is going to show a movie for physics class.”
“We are definitely descending into the next level of bull shit.”
“I am in a circle.”
“You need to call it out when you have the chance.”
“This is something that you can control.”
“Cascading levels of super bull shit.”
“Does this suggest a level of transcendence?”
“You believe what you want to believe.”

“This is not something to get down over.”

“Carmen, you would be fooled by all of this.”

“Salt wants to know.”

“What does Salt know?”

“She knows the now. Carmen is thinking of what happened before she bought the candy sucker.”

“The Glad Rags can provide for everyone.”

“Who prepares for the rags?”

“From rags to riches.”

“You really do care.”

“I am in a position to be cared for.”

Minauda was looking for a deposit.

“This is finance. This is a series of competing crossovers.”

“There is a sound track.”

“Slowly prepared.”

“I am preparing the chicken dish.”

“Where is the endgame?”

“I am very impatient.”

“This is the touch.”

“This bull shit moment.”

“I have been here before.”

“You have to see my movie.”

“I am lost in flashing lights.”

“Minauda can give you everything.”

“They all can: Sha, Rie, Lé, and Dra.”

“These are all stages of self-realization.”

“The highs of the body.”

“A temperature increase.”

“Are you going to hang around?”

“Who is next?”

“Sha, Rie, Lé, and Dra.”

“You have not been that good at this.”

“Rub harder.”

“Where is this going?”

“I close my eyes, and this is all that matters.”

“I prefer this to be anonymous.”

“I will be christened on my arising.”

“For whom the bell dings.”

“Ding ding.”

“I get it now.”

“I am moving in mud.”

I was sinking in mud.

“Did I want to view myself in this manner?”

“What is upsetting you?”

“A neutral observer.”

“No one cares.”

“Minauda is going to get high. And she is going to explode like a boiler.”

“Or course, she is.”

“That is all that matters.”

“Oh, dear, what can the matter be.”

“Sludge.”

“Out of mud is heroics.”

“There are so many places to cut.”

“I need to do a repeat performance.”

“Chendra, I want to think about you this way.”

“Where is the perfect place to touch?”

“Is this an ethical question, or is this the wonder of physics?”

“You need to ask me!”

Chendra was being trained to assume a leadership position. Her skills would enable her to bring together a diverse group. Each person had unique qualifications, but none had that same level of commitment exhibited by Chendra at an early age. She had a unique personal courage. Her body was tempered by her struggle. And she had uncanny insight. All these traits assisted her in taking on incredible challenges.

She lived in a half-world. And she was welcomed in this place to destroy the threats to human vitality. There were serious doubts if she had the ability to carry on her mission. And the elders were going to do their best to try to shut her down. They invited her to the institute. They were going to ask her questions which would limit her to continue with her plans.

“How do we know that you are any different than the witches, who haunt the dark passageways?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You are not good at this, are you.”

“I only want to be turned on. And I am not sure if a man can do what I need.”

Chendra was angry. Who was this imposter?”

“I am Syrena. And I am an expert at what I do. You live in the stars.”

“What do you do? Find pleasure for yourself?”

Marie wondered if the most pleasurable experience was to see the enjoyment of others.

“Lie back, and I will give you all that you need.”

“Syrena, I am not easily seduced by your silliness.”

“I have spent all day going over spreadsheets. I want something that can help me forget. And I embrace anything that help me to forget for a long, long time.”

“Others have thought the same thing.”

“We seek absolution more than pleasure. Absolution will help us to feel free.”

“Then we will need less pleasure.”

“I am looking for being.”

“That is only a desire to hold to a more lasting pleasure.”

“That is what this place promises?”

“What do you want to be promised?”

“Something that lasts and lasts.”

“Staring into your eyes lasts and lasts.”

“Will I still have to work?”

“Everyone here is a high roller.”

“If Minauda is going to take over this story, she needs to expound an empire of pleasure.”

“Where is the freedom?”

“You surrender to these blessings.”

“One touch.”

“Where are the intersections of all the touches.”

“I am everywhere.”

“Who says yes?”

“What makes this go?”

“You disappointed us.”

“I do not see the same connection to money. There has to be a breakdown of the performances. These all have to be available to the citizens.”

“Are you doing this to me?”

“I want to play the wheel of fortune.”

“There are bad things coming.”

“Do not speak in such vague terms.”

“What do you see Chendra?”

“She is dancing with the Glad Rags.”

“Sedalia is moving along.”

“Everyone moves along.”

“You can give me the best.”

“I thought that Sedalia had perfected here performance.”

“This is way beyond that.”

“We are all twisted up.”

“I was not brought hereto be this way.”

“We need more body.”

“I need to eat.”

“This is all going to destroy me.”

“Marie believes in the perfect intersection of spiritual and physical.”

“We need more mind.”

“Has Chendra convinced the elders.”

“She has not convinced herself.”

“I do not want this to end like this.”

“We need to do better.”

“Where is this coming from?”

“Look at Blue. She has it down.”

“They all do. But no one writes it down.”

“This is a different kind of knowing.”

“The betterment of humankind.”

“You are going to destroy it all. You have embraced ritual sacrifice. You claimed

that you would spare life. This is some kind of myth. You embrace the body count.”

“When will you finally arrive?”

“I have arrived.”

“This is where it really gets fun.”

“I am carried along for the story.”

“This is a wonder.”

“No one else can do what I do.”

“All hail Chendra.”

“Chendra!”

“I am not ready for this.”

“We know.”

“You were running from the authorities. You went underground. And you got lost in the cave.”

“There is a kind of knowing. I am not good at this.”

“*Why would you think that I was everything?*”

“*You tempted everything.*”

“*I got taken over by a witch.*”

“*Watch Syrena.*”

“*She wants people to watch her.*”

“*I am watching.*”

“*Say hello!*”

“*Boom!*”

“*We all want what we cannot have.*”

“*Syrena and the wes are not going anywhere.*”

“*Mix it all up.*”

“*You look great.*”

“*Of course I do.*”

“*We all do!*”

“*Watch what you say. Someone will listen to you. It will all be repeated.*”

“*I am only getting ahead of myself.*”

“*ASK SALT! ASK KIM! ASK SYRENA!*”

“They all want to be turned on.”

“Marie will be turned on.”

“Chendra contrasts.”

“How do you want me?”

“I want you to read the long book.”

“Too long.”

“Read the touching book.”

“I do not want to be touched in that way.”

“Some go beyond that.”

“They call the tools toys.”

“They remake the body.”

“We all want the same thing.”

“This is going to be so good.”

“Marie, you are smooth everywhere.”

“What is the problem?”

“Why is there so much to learn?”

“Chendra, you need to apply yourself.”

“I do not want to become Marie.”

“She is better with time.”

“We are all anxious.”

“The solution will take a while.”

What did Turner know that no one else knew?

“I understand how deeply I can haunt the soul.”

“Do you actually inhere in the body?”

“I am learning how to detach myself.”

“The body is the intersection between the detaching and the belief.”

“I have some good ideas.”

“It’s like, it’s like, it’s like.”

“What is it like?”

I caught up with Chendra as she walked through the courtyard of the lycee.

“Etienne, tue es en retard en cours.”

“Ce n’est pas ma faute!”

“What is the problem here.”

“What are you studying?”

“What are we studying.”

“Mat sup.”

“What is that?”

“There is a twist, in intersection, and a closed loop.”

“How did I become like this?”

“Pull out the intersecting line.”

“This marked the realistic experience.”

“There are so many days of constant bull shit.”

“You are not going to pass.”

“I already have.”

“What do you know?”

“There is the donor and the receiver.”

“What does the doughnut want?”

“Could you turn up the volume.”

She was basically a good student, but she did not accede to the political degeneration of the state.

“What does that mean?”

“Where does she come from?”

“Neuilly.”

“How did she get in here?”

“She had connections.”

“And she is the person who complains.”

“There are reasons to complain.”

“Were you at the demonstration?”

“The political or the scientific demonstration.”

“Maybe, you could use some help.”

“No one is supposed to cross this bridge.”

“There are others.”

“This is pretty close to my place.”

“This sounds like a comedy show.”

“Steven, I need to see you in my office.”

“I am going by Etienne.”

“You are not supposed to be here.”

“We regressed Chendra with a purpose. She would have the necessary intellectual stimulation. And she would also feel that her studies offered the necessary personal fulfillment. This is a community with personal reinforcement to encourage curiosity. She would not have the same fears that she experienced in her past.”

“I am here to make her lesson even better.”

“Steven, you are nothing less than an interference.”

“I think that my contribution will improve her situation.”

“You are not a teacher. And you are not a student. We have to ask you what is our motive.”

“I have my desk. I feel as if I am going to be a good student.”

“You have learned all the material.”

“I didn’t learn it that well. And this gives me an opportunity to learn it even better.”

“You don’t have to run away.”

“I want to be in this class. I need to learn about math.”

“We all do, but that does not us to harass the students.”

The overall story was an imposition. How could I provide Chendra with the necessary assistance if I was not included in the representation.

“I will never win!”

I was very sick. I couldn’t not get out of bed.

“They made me a mustard plaster.”

“How is this affecting me?”

“I cannot breath without a respirator.”

“The air is not pure.”

“It is a psychological condition.”

“They need to get rid of all the mud.”

“We are all sinking in our filth.”

“This is the beginning of a new revolution.”

“These are tourist points.”

“I was drunk. I envisioned my psychological state as a political transformation.”

“How does that work?”

“Do you want to help?”

“Fa la la la la!”

“La la la la!”

"The classroom is in terrible condition."

"We sit and look straight ahead."

"The lesson was supposed to improve your development."

"I am not doing this. My body is on automatic."

"You are going to have to get off of automatic pilot if you want to succeed here."

"There is no upstairs."

"I will see you in the upstairs classroom."

"We have this all blocked off."

"We do not need you anymore."

"There is special money for this."

"Has anyone ever told you to shut up?"

"There are people who are worse than Steven."

"I only want to wake up."

"You are awake."

"Turner understood travails of nocturnal existence."

"What the fuck is this about?"

"They take over the school, and they free the teachers."

"They felt that they were prisoners of an oppressive system. But their families were advancing those oppressive regimes."

"They would get to the family drama later."

"Everything was perfect."

"What is the actual source of the discomfort?"

"Turner never went to this school. But she had an appreciation for the artistic sensation."

"Sedalia wished that she had learned these lessons."

"She hardly cares about any of this."

"Carson can use her feelings to mediate any dilemmas, which follow."

"I am drifting deeper into the morass."

"Where is the black hole?"

"This is denial of person."

"How does Opal feel?"

"Marie can rescue the story by becoming a voice of reason."

"How can any of this be reasonable?"

I got pulled out of line. I was told that someone wanted to talk to me. Someone wanted to tell me something important."

"They want to talk to you downtown. You have been accessing revolutionary material."

"This is the first phase of a dictatorial regime."

"She didn't return her book to the library."

"She claimed them for the revolutionary movement."

"Why do you make fun of anything of political import?"

"These are all fake moral crises."

"There is a fly in my soup."

"That is not a fly."

"This reveals something more urgent about the state of dining."
"You aren't that concerned are you."
"You do consider this delightful."
"What is the impact?"
Marie wanted to learn about the impact
"What does Opal want?"
"She showed that everyone wants to have fun."
"What is the other half?"
"We seek those who want to destroy us."
"There is a lot of randomness. You take advantage of your awareness."
"I am living a constant fever of existence."
"This is embarrassing."
"Yes, it is."
"I can't write another thing."
"Steven, you will be okay."
"Everything is getting so fritzed out."
"You are a sport."
"Heather is ready to win."
"I wish that I knkew what I could win."
"Make notes."
"I am not sure what to right."
"I am fantastic."
"I have incredible doubts about myself."
"I am incredible."
"Use positive adjectives, and jump up and down."
"Take the shot!"
"Steven, will you be okay."
"This has go so far away from Visagenics."
"Just jump in."
"We have nothing better to do with our time."
"You are going to make us great."
"This still does not get winning values."
"There is not enough accountability."
The imperial dream.
"You need to eat at the grocery store."
"Am I free?"
"You have no idea."
"This is going to be worse than I thought."
"That is a signal."
"I did not want to get involved."
"Do you have a strong or a weak allegiance wo th organization?"
"How are you improving things for me?"
"This was something that I deeply cared about."

“We made it go away.”
 “I was preparing the court case.”
 “These are things over which you have little control.”
 “You are going to have to leave here.”
 “What are you protecting?”
 “A culture.”
 “How many steps to closure?”
 “I only want my money.”
 “I saved for this.”
 “I know. I am really in a shit hole now.”
 “If you could chart a path, this could explain something.”
 “Minauda has a path.”
 “This is more than satisfaction.”
 “This is transcendence.”
 “How can you get out of a world when everything is predicated on that world?”
 “If we thought like that, we would have never escaped the lily pond.”
 “I do not understand any of these variations.”
 “The list is getting longer.”
 “You already have citizen ownership.”
 “Sell it off.”
 “What does Minauda have?”
 “She can make you explode out of yourself.”
 “Is that transcendence? You only feel more more caught in bull shit.”
 “Minauda is on to a deep awareness of the body.”
 “The body is attuned to an earth environment. Even at that, it manifests dominance and suffering.”
 “He said that I could join in?”
 “Minauda, can I join in.”
 “This is Minauda’s wedding.”
 “It is a marriage in fire.”
 “What does that mean?”
 “The self cannot stop.”
 “We all have urges.”
 “Are you going to learn from your mistakes?”
 “We have units in stock.”
 “Plug this in, and put this on.”
 “That is so nasty.”
 “What is happening to you, Marie?”
 “I was supposed to put it all in writing.”
 “What did you write down?”
 “My best qualities.”
 “Are you a believer?”
 “When I need to be!”

“And how are you distinguished from Minauda?”
“I do not fuck by numbers.”
“What is going on in the Compassion Room?”
“We are performing the fall of the House of Roses.”
“We are working together.”
“Your waffles are ready.
“You are letting the power go to your head.”
“Are we keeping score?”
“Did Marie keep score?”
“She was living in the present.”
“I live in the presence.”
“I need to stay jacked.”
“I curse my fate.”
“We all do.”
“How do dynasties matter?”
“They shouldn’t.”
“They protect the Asian labor market.”
“What does that mean?”
“There will be liberation.”
“That is another book.”
“It is this book, but you are not listening.”
“Protection turns into protectionism.”
“Who are you protecting?”
“Just friends.”
“I have a wonderful deal.”
“Does it fit in a bottle?”
You whispered some nonsense that was supposed to be in the book.
“It provides balance.”
“Which characters have just gone off the rails?”
“Soleil can help.”
“She asks leading questions of others.”
“What does she want to do?”
“She plays for the moment.”
“This is not Festo.”
“What does that mean?”
“This is real shit.”
“You are most compassionate about an image of yourself.”
“Where is that coming from?”
“I need to get seeded.”
“Make a mess in the rain!”
“That ain’t jade.”
“It’s more of a symbol.”
“You cannot knock a symbol.”

“That could be the beginning of something.”
“A muscle massage.”
“None of this is going to matter.”
“This won’t be close.”
“Will it be close to me?”
“What do you want to know?”
“Who turns on the range?”
“Range on!”
“They held me prisoner at my job. They told me that it was on a security timer.”
“I have everything that I need.”
“There is a glass door.”
“Set me up.”
“Why do they not have all the cash?”
“It is the effort.”
“We are trading souls.”
“That is the essence of Visagenics.”
“Put on your best face.”
“A better face never meant a better life.”
“We are trying to establish key principles.”
“Leave when the bell rings.”
“Where is the toy department?”
“This is in stock.”
“This is everything that I have ever wanted.”
“And more.”
“What do angels want?”
“That is a silly exaggeration of human characteristics.”
“How does it have to be?”
“Dominique upset the art piece.”
“She is all of the art piece.”
“People use the art excuse when they cannot manage much of anything else.”
“I live my pain. Do you want to see it all?”
“I want you to live the pain for those in Compassion House.”
“This is not going to be good for me.”
“Go home now, snapper mouth.”
“Chendra can redeem it all later.”
“She lost the castle.”
“She can get it back.”
“Are you working with me?”
“What is this about?”
“Chendra, you need to get to history class.”
“I ripped the time out of history.”
“How long do I have to listen to this?”
“Until listening don’t matter any more.”

“Listen up.”

“The Glad Rags are taking me out of here.”

“I cannot explore every variation. The air got pulled out of the puppet.”

“There is a last train.”

“Do you really care about this?”

“S.W. can explain this.”

“He is making a joke and playing a game.”

“Everything is melting.”

“It is so fucking hot.”

Marie, Sable, Chendra, Suraja.

“How good is your memory?”

“I need you to memorize this letter and repeat everything in there.”

“No!”

“No!”

“This will help you. You want to use these words.”

I felt as if I was destroying myself. There was no longer an up and down

“The Glad Rags got me to do a wedding.”

“Wedded in blood.”

“What does that mean?”

“Those more powerful and those less powerful.”

“It does not always work that way.”

“This is not that good.”

“Make it work for something.”

“I only want to keep staring.”

“This is not a good time.”

“Keep your hands on the billing key.”

“What is that?”

“This is a manner of speaking.”

“That was never even close.”

“She left.”

“Marie left you a letter.”

“Damn!”