

## THE OFFICIAL

Bill likes Jane. And Jane likes hotdogs. Sometimes, Still likes her dogs. Bill wants to go over to Jane's. Gina wants to see a doctor. Bill is hanging at Warren's. Jane thinks about the dangers of traditional medicine. Still needs a remedy. She understands the risks. Bill has friends in high places. Bill understands the logic. The cat howls at the moon. Jealous afraid of cats. Cesium wants to understand. He takes the cat for a walk, and he teaches the cat new tricks. The cat loves tricks. Cesium doesn't like hotdogs that much. Cesium is making himself a meal. Cesium is nostalgic about cooking. Cesium is nostalgic about good times. These are good times. Everything needs to be logical. This could be Russell's story. This could be Charlie's story. Have you seen the pictures? What is in the pictures? What makes things ago? Are you worried about this? Are they worried about you? How much does it hurt? How much do you care? Where does this end up? Sammy is here. Sammy's never here on the weekends. It must not be a weekend night. Sammy is here on Saturday. This is some kind of contradiction. What do you see? What turns you on? Why even bother? Why are you immune? Are you even alive? You're among the living dead. You're among the stupendous. You have made mistakes before. Why did you make a mistake? You didn't follow the logic he didn't do we need to get done you ignored the warnings. You corrected your mistakes. You couldn't correct things that you thought were right. You thought that you were right. You found other people who thought that you were right. It took some convincing. There's only one thing that you care about. I just want only one thing that affects you. Everything is taking longer than you think. Everything makes you excited. Everything has your stamp of approval. Everything is better than it used to be. Make the claim. This couldn't be better. Who else is involved. What are you telling them? I don't want to be a part of your story. I don't want to talk to you. I don't want you in my space. I don't want you looking at me. I don't want you following me. I don't want you thinking you're part of my story. It could've been tragic. You need to catch yourself in time. Is that point life seems to run out of options. What are you going to do? How are you going to respond? How are you going to respond to those who ask you questions? Where are you headed? How do you find a justification separate from other people? Can you lend me money? Can you give me a ride? Can you start me off? All these things are gonna have to fall in the place. There are some people who are willing to hold it."

"Is something that glitters that has no shine? It's something that shines, that is nothing. Welcome to the show. Just make some noise. Let them know that you're here. It's time to start the process. You're ready to play along. You're ready to give yourself to sign in."

It's time to invite others to play. It's the journey. Where are you going to. He started from nothing and you go nowhere. You do nothing but toot your own horn. Do you think you're the only one on the block. You're trying to describe challenges. You're trying to make this better for yourself you're not the only one. You're not the lonely one. Just someone. Bill likes Jane. Shane likes hotdogs. Bill doesn't like hotdogs. Joe doesn't like Jane when she eats hotdogs. Jane stop eating hotdogs. This is getting confusing. I brought you something to eat, and you don't like it. You're hungry and you don't want to eat. You're thirsty and you don't wanna play along. The noises don't start. What is the source? I can smell the fear? Bill shows up for work. He has lunch waiting. He works for his supper. But he will not give out a free lunch. How much does a bill get

for selling a free lunch. What are you protecting? Why are you in my stuff? Why have you been looking in my desk? What do you see on my computer? What do you know that's not there? Why do we work together on this? Why should I care? Why should I bother? What did I miss? Did that fall off of your truck? Did that fall off of your life? Are we all going to the same place? Are we all doing this together? Does it matter? Will it ever matter? Can you provide sufficient analysis of yourself to offer any further insight? Who's making a noise? What are you afraid of? What is afraid of you? This is where I fell. This is all that I care about. This is all that matters. Have an exciting time. I could tell you more things. I could try to excite you. I could count all the memories. Share the important memories with you. You could make some your own. I could invite you to eat with us.

I could eat your food. I could tell you things. I could tell you things that would make your flesh crawl. Bill likes hotdogs. I like hotdogs. I like sport. I like the contest. I want to get involved. Okay. Thanks. there are two ways of seeing this. I want to involve others. It want this to make a difference. Don't be afraid of me. I'm going to change things. I'm gonna shine the car. And this start from scratch. I'm gonna get rid of those things which have been a problem. I've been here before. Others have been with me. Others have been influenced by me. I don't know what's going on with you. Is this a dream on your part? Do you want to get this done? We meet in public places. What is going on behind those eyes of yours? These are things that I want to understand.

There's someone who I want understand. Do you understand how far I've come? There are two ways I'm seeing this. You can see this as it was. And you can see this as it is becoming. You could see this as a fashion statement. What does that mean.? You could be representing a way of life by pretending that you are living under different conditions. What are the conditions of your excitement? Why does any of this matter to you? What do you need to do in order to make it means some thing more than it does? Who is paying for this? Have you saved enough money for what is coming? Why bother? Why do you have to worry about these things? Why can't you tell it the way it is? I want to tell if the way I want it to be if I don't like it the way it is now I have advantages of. I can change it this is worse things get difficult you may not like hot dogs. You may not like pizza. You may not like the way things are. But you don't want to think about some possibility that will never come to pass. Every inch of territory is marked every memory is accounted for. What about the nonsense? What is the formula for the nonsense? This is going to matter.

You need to think about this in a way that it's going to matter. Right now everything is so tangled up it's difficult to explain. How can we get Cesium back? I really think that we can't. In this sense. It is more than a little unfortunate. Cesium said things that were contrary to the mission statement. He thinks that he understands the mission statement. But he has been trying to undercut it all along. It's not what you have been seeing. You use your pass knowledge to create a different state of affairs. You fight for some thing else. You tell others how do what needs to be done. He has been clinging to defeated policies all along. But he and others like him have taken consolation from small victories. Where does any of this go? Or are you watching this? Why do you believe? Who understands? Sebastian believes that he understood. And he was able to acquire an exhaustive awareness in a limited situation. But he has been unable to generalize that. Leo has a few extra tools to enable his liberation. He also talks a good game. They both know

how to flatter those in power. That's flattery only last for so long. There comes a point when you have to deliver. There comes a point when things need to go right. Don't you want to do marketing? Or am I selling to? What are the origins of my troubles. The story needs to be built upon a stronger complaint than simple anger on your part. Your failure to take things to the root

I've only made you complicit in the very things that he used to criticize. What rewards have you been given.? How lasting are they? I see what I need to say. I do what I need to do. I love what I need to love. But I can easily get distracted. All it takes is one taste. Politics is one glance. All it takes is one brass. Our takes is one image. I'm already losing perspective. Who's working with me? Who's getting in my way? Who's trying to stop me from being myself? What do you have there? What do you want there? What do you see there? What do you know there? How do use our homework questions. How do you operate the machine. Do you learn about its disposition in space? Do you map those coordinates? How angry are you? How angry are you? Do you have some thing that is not yours? I'm trying to control this. You're going to have to help me out here. You're on the on calendar. Honestly, all that I want is some thing I can get. I know that I can get it it's not gonna be enough. I was paying the piper. Now, I am paying the demon. You can't come in. Do you want to come in? Do you even know that it's here? Do you know where to look?

Ariana had a philosophy and she had a program. In order to fulfill the promise, she needed a coyote story. What did she say that no one else could see? She needed to be ready. She was committed to happiness. Even if the struggle could drag you down, her wheel was consistent in realizing that dream. Did she need anyone else to help her fulfill her desires. This was a key question for her outlook. But she was not willing to give her. This was part of her program she wanted others to be sustained by that same commitment. Did they have enough zeal to overcome the negative moments in their lives? What was holding them back? And they realized how easy it was to get caught up in these petty squabbles. She wasn't there too past gossip. She provided a critical transition for the world.

She offered an important message which could be put into affect. This was all part of her method. It was evident that she had a provocative motivation, and this outlook could be extended to a whole network of social interaction. That should've been enough in itself. But more can people aspire to. Even if the artist has her works, she still needs to implement them. Ariadne was proof enough that this implementation was important. In a deeper sense or is anyone listening? Did anyone give her enough motivation to push her along and these endeavors.? What was missing? What is this her story? How could she embellish upon the tale? At the same time Victor provided an alternative view. What did he recognize?

He almost saw himself as a star maker. He was finding talent to enhance his dream. But Paula seem to challenge that view. Where were you? Who are you talking to? I have no idea who you were tonight. You were drifting around. And even when you were sitting with me, I had no idea who I was with. Honestly, you were scaring me this wasn't how I expected things to be. I didn't feel as if you were paying any attention to me. How does this work? Am I just supposed to adore in your life.? Is this just your story, and I'm supposed to be some kind of extra? That isn't how it works. Victor, that's not how I work. Was this how the story worked Would Paula ever gain enough motivation to go against Victor's dominance? It was more likely that Vance and Ford around her. But she would only be a spectator.

She would question what was going on. But she wouldn't have the words to help it would all be outside of her death. She would be drowning in public. Her face would have knocked her around. It would've broken her. And she didn't even realize what was going on Victor might do his best to rehabilitate himself. And she wouldn't even understand what it happened. If he was truly courageous if she was truly create us, she would know how to walk away. Who did? At what point did she have any sense of independence that could enable her to resist his influence. her to figure it out.

Nothing was happening she had the opportunity to assert herself. She could've made something happen, but she didn't.

Why would I be under any further obligation to tell the story? I had invested my time in Reunion under the pretense that my observations could inspire change. Indeed, such a transformation would be critical to my personal development. Reunion provided me the forum to advanced my creativity. This commitment was based on the belief that there was a social interaction fostered creativity.

This creativity could be a response to the challenges from the world of work. Even though individual might claim that she found for work invigorating, levels of stress could be overwhelming, and reunion with provide for Tunity for further gross. This was a fine balance. The individual was trying to escape the negative aspects of her situation. This escape could be based upon a sense of numbness and forgetting. Under these conditions, the self would be more apt to commit to short term pleasures.

The overall concern for creativity could be marginalized. Nevertheless, there was a considerable motivation for a different kind of experience. Thus, reunion could create a belief in a different kind of cultural experience. They seem to go beyond the camaraderie developed within the location. I fundamentally withheld the interest of the participants. Even though this overreaching desire was critical for the personal commitment, it was easy, almost too easy, to resolve this hope in a unstable awareness of the present. Such a concern? Endeavors of the short term explorers.

They saw Reunion as a place to let go over there and ambitions. Fundamentally, just letting though me, and it trapped them further in a lasting experience. They were not making the steps for change. They were simply giving them selves enough courage to keep along with the status quo. For some of these adventurers, they felt that they had a license to push even deeper into abandon. Indeed, some would be overly vocal and expressive their zeal. They were even those who saw themselves as regulars, or just as caught up in the cycles. Their personal excitement could jeopardize their projects. They pretended that this pursuit was enough in itself for liberation. There were others who are just as lost in these expectations. This seem to engage in more lasting participation. This moment could be fueled by any kind of artificial support that seem to highlight the wonders of the individual. At this moment seem to be the heart of evaluating the overall experience. It was hardly enough to reflect back on past triumphs.

If your overall process did not build towards some new insight, then personal involvement represented distraction from some further development. This became a critical juncture for the writer. Could he continue to draw on these experiences to short and new vision? Even if such a vision seem promising, there was a limited forum to realize this understanding. At what point did the writer need to find a stronger awareness in these interactions. This observation

had already created a sustained knowledge. That knowledge had been supported in other endeavors. In a sense, this was the real challenge of the investigation.

The observer had the opportunity to push forward and the overall process. Nevertheless, whack off clear outcomes could jeopardize the overall project. By giving into the expectations of this environment, the writer was doing nothing else but validating the impossibility of further progress. Even the limited creative inspiration is not enough to bring greater validity to this experience. If his sense of cooperation could have accommodated for the walls and personal development, the shared awareness could've open up new avenues to justify the experience. As the writer continue to provide evidence for these experiences, a general evaluation seem to question the purpose of further efforts.

The writer had already sequestered key resources for advancing projects. But the ability to apply these resources depended upon we're certain outcomes in the outside world. How had things reached this point? Many in a similar situation did not have access to the same means as the writer. Nevertheless, the writer seem to face the same threats as those around him. His belief offered an access to these resources, and he could exploit as similar a ability that he saw in others. The process had its risks. The observer saw some thing or consistent in the world.

They seem to return to the idea of a deep culture which had motivated a devoted us in this setting. The writer felt this awareness dawning on him. Could he devote more time in the hopes of yielding a greater return? What was missing? The original observations had been accomplished through a lag in development. Now, this suspension of critical awareness needed to goal. The application of the model became more urgent. It wasn't enough to blame those within vicinity.

Why wasn't this model working? And relying on a testimony of each person, there was a slippage that only accumulated through further observation. Now that in ability became ever more apparent for the writer. Even though his successes continued to move along this process, is it enough to overcome these obstacles? In a sense, it was a matter of imposing a different perspective of time upon the participants. Who is participating? Who is willing to engage in this change? Or did the writer how are unique perspective they related to others interacting at this site. That would seem to give greater credibility to any interactions that he advanced. Nevertheless, there are claimants to a contrary point of view. And this point of view could characterized the actual activities within this milieu. If these actions served as a better representation of what was going on here, and that would jeopardize the overall project.

The project was never rooted in the activities of the participants. Nevertheless, there was some kind of impetus for a change in the process of observation. If the opposite view predominated, it seemed to be a motivation to abandon the whole project. However, the writer had a unique ability to take these elements and present them in a different way. All his efforts relied upon that distinction. However they would only succeed if some aspect of his original plan remained in place. If the present knowledge was going to describe a continued situation, the writer would never attain the ability to realize things in a different way.

“The compliments are simply an excuse for the behaviors. We claim that we are turned on by what we say. But we only see some thing that can turn this on. We are already convinced by the validity of our own desire in and of it's self. The representation is only self confirming. We desire availability.”

You want the whole world to love you. You spend your time selling at one part in order to get the other. And when you're victorious. You come back and expect the rest of the world to embrace you. How does that work? I love you. That's ridiculous you just want me to love you back and then you can do the same thing that you've always done.

“ We stop believing that any of this will make us any better. We excepted our situation, and we dealt with it. Dude, this became the new balance. It was a matter of acceptance. In the situation, we recognize their needs. I understood I needed to get done . And ahead and completed the tasks. There were moments that it all seemed very lonely. It seemed to lack a purpose. We continued on. We lost ourselves in the moment. There's really no choice. It was all part of her self realization. We found liberation in our awareness. We couldn't see it in any other way. This was part of our growth. This was part of our acceptance. For the moment, it gave a dynamic to what we had. We weren't holding out for something greater. It didn't work that way. We needed to be happy with what we could do. We had no other choice. In the sense, it was a grim consolation. But we accepted the situation. We dealt with the facts.”

“In a personal way we were creative. Only so much that we can do. There was a sense of resignation in this experience. There are moments when we try to console ourselves. What other choice was there. Then everything seem to get out of control. We felt as if we had been stripped down to nothing. There wasn't much to her desire. There was wasn't much to her identity. It was just the skeletal desperation. And that was the essence of our being. We might've expected rescue from other quarters. But there was a little to reinforce that hold. It was more about making do. We felt as if we had been dea;t a hand. It wasn't going to change.”

“We had enough to work for us. Sure, we were holding on. We were trying to convince ourselves that there is more to this. On some days, it's a myth became prevalent. It encouraged us. It made us think that we could do more. And we face that gap in our awareness. We could barely touchdown. Somewhere, there was a treasure. Somewhere we could aspire to more than this. For what it was, we felt the world burn away our motivation.”

“We were all on automatic. It wasn't so much that we clung to our past. Instead, we didn't see anything else. For what it was, that was sufficient we were looking through a window into another window. Everything was clear but remote. And there is hardly a way to bring it any closer. This was all part of the condemnation to the now. We were living as we were. And there is nothing more to it. We couldn't claim a more lasting connection this is all that we had to work from.”

“ In a sense, we could move this along. This could help us work harder. But it also reinforced sense of desperation. Nothing would be enough. We would be hanging on in this obscure realm. It wouldn't be enough to get us going. Her sense of loss overwhelming. In a sense we felt suspended in this place we weren't stimulated. We didn't feel rewarded. But we hadn't given out. We excepted this balance. There were so many others like hers clung to this evidence. And never seem to be a nothing more. We might've hoped for some thing else. And we couldn't find an opening. We accepted things for what they were and that was enough. It couldn't be more than this. In a sense, we were fighting to get out, but we recognized how deeply entrenched that we were. We were only at the beginning. We had been set up. So much has been taken from us. But we weren't complaining. We were deep in the struggle. We battled with what we had. We

couldn't see it any differently.

"For that brief moment we believed that everything could be different. We could find shelter. We could cast off the threats. We could pretend that our dreams were like everyone else's. If we truly understood this art, we would know. There was nothing else. There is no other way to see this. That added to our frustration. We knew that there was so much preventing us from being ourselves. But we were working with these meager gifts. We were advancing them in our own way. Therefore, we couldn't be sold. We stayed with what we had."

"It meant some thing for the present. And we didn't want to see it any other way. Seem to be a simple matter signing our name at the bottom of a contract. Everything that was promised could be delivered. For the moment, that seem to be okay. Honestly, it was never gonna be enough. Points where do we record at what point would be recognize this. We wanted to feel more powerful. Down deep, we knew. We knew it all. It simply wasn't possible to ask for any more. That was why we told ourselves that we were happy. It was not up to someone else to tell us any different way. That was how the balance worked once and for all. We felt empowered. And this got us doing things. Granted, there was so much more available. We didn't ring that horizon to our outlook. We revered for now in a special way. He told us things like nothing else. That made us more attuned to the moment. All the words seem to be taken from us. We conquered these feelings. We said whatever needed to be said in the moment."

"We weren't accustomed to anything else. Just granted us our liberation. That was the beginning and end of everything. If there was transcendence, we transcended in our belief. It gave us inspiration. He reminded us what was available. There's no other way to see this. These were the tears from heaven. We couldn't ask for more. We weren't priming the world to offer us some other insight. We lived in the immediacy of this awareness. There was nothing else. In a sense, he wanted for nothing else. And it carried us along. It gave us credibility. Not to ask for some thing else would be presumptuous. It would be a denial of the moment. It was a rare foundation of our self recognition. All of this and more!"

"Others might've seen us in a different way he seem to be scurrying around. We were involved in some thing more frantic. We became lost in this pursuit. But even though confusion was only part of this adventure. There was nothing else in our experience. We weren't going to get overcome. We refused to be eaten alive. Even these moments of occasional decay on the adit in to our resilience this is all part of our nature. We were more than blessed. We found a constant liberation in this experience. We engaged it's wonder. Her hunger was never a permanent state. We were more tied to the promise of satisfaction. And I was there for the taking. This may have been part of the overall confusion, but we were immersed in this moment. What kept us going? Or gave us inspiration?"

"Somethings seemed to be held back. We could only hope that would all be clear. The land of milk and honey would stand fourth. It would point the way. Even if we felt more caught up in the experience we found a way to resist. That provided are true strength. How could we make any of this happen? How could we engage what was available? We were so still so deep we were still so mired in the confusion. That it was a little difficult to attain a complete awareness. For what it was worth, what was denied? Or was being held back? There was a moment that everything seem to be in jeopardy."

"We did what we could to understand. It was beyond our understanding or knowledge or

awareness. What was being held back. How did we get caught up in these challenges. Surely there was more that could guide us. In a sense, we didn't want that. We truly believed that we were already on the verge of seeing something. And we didn't need any kind of authority to sort it out. We resented that kind of interference. I couldn't be described any simpler. This is how we achieved our knowledge. Since we are able to change things, and gave us greater 30. This became a conflict in some way. Who are these people who couldn't deal with the present. Try to be so judge mental about it."

"Indeed, we seem to take things as they came. That made it seem as if things should just follow according to plan. But they were things that were working against us. And we need to deal with this. It wasn't hard shift. It just seem to be a temporary distraction. And we dealt with it for us it was. Were we that for a field. And we escaped the forces that affect others. If we lived for pleasure, we could simply guide we could simply follow along to the most appealing locations. Everything seem to be available. And first, we were engaged in this excitement."

"You revealed too much to me. You can't trust sending these people's people. I could guide you. And you say the same thing to everybody. Do you want me to believe it? I can't believe anything that you say to me. How did you get out? I don't wanna work anymore. I don't want to do this job anymore. Why do I keep going back to the same thing over and over again? What do I expect? At least I'm going to get something that I want. I need to plan this out better. I need to make this happen. I can't do this on my own."

"If pleasure is your only interest and you have to wonder why is the body created like that. Why does that absorb your interest? This is something about it you're sociological development. Have you been poisoning me. Have you been saying negative things about me? And then call mom, This has been going on for too long. I need you to sit down with me and explain things. You're going around in circles. You're getting caught in the same challenges again and again. Why are you acting this way? What is that smell? I can't even feel my body parts. What I feel divided for myself. How did that happen? What changed? Why did I give so much for myself and receive nothing in return? Why are you expecting the things going to change? Who's really interested what's happening to you? We just see things differently. We enjoy being cherished. We want someone to think about us when we're not around. At some point in your life, do you need to let go."

"You need to focus on those things that can change. And you get obsessed with these little things. None of this makes a difference. I'm saying too much already. This is destructive. You're telling me things. You're telling me things that I don't know. You're telling me things that I want to know. You're helping me to focus. You're making me a better person. You're making me excited. We're all headed the same place. These are things that I thought that I understood. I'm only feeling more confused as I go along. I'm disturbed by my expectations. Things are getting in the way. The things that I thought important don't seem to matter in the same way. It's only adds to my further confusion. I wish that I could describe things in a different way. I wish that I had a different body I could help me put it all together."

"Shit, I've said too much already what are you saying about me? We all agree but these are beautiful people. Why can't they do more what's missing? Nothing is missing. This is how it happens in the moment you think that you're better than us. Do you think that you can control your desires. It's not that easy. Things happen. I have only one desire here. I want to show



results. Do you understand what that means. This is where you manifest your desires. What's in there? What makes it go? What's the foundation of your motivation? This is not going to be easy. I've seen this happen before none of this is automatic. None of this is supposed to be automatic. I'll get a test. I'm better at this than I know. I'm giving you this. I'm giving you the benefit of the doubt. I'm losing my motivation. I'm writing this mean more he does. We need to be quiet about these things. He say things to create new things. First. Why are you so moralistic? Why is this important to you? Why should you even bother? Ours is going to end? Or does any of the sound this is easier than you think. This is much easier than you know. There's a lot to think about. Just stay in your place to leave the house! Don't leave the room! There's the bunnies I can't even feel my hands. I'm numb to my reality."

"I was told that the revolutionary theater might assist in explaining history. I wasn't all that sure if I identified with radical politics. How important was a political awareness to an understanding of history?"

"Historical awareness was based on the efforts of the individual. A person could recognize how the overthrow of oppressive regimes characterized critical moments in social development. The individual could identify with the struggles in her life. This was never an exact match. But it helped us to recognize the actual forces moving historical events. I still identified with the winners. I believed that I could recognize the essential characteristics, which made the victors triumphant. Was I missing the big picture? Was I giving in to my own vanity?"

"You face yourself or you face your oblivion."

"It wasn't about some guy tell me what I should do. I made my own decisions. If I felt that someone was in respecting, I would tell him to go away. I was here to have fun. But I didn't want someone to take me for granted. Even if everything existed in the now, I excepted those limitations. I didn't want someone thinking less of me doesn't my decisions. I was here to enjoy myself, so we're host of other people. If someone was here to bring me down, didn't wanna hear about that. Sometimes, I could just feel it guys would come on to me they could have their way. Ultimately it was my decision. I didn't want anyone to moralize. These are my actions and my actions. I did I understand some thing special about pleasure? Did I recognize something unique about myself? Of course I did. That enabled me to give and receive. That was all that ever mattered. Everything else was secondary. If I want to wash my hands and all of this for the night, I could do that. I could simply close shop and leave."

"It'd be nothing more to think about. The show would be over once and for all. I could go home and make my own world in my head. I wouldn't have to feel lonely. I wasn't desperate. I was just getting away from things that didn't contribute to my growth. It couldn't be simpler. That's how I understood at all."