

## THE FACADE

Xander claimed that the entire pursuit of authenticity was a façade—a carefully constructed illusion designed to feed the ego, a narcissistic mirage. She seemed to challenge the beliefs of everyone at Reunion. The identity of the place started to unravel. Xander started to create conflict. And people were entertained. This added to the excitement of the place.

“You are the worst.”

“The moment is coming.”

“You are in the middle of things.”

“I am on the sinking boat.”

“Someone is making money off of this.”

“Always be closing.”

“You need to clean up the bathroom.”

The community now faced a crisis. It could not maintain its authenticity. This only made people more insecure.

“I need to close this deal.”

“It has been closed.”

“I do not want to lose.”

“Do not interrupt.”

“What the fuck am I doing here?”

“Do not ask these kinds of questions. Have fun!”

Xander was shaking up the complacency of Reunion. Some people clung to their beliefs. But there were so many challenges to this perspective.

“You make me believe in God.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You are caught up in your own shit.”

“We are not going to get any further with this way of thinking.”

“This place always wants to be the idealized version of itself. But it never can be.”

“For me, it is the beacon for authenticity. I stay with my people.”

Chantal did not want to feel marginalized by these changes. She continued to argue for a revolutionary perspective. Fashion could continue to advance on this perspective.

“How far are you willing to go to satisfy your desires?”

“What are you asking for? I want a real commitment from a solid individual.”

“This is the wrong place.”

The swirling lights and pulsating music captivated everyone. The bar, once a space for intellectual discourse, became a distant echo as she surrendered to the captivating rhythm of the evening.

Chantal clung to her view of political change. But she saw how difficult it was to maintain this commitment. The visionary attitude faded. Chantal felt as if she was fighting for power.

“People are talking.”

“Xander is not always a good person.”

“It is not just my ego.”

“Dusk can hold it all together.”

“Take the highway out of here.”

This suspicion of narcissism seemed to touch all interactions.

“Is there something wrong with me?”

“Blame the buffalo.”

“I do not want to stop.”

“I get it.”

“I am glad that you do.”

“Admit who you are, and be done with it.”

Eliot felt as if Xander had exposed his motivation. This was a personal insult.

“What is Calla going to get out of this.”

“I cannot accept your version of things.”

“What can you really offer me?”

“You have no idea.”

“That is still nothing for me.”

“What happened to this moment?”

“I only need to take a look.”

“What are you really after?”

“You are only going to discover what you want by looking inside.”

“What is inside?”

“Nothing that is not also outside.”

“That is the basis for Xander’s critique.”

Eliot continued to believe in a truth that would not yield to the criticisms of Xander.

“You are lost in the pleasures of the body.”

“Where does this come from?”

“We will analyze this in more detail.”

”Take over for me.”

“I have this.

“You have great balance.”

These criticisms only seemed to distract Chantal from her understanding. Why had she taken the criticisms of Xander to heart?

“She goes deeper. She has found something important.”

“That is all that interests me.”

“That ends discussion once and for all.”

“That ends my dreams for my life.”

Had Chantal really believed that she would find intellectual awareness at Reunion?

“I lost my stash.”

“Get away from me.”

“I am good at this.”

“Bite down.”

“I did.”

“I am not a pony.”

“Freak show, and that is all there is.”

“Wow!”

“And you live your shit.”

“I loved it more than you did.”

“I saw what I was looking for.”

“Now, you jump it.”

Chantal was disoriented. She was not going to get any answers at Reunion.”

“You need to be more perceptive.”

“That is all that there is.”

“I found my reward.”

“You did.”

“This is going to be some crazy shit.”

“It will be.”

“It will be.”

“I love this.”

“That is all that matters.”

“The matter.”

“What am I seeing?”

“Everything twisted all around.”

“I have been there before.”

“Strip away the next layer.”

“Does nature work like that?”

“I saw her first.”

“You are already dead.”

“You could be my date. But I stole all your money.”

“I am hiding from everyone.”

Chantal was trying to find clarity. There was none in these circumstances. Should she abandon her role. She gave in to that intoxicating allure of distraction. Was she any different than anyone else here? What had happened to her beliefs?

Chantal awoke to the realization that she was in an unfamiliar bed. The haze of pleasure was mixed with a sense of regret. She had given too much of herself to this experience. She had given up her ability to control her inner self. She had compromised her intimate feelings.

“I do not subscribe to radical hedonism.”

Sade was committed to these complicated scenarios. Any action could contribute to the overall program. This was the balance between individual desire and collective action. Everything started to move to the bizarre. Chantal understood this.

“Everyone here gives you what you want to see. Pale skin and dark black hair. Lifeless vampire women. They contribute to your perverse necro fantasies. It all goes back to their dads.”

How could she be true to herself when the pursuit of pleasure had taken center stage, veering into the realm of hedonism? She had lost her direction. But there was enough of an emotional pull to sustain the moment. She realized that she was pushing the physical stimulation. She found authenticity in this experience. The identity seemed to disperse. That only added to the feeling. She immersed herself in that madness.

This pursuit of random pleasure created problems for her beliefs. Newton had created a unified vision. But Sade was trying to disrupt the devotion to reason. This was the end of the enlightened vision.

Could science delimit these moments? How would it be possible to contain these contrary feelings? This required a more complex theory. It meant untangling all these mysteries. It was not possible to reconcile these contrary feelings. The pursuit of pleasure became its own goal. But it was disruptive.

“What is happening to me?”

The writer wanted to exaggerate the feeling of unity. This positive end was not going to be possible. But people wanted to believe. Chantal was already lost.

Could Rels guarantee a contrary view? She felt the appeal of the magnificent and the wild. But she was sedate. Would she be able to maintain her balanced perspective?”

Rels faced scrutiny from those who questioned whether her pursuits aligned with the collective well-being of the community. Chantal was torn between defending individual autonomy and preserving the unity of Reunion. She sought a resolution that would honor both the diversity of personal choices and the town's foundational principles.

“What is this philosophical system?”

“What do you do when you are by yourself?”

“What does that even mean?”

“Where am I?”

“When I finally sober up, I need to leave.”

“I need to go to work.”

Rels claimed that personal fulfillment, when approached with consciousness and respect for others, could coexist harmoniously with the collective ideals. As Rels' intentions unfolded, Reunion entered a phase of fragile harmony.

“What am I waiting for?”

“Something that we will never find.”

“You spend too much time hanging around people who lack consciousness.”

As the night unfolded, Chantal's focus wavered, and the weight of her visionary pursuits temporarily lifted. The intoxicating blend of pleasure and camaraderie cast a spell, leading her away from the more profound discussions that had fueled her passion for change.

“Where am I going? I am letting my own bulls shit overcome me.”

Nothing seemed to have any meaning. She had lost her way.

“You created me to destroy me.”

This was now a philosophy rooted in regret. There was no hopefulness. Authenticity could no longer rescue her. All these modern watchwords proved useless in creating any kind of resolution. She was not going to make sense of things.

“You idiots, know the truth. You come here. You spend your money, and we hate you!”

She felt as if the worst moments of her life were repeating again and again.

“I want someone to accompany on this shit.”

“We bring what we know to this experience.”

“What will that do for me?”

“What are you looking for?”

“Acceptance.”

Could Chantal find that understanding at Reunion? What was absent from her way of knowing? She had adopted a second skin, and this was able to advance her beliefs.

“I need to act this out somewhere.”

“Who else can I understand what I am going through?”

“I thought that you were trying to market a brand.”

“I am going to be a good person today.”

“What is that about?”

How could her personal enjoyment link up with an artistic awareness? What was she bringing to the experience?

“You teel me. I do not want to waste my money.”

“You are telling me something else.”

“Tell me.”

“And that will change everything.”

“We are trying to create a transformative movement.”

“What does that give you for your personal transcendence?”

“It will never stop.”

Her idealism was not going to guide her through further growth. She needed to accommodate to the moment.

“Who loves you?”

“I need to find myself.”

“You won’t do it here.”

“I can get close. I keep repeating the same procedure.”

“Are you a machine?”

“What is that about?”

“You will need to be a visionary.”

“Everything is about that high. And you think that it is more than it is. You are giving me this push. You are reminding that there is so much more/

“That is not enough.”

“Chill out, Chantal.”

“I am not looking for an argument.”

“Say what you will.”

“You are indulging your feelings.”

“Why do you say that there is a dance between reason and pleasure?”

“Where do you come down?”

“I am trying to forget work.”

“What is any of that about?”

“What did you leave here?”

“That smile will work.”

“It is better than some artificial high.”

“That is all that there is here.”

“So the lows run me down.

“I need a promise.”

“The world is your promise.

She felt as if she was repeating the same mistakes over and over again. She need a foundation of awareness that could lead to a radical social evolution.

“He has all the machines that he needs.”

“Why are you pretending that thing can happen that have no basis in actual experience?”

“Do you hate your life?”

“I had one great night.”

“Now, you are taking silly risks.”

“That will not destroy you.”

“No one can give me what I want.”

“But you believed him,”

“There is a lot of money behind this.”

“Do I look perfect to you?”

“I think yes.”

This intimacy was distracting her. She had given more than herself, and she was being weighed down by this feeling that did not respond to her needs.’

“Everything seems to be so much more.”

“I work. I play. What can you do?”

“I am wondering.”

“You are depending on a nasty story.”

“This part has been censored by the referee.”

“I want to win.”

“I will take over from here.”

“I WANT THE WORLD TO CARE ABOUT ME.”

“He cannot be bothered.”

“Solve this.”

“What is the collective?”

“What do you want it to be?”

“What do we all share?”

“A desire not share.”

“I need a place to hang out.”

“Love me.”

Reunion promised a greater sense of self-confidence.

“What do you know?”

“You are confident?”

“I was soaring.”

“The body lets us soar.”

“Why should we bother with philosophy?”

Philosophy promised a sense of common experience.

“Follow me.”

“Why is this all in my head?”

“No one can get it out.”

“History is a process of going backwards.”

“I want to share.”

“You remind me of someone.”

“You remind me of someone, who reminds me of someone.”

“That is going to be more than wonderful.”

“Will I know the difference?”

“It can only be inside if it is reflected on the outside.”

“I cannot eat.”

“This is delicious.”

“How can a vision be transformative?”

“Do not get lost in your immediate cares.”

“I have a headache.”

“It was that guy.”

“I am trying to generalize beyond some guy.”

“We are only getting going.”

“And this is difference.”

“What is this about?”

“You cannot mix philosophy and your personal life.”

“Everyone else does.”

“You are not everyone else.”

“I went way to far.”

“There is a cure.”

“Get tested.”

“I am dead.”

“The cure.”

“Kiss me.”

“Who is guarding the hen house?”

“The philosopher hen.”

“This is disheartening.”

“Chantal, it is brilliant.”

“What is a public life, and why is it a different way of thinking than the personal awareness?”

Chantal was immersed in political thought as if these discussions could make a difference.

“That is not me. I enjoy personal fulfillment.”

“What is holding you together?”

“A snack.”

“That is all coming.”

“It is all the same thing.”

“What are you saving for?”

“The touch.”

“Rels can explain that.”

“Of course, she can.”

“There are knives in your midst.”

“I am not going to enjoy this movie.”

Was there a deep contradiction between the political and the personal?

“Where is this coming from? I had one bad night.”

“Have a couple more.”

“What happened to you?”

“I need to get home.”

“There is only one choice.”

“You immerse yourself in these kinds of experience, and you will never find any kind of fulfillment.”

“I fell.”

“You need to assert yourself.”

“I have been trying to do that.”

“Who is the guy?”

“What guy?”

“You are being coy.”

“I do not need you interfering with my business.”

Did anyone understand what any of this was about?

“Just do this random shit.”

“This is not a deep dive. A dive in a shallow pool.”

“I can follow you home.”

“There is something else.”

“We will get to the other stuff.”

“The real stuff.”

“That is what he said.”

“I will not touch.”

“Chantal, that is not the reality.”

“I am prepared for what comes next.”

“I am not. I will never be.”

“Damn!”

“Where is he hiding?”

“She came back to party.”

“What does that mean?”

“You tell me.”

“You look for clarity by denying your past.”

“You accept your past for what it is.”

“I am with you all the time.”

“I have done all my work.”

Had she given up her philosophy? Was she only about the pursuit of pleasure?

“What do these clothes mean? What do you want them to mean?”

“I am too far along.”

“I destroyed myself, and I did not mean to.”

“It’s the guys that you are hanging with.”

“I need to protect myself.”

“This is too close.”



“Eat up.”  
 “I am fastintg.”  
 “Don’t even look?”  
 “I am wild. I am about revealing.”  
 “Then I hit the wall.”  
 “Resolve the question.”  
 “You already need the gifts.”  
 “I hate this level of confidence.”  
 “That is how things are.”  
 “There is nothing else.”  
 “Someone who knows someone.”  
 “Someone who does not.”  
 “This is brilliant.”  
 “You know yourself. You know the world.”  
 “Ask me.”  
 “Should I leave?”  
 “There is so much more to this way of thinking.”  
 “You turn back into the perfect hostess.”  
 “Why are you playing with your food?”  
 “Food for thought.”  
 “You can’t fake who you are.”  
 “What are you telling me?”  
 “Quit pretending.”  
 “That shook me up.”  
 “What is that?”  
 “It is in the body.”  
 “The phases of growth.”  
 She could give in to radical hedonism, and that would explain her mistakes.  
 “It would not describe the source of my inspiration.”  
 “This is not supposed to be that complex. This is not that complex.”  
 “Does not work.”  
 “It works for me.”  
 “Get the swimming suit.”  
 “I am the swimming suit.”  
 “What does that say?”  
 “You are the water?”  
 “It is all inside.”  
 “Wow!”  
 “I am stuffed.”  
 “Will I like this?”  
 “I am very particular.”  
 “That will all pass.”  
 “Are these your designs.”

“Why is this important?”  
 “Do you thing.”  
 “We are going further.”  
 “What have they revealed about their methods?”  
 “The knowing and the developeing.”  
 “And Sade.”  
 “The representing.”  
 “Representing the unrepresentable.”  
 “The irresistible.”  
 “You must say and do everything.”  
 “This is not a syllogism.”  
 “Do not hurt me.”  
 “Where is the ethics?”  
 “Think fast.”  
 Rels thought that she could avoid the hurt.  
 “We are all moved by intention.”  
 “You got way too close.”  
 “This is reserved.”  
 “She is on the way back.”  
 “She is persistent.”  
 “I have mapped this out.”  
 “It is not about that.”  
 “Chantal, what is pleasure?”  
 “The maximal level of stimulation that body can accommodate.”  
 “Are you a machine?”  
 “What do you bring with you?”  
 “That is all over.”  
 “Do not ask for something that is not yours.”  
 “I open myself to you.”  
 “Relss, is this belief?”  
 “She has it first in her own way.”  
 “You are just as risky.”  
 “I am pulled tight.”  
 “That adds to the pleasure.”  
 “I am taking risks.”  
 “What does he give you?”  
 “He cannot give me the plane. I have my own car. But he blesses me with the house.”  
 “Individual autonomy comes from the total denial of self.”  
 “What kind of philosophy is that?”  
 “I cannot wait to know.”  
 “The explosion of all that desire.”  
 “Where do we go from here?”  
 “We all have it.”

“What do I need to be active.”  
“It is a commitment, a kind of caring, but it is very unstable.”  
“At this point, anything will do.”  
“That may go along with the beliefs of Sade. But Rels sees it in a different way.”  
“You are going to wait all night until that guy shows up.”  
“We will give up early.”  
“Sade has a script.”  
“It all turns up badly for me.”  
“Are you going back to ethics?”  
“We need to ground it in work. “  
”This is history.”  
“They will come back.”  
“You need to strike.”  
“This is more than philosophy.”  
“How can I hold on to my life?”  
“I almost had it.”  
“It was a million dollars.”  
“I have the ticket.”  
“You will require a greater effort from the self.”  
“Enjoy your lot.”  
“We are almost at the next phase.”