

## LINCOLN PAINTS

Lincoln didn't feel that he could be blamed for a world that he did not create. Even if he seemed to take advantage of others, that was not his nature. But he knew the lay of the land, and he was willing to use his knowledge to his advantage. What could that possibly mean? He felt as if he was contributing something. He has something important to share. He didn't see himself as just a hedonist. But his vision may have been his undoing. That made it so difficult for him. That made it so easy for him. He was able to create just enough obstacle for himself that he seem to have an excuse. This made him seem as if he was working from behind. He acted like an underdog. But he was taking advantage of those who were exploited. He hardly thought it was that way. He figured this was the situation for everyone. So everyone shared this plate. It wasn't up to him to let him self get dragged down. He knew the challenges. More than that, he seemed to know the game. It might not of been so playful if he had been able to sustain this pose.

He was coming back again and again. He knew none of this was meant to last. This was all about pleasure. And he was enough of a good-time guy to to make it all ago. Why would anyone see it any different way? Why could someone complain that the world was not in his favor? He thought of himself as an artist. And he was depicting the world as it came apart. This gave him his vision. He felt that he was stronger than others. No one could take that crown from him. This was all his doing. That was why he was so insistent. That was why he was so successful. Truly, he has something in his favor.

“If you observe the game, it all seems so prearranged.”

He acted as if his questions were spontaneous. He would try to bring the other person to life. Sometime she would welcome these questions. She wouldn't even see through his strategy. It should've been so obvious. He was dealing with vulnerable people. And he was offering strength. He knew what they lacked. And he took advantage of their vulnerability. Worse, he understood the damage. If he continue to act that way, didn't it only make things worse? Wasn't that how everything worked itself out. It was all about this feeling of disorientation. And he fed into that understanding. He acted as if he was a rock. At the same time. he was so self-effacing. There was no way one to blame him for what was going on. He might appear to be as helpless as anyone else. It wasn't like this at all. He was so deep in the shit. But he loved his own story. He wanted to hear himself talk. She would look in his eyes, and it would echo everything that he said. It only made it all more insistent. It added to his confidence. How else could he be in the world?. He was right in the middle of some thing marvelous. It was flattering. This touched him.

He might seem entirely deliberate. Up close, you could sense his hesitation. He feigned weakness. He found his own vulnerability. In many ways, he was nothing but an attack dog. And he knew how to do his business. Others would watch him. They would try to pick up what was going on. It was more than evident. But he continued his act. How could any of this work if these people didn't already feel damned. He might've claimed that none of it was his doing, He surely knew. If he wanted to be an artist, why wasn't he committed to changing things. He was such a spokesperson for the status quo. It continued to reverberate. He knew how to lock it all in. This might as well been the original torture scene. And the horror would never let up. It was inside the individual. But he could make himself seem like the perfect shining night. There was no pretense that this would last. Anything he only had limited play. It could last for the moment. I couldn't

wife in the action. It would make him seem as if he was better than he was. Even some of his victims would swear that they went along. They wanted him to do the deed. They gave him the sword to do them in. But it could've been so much different. And they could've been more assertive in stating their case. Of course, he wasn't there to help. He know knew all the right words to say at the moment. He was magnificent sorcerer. He only needed that occasion of belief, He would follow through with everything that he had. Escape with greater strength. This made him more adept.

Sometimes it was hilarious. He would try to give a woman that conquering stare. He believe that it worked. What else was there? Why did he need the art? Why did he need the words to justify what he did? That might imply that he had doubts. But he wasn't that kind of person. He felt that there was a more pressing genius in his soul. He only had to let it out. If he failed to sustain that commitment that was natural. That was how things worked out. He was looking for the fun. It could give him everything that he needed and more. How could he ever attain this insight. He felt tuned in enough to his physical nature. He knew where his magic began and ended. He needed to close every time. He was dealing with people whose lives had already been hollowed out. This could've been the basis for some kind of deeper meditation. He didn't see it that way.

There was no learning moment. He was more ruthless. His reputation was evident. And he was not that adventurous. Ultimately, he seemed to be clumsy. That in diminishing success. And he was able to make it work for him time and time again. That was why he thought of himself as some kind of expert. He could go home and write about his exploits. He was constructing his memoirs. He was paying tribute to his philosophy of love. What else was there? He thought of this craft as temporary. And his actions were equally fraught with confusion. Why would it be any different? If there was something more permanent, then it would suggest that he had more to answer for. He hardly saw things this way. He was much more engaged in his own way of seeing things. He wasn't going to give up on that. But it offered nothing of real value for others. That's what made it all so wild. It showed his confusion. It led to his bewilderment.

He seemed to credit modern age. Romance was temporary. Anyone who thought differently was feeding this absolute way of thinking. Of course, he was limiting his own accountability. How could he see it any different way? The world did not present itself in a more welcoming way. He would question the philosophers. What did they expect? But what did people expect from him. He wasn't leading a cult. He wasn't offering any form of belief. Why would any of this last? It was a short term remedy for those who felt that ache in the soul. Anyone who believed any differently was way too deluded than he could ever be. In a sense, he relied on that contradiction. I put everything into place. He didn't want it to be any more complex. That's why he thought that the writer faced his own incapacity to encompass the world. He mocked anyone who thought any differently. They were the rewards of the present. He wouldn't mind celebrating this. And that was his gift. He thought that he could take his place among other poets of love. He wasn't the first who found wonder in this transience. He felt that this was the origin of inspiration. He could bring to light to the lives of others. If that candle flickered, it wasn't his doing. He never believed he would be any more than that. There was no reason to expect for anything more. Without these trappings, Lincoln might've seemed more incorrigible. He had his tricks. But he wanted an audience. And he wanted them to be entertained.

The lie was ever present. But he claimed that he wasn't the only one who was acting in this manner. He only needed to look around and this madness reverberated everywhere. He wasn't going to take it back to a more abusive situation. He acted as if none of this was history. The past was the past, and he was living in a vibrant present. Why would anyone want to disrupt his outlook?

“What difference did it make if you can use literature to justify your own actions? Are you suggesting that we're all like you? But this goes to the heart of a deep question. Once you've been turned out, is it possible to address your conditions of exploitation. At some moments, you would appear to become the source of the exploitation. How does that work. You're the victim. But you're also contributing to the experience. This becomes a contradiction. How can you resolve it? How can you figure out what you need to figure out for yourself. Do you even want to think about this? Does anyone want to think about this? What is at stake? What do we understand about ourselves? There's enough to get us thinking.”

“Sometimes, you just need to show up. You need to break down what's going on.”

“Lincoln is good at what he does. That's the basis for his creativity. He feels that this is his art. He is trying to influence other people. And he can influence them in a negative way. In his own way, he's a student of psychology. He's breaking the self down to nothing. Some people would call that manipulation. But he's so much more clever than that. He understands seduction, and he finds ways to use it to his advantage. In a sense, this is his blessing. This is his strength. This is his self-assurance. And he feels challenged. He likes to win. This is all part of his nature. And he sees how he can trick others. So that's what if his knowledge does not lead him to an ethical understanding. Instead his knowledge take him in totally the opposite direction. He uses it to increase the levels of exploitation. He understands what's going on in the society. He's read just enough.”

“I know these conditions. Why wouldn't he be more sympathetic towards others. That's all part of his act. Sometimes, he even fools himself. He's convinced that he's helping others. He's entertaining them. But his entertainment is all about self-gratification. And he recognizes this. And this pushes him along. It's part of his fascination. He gets others involved. It's a whole network that works for him. And he can pick out his victims easily. Why would anyone else be different? Why does the knowledge lead in this direction. The more that we know, the more that we seem to be able to exploit others. Is there a point that is understanding breaks. There seems to be a question here. Who is asking it. And who is answering it. This would seem to empower those who are involved.”

“It's not simply that he is exploited. He recognizes a society that's already involved in this kind of oppression. So he knows where the victims are. And he pretends to be sympathetic. This is part of his art. That's why he calls himself an artist. He is trying to ease that oppression. But it's only a ruse on his part because he understands the psychology of those he's dealing with. He only has to push them a little ways, and they will seem to collapse. His collapse can be intense. It will be self-destructive. At that moment, he intervenes. He assert some self. He says what needs to be said. That's why he's so efficient and doing what he does. He knows how to take a stand and that's why he's welcome. That's why he's needed. This is what makes him skillful. He nothing about his mouth is that innovative. He just does what he does. It's easy to convince others. And he put it all in a forth in a game, so people are taking in by what he says.

And he's just charming enough. He's like everyone here. They're all just charming enough. They're all just talented enough. They're all doing this or that. They're always against this or that. It keeps it all going? How come no one bursts forth to the next level. Lincoln expresses the reason. He suggests that systems do not work. Consciousness does not result in greater awareness. It only creates a greater love. What is he saying here? Who is he talking to?"

"What can you do to change? He doesn't have to. He's running the show. How did he get to this point? He's the one who lacks conscious awareness. That's what he claims. So everything moves along pretty much in the same direction. That's why he seems to be as powerful as he is. Cleverness can be cruel. Lincoln knows that. So he puts himself out there. And he's ready to do what he has to do. And this is the beginning and end of it all. That's why people love and except her. He's made for this. They're all made for this. This is fantastic. It can't be any other way. This is the magnificent balance of it all. Once he gets going. There's nothing else. He knows how to turn that switch on. He knows how to make people feel lonely. And he will do what he can to make them feel right. Unfortunately, everything leads to more intense, a more severe isolation. This is all he's doing. He gets what he wants, then he retreats from the scene. That is why he continues the way that he does. Wife is not all a freak show, Lincoln."

"Why do you act this way?"

"What would it mean if Lincoln really understood the source of this alienation? People have experienced bad things, and this has caused a sense of psychological displacement. The individual is somewhat limited from any kind of deeper awareness. The self is torn apart. What is possible? It seems like people of like Lincoln can increase the levels of exploitation. This is all his doing. That is why he's so good she does. That's why he's so bad at what he does. He needs to understand what's going on. He needs to understand the deep challenges here. And Lincoln does understand the deep challenges. Lincoln is the deep challenge. He recognizes the weaknesses and recognizes how to take advantage of these people. This is more than his heart. He sees science. This is his essence. This is why he is the way that he is. This is Lincoln's art. Are we getting any closer to recognizing what's happening? What are we contributing? We know the scene. We're talking about women who've been taken advantage of when they were younger. And they use this setting to try to address their sense of estrangement. And there's guys like Lincoln who talk a good game."

"Some let them talk on since that seems to give everyone an excuse. But no one gets to the heart of the matter. No one's really working on changing the culture. Lincoln expresses the dilemma. We are creating languages that do not give us the ability to describe our level of oppression. Everything is impressionistic. Everything is opened up. This is Lincoln's point of entry. Everything that he says, and everything that he does is open to doubt. He can be pretty certain that he's acting in an exploited of way. But he's read books that tease the point of view. Under these conditions, Lincoln is playing a game. Lincoln is telling people what they want to hear. So there's no reason that anyone can say anything negative against Lincoln. Lincoln is running this game. For some people, they use Lincoln because he can become the convenient excuse. Others don't know until it's too late. Others don't know until it's too late. Others don't know until it's impossible to do a thing. Who is behind all this? Whatever got it started? Why did it end so quickly?"

"Since, this is a brilliant situation you can keep me going for a while. And this excites

me. Here is where it all breaks down. If we're dealing with a society whose social interactions are characterized by different forms of oppression, then new kinds of interaction are needed to usher in change. This change is the site of the educational experience. Where existing institutions can maintain these levels of oppression, the contestatory site provides the means to address the individual's role in the experience. As people who feel somewhat marginalized in the dominant culture, they can find a way to express themselves directly. If it's possible to address these issues, it is pertinent for human development. If it takes ten years, or it takes twenty years, it's going to be necessary to use places like this in a different way. Lincoln depends upon a culture which thrives upon a pleasure principle. And a pleasure principle is linked to lasting forms of oppression. The suppression lingers in the present. And it helps to explain what is happening to the individual. This battle is a critical question."

"Will it ever be possible to elaborate political awareness in a place so tinged by the pleasure principle. In other words, we are developing a more stripped-down model of the educational experience and we have someone like Lincoln who proposes himself as an educator. In an academic environment, his limitations might be exposed. But we're questioning the allegiances of an academic environment. Therefore we move to another space. Lincoln now has the opportunity to carry on the discourse. What is he doing in this place? Well he might seem adept to some, his language is limited. But his focus is very direct. And he knows how to get what he wants. He make an effort at trying to undercut the regime of the pleasure principle."

"In the sense, he is mocking any discourse, but challenges levels of oppression. He's making it worse. He's making it worse by making it better. That's all that matters. It's one entertainment among many. And he can talk about the shortcomings of literature. He can describe his own efforts. And he could question these successes. Where does any of this go? It's not a matter of occupying the nursery. If there's no politics, what differences does any of this make? Who is participating? Who's not participating?"

"Lincoln play in an open playing field, in the hope that he can make it work whatever way he wants. Indeed, vanish. Or what was behind this image? What were the real interests in his wife, and was it was worth examining these challenges? Could anyone really be responsible for a situation that she wasn't part of? Would that mean everyone saw the route from the same vantage point? They were accountable for this past. They could observe what was going on.

She knew what his behavior might mean in a different world.

"Sly I've been manipulating people all along. What was behind all this? What was the source? He's more or less false for not have the same venom as her persecutor. Will this be a story with an original scene. How was Lincoln simply a different kind of monster? He cast himself in a horror show. How was he playing in this game. That gave him that same vulnerability. But he developed a method to break people down based upon these witnesses. Here, he knew how to take advantage of similar situations. And he acted as if certainty was impossible. But everything that he said and did he was based on his authority. Who would ever catch on? None of this kind of philosophy. That made him more adept. He acted as if he was discovering natural impulses about human beings, and this was the way to breakdown human psychology. Affectionate. This was an entirely different way of seeing the world. He had just enough intellectual patina to make it seem as if he was motivated by a greater purpose. He could seem like anyone else here. Indeed, he was just as killed. He had that wiry nature."

“I’m not sure why you want to blame me for something that really has nothing to do with me. I’ve never been that aggressive with anyone. And I don’t think it’s fair that you make these accusations against me. If someone has done something in the past that has nothing to do with me I don’t see how you can blame me. I’m here for the now. I do what I do. This is my behavior. It’s not somebody else. You might see these patterns in what I do. But you can’t generalize them to say some thing that has nothing to do with me. It’s not really fair to make these kind of accusations. I realize what’s going on. I’m trying to be reasonable. But I can only answer for things that I’ve done. I’m not the source of some kind of curse that’s going on here. This has little to do with me. So it’s not fair trying to say these things that have no basis in fact. It makes you feel good that you can make these accusations against someone else. That hardly makes it right. But it hardly makes it fair.”

“So this is how I see things. And that’s why it makes sense for me now. You can’t exaggerate something that has nothing to do with reality. I realize that are other people are sympathetic. It’s almost as if you’re trying to incite this vigilante spirit. And I know where it all comes from. I’m doing my best to understand. That’s the way it is that’s how I understand what’s going on with me. That’s how I recognize what’s going on with you. It was difficult to recognize how to take Lincoln’s denial. I may have heard bad reports about Sly or Vittorio. That was something different I was trying to generalize based on how I saw Lincoln’s actions in the present. It wasn’t as if I heard him say anything aggressive. It was more his overall attitude. If he kept doing the same thing over and over again, and he kept making the same promises but failing to live up to what he said, wasn’t there’s something else going on? I couldn’t take this totally at face value. I need to be much more aggressive in dealing with what was happening. This made everything all the more difficult.”

Where was Lincoln’s accountability? Why did it always seem to break down. Why was everything for the present? This could simply be how this group of people interacted. Everybody had aspirations. And these aspirations influenced how people acted in the short term. But nothing was meant to last. Everyone would promise some thing to each other. Everyone would promise something to the self. And all this exaggeration would weigh on everybody as if there was something more here. But there wasn’t. This was all that was going on. This was what existed in the moment. This was what made people thrive. If Lincoln thought of himself as some special kind of lover, was there anything wrong with that? He believed that he had an artistic awareness. He was a character in the story; what else was there to say.? If someone wanted to pretend what was going on was magic, they needed to be wizards. He was simply demonstrating his own abilities.

One couldn’t come down on him? What was the real issue? Unfortunately, everything seemed a little too obvious. Once Dusk described her own experience, it seemed to be universal for everyone here. Especially since Lincoln had some kind of intellectual development, he couldn’t recognize this. And if he did, that would’ve been his bias. The pattern was obvious. And it made it self known to him. Was there any other way to see the world? Was there any other way to see Lincoln? This was what was going on day in and day out. He was taking his trophies. In any moment my try to contradict this view. He would claim his motives were completely different. There is nothing that absolve him whatsoever. This was what was happening. This was

all that mattered. He knew how to push things to the limit. This was all part of his character. It was necessary to admit what was happening. Lincoln didn't want to admit some kind of collective guilt. He didn't feel as if his actions were based upon personal privilege. He was struggling to assert himself. But everything ended up in the same way time and time again. Lincoln might've protested. But this was how things were. This was how he saw the world.

"Let me get this right. You're blaming me for some thing that you see. You see the sad state of affairs of these women. And you're saying it's somehow my fault that I'm taking advantage of them. I'm trying to offer them a little comfort. I'm seeing what they wanna hear. And you're implying that's aggressive. Why do you even say that. You're trying to destroy the way that I feel. You're trying to destroy me. Honestly what do you have against me? Or did I do wrong to you?"

Lincoln wanted to sort it all out. He wanted to put all the pieces in place. What did this mean for him? What does this mean for anyone else. Was I blaming him for my own shortcomings? Did I aspire to be him? Honestly that was the furthest thing from my case. Lincoln was living his life. It had nothing to do with me why would I even object? What did I see that I didn't like? This made things a little bizarre. It was one view of fiction versus the other. On my view I saw these actions as connected. Lincoln didn't create his power in a vacuum. He was depending on what the other side had done. And his sense of aggression and domination resulted from what had occurred in previous instances. And the fact that he kept acting in the same way, the fact that he really wasn't offering anything else meant that he was endorsing this experience. That makes no sense.

"You're making this accusation of me based on something that you were making up. Are you angry that people aren't more interested in what you do. Why are you turning this on me. I think this is the problem with writers. That's what I'm trying to change when I write. I don't want to make these assumptions about the past. I don't want to impose my expectations on what I'm looking at. And that creates this conflict between us. I'm not here to hurt anyone. I'm here to have a good time. If I see someone I like, I can buy her a drink. Why is that aggressive? Simply because I have an intention, what makes that aggressive?"

"Lincoln, I think that goes to the heart of what you see as a problem for the novelist. He is imposing his view in the world. But that perspective is no different from what you're doing time and time again. And you're angry with author because it's the only way that the world can hold you responsible for the things that you do. Therefore, it has nothing to do with me. That's all you're doing. That's why you describe the world you do. You're trying to challenge how I think. But what are you doing?"

What was Lincoln doing? If we observed Sly or we Vittorio, we could eventually see the system. He saw what he wanted. He did what he needed to get it. And afterwards he would get bored and move on to something else. He was treating people in this way. So that became the story. And he was caught in the story just like everybody else. If Vittorio was this, so was Sly, and Lincoln was the same. He was a weakened version of the same kind of behavior. That seemed to speak for everything that was happening here. And that said some thing about everyone who was involved. Lincoln had an objection.

"Simply because I'm casual about things doesn't put me in the same league as people who are more calculating. I'm here to have fun."

“Lincoln, you are so convincing in some respects. That hardly makes it correct. I know what you’re doing. You shouldn’t be trying to trick people. It’s all pretty obvious, if anyone listens to what you’re really saying. That’s what angered me that one time. You knew what was going on. Why were you displaying your worst characteristics. That’ll keep me wondering. What kind of person are you? What are you about? What do you want for the world? What do you want for yourself?”

“I want what everyone wants. I do my job. But I do not want to live it every second of the day. So I like things that distract me. And I like people who help me in that regard. Can’t really blame me for thinking this way. That’s what helps me to survive. And makes me who I am. You’re trying to do everything all at once. We’re trying to save the world. Are you trying to save the world for me. But it’s not gonna work. Because I’m not such a bad guy.”

In some ways Lincoln was more crafty than the others. He’s sort of left it for everyone else to say. Why would people object? Really done wrong? This was all his nature. He didn’t see himself as a hurtful person.

“Lincoln, I think it’s a cumulative thing. It’s how you deal with people. Over time, how does anything change. You get away with doing the same thing time and time again. And there has to be something behind at all. It’s not just what happens in the present. It’s a view that we have about our world. How do we make it what it is? Do we reference our past? How do we make we see? How are we accountable?”

“Imagine that there is this event that happened ten years ago. And it marks the people that we know. It has a deep affect on the overall experience. It’s not just confined to that particular historical moment. It continues to reverberate. And here we are now. And we are in the midst of these experiences. And they seem to define us in a particular way. This becomes some thing that we care about. It’s some thing that means it has a meeting. It’s not just that someone got hurt. They change the balance of power. It demonstrated that some people were vulnerable. They could be taken advantage of. And once it happened once or twice, it would continue to happen again. This kind of behavior was habitual, not just among a few people, but among a community. So that the people that we observe today continue to act upon these patterns. And there’s the same patterns of domination and submission. This is not something that’s entirely consensual. It becomes a technique to break down another person. To break down their spirit. To destroy who they are. This is a serious threat. It’s not some thing that we can brush off easily who is behind it? We know what’s happened. And we know who recognizes these patterns in some respects some of the victims have recapitulated the same patterns among new people. It is of all this is related to some kind of personal log and we’re looking at some people who are in control, and others are watching this from the outside. It’s a lot like watching a movie. And then you become part of it.”

“What is this progression that goes from one stage to another? What moves everything along? This is fascinating in its own way. This is something that goes beyond any sort of cultish behavior. It’s like something that’s more primitive. But there’s someone who’s at the center of this. And she understands at all. She recognizes this enactments. And she’s been doing it. In many ways, she doesn’t even know that she’s been repeating the cycles. She barely recognizes what they really mean. This is what makes it all kind of frightening. This would say that she’s not just part of a ritual. She’s almost like a high priestess. And she’s initiating others in this blood sacrifice. But it goes beyond that. And that’s what we’re particularly concerned with. How can



Lincoln not recognize this?

“For the moment, he can claim a kind of ignorance. He wasn’t around here ten years ago to see the after-effects. But all the ripples are so obvious. And every time that he gets away with one thing he does it again. This raises the question. Are all of these experiences second hand? This emphasizes complete vulnerability on everyone’s part. You can hear that nervous laughter again and again. It’s surprising that can last all night. When that hysterical reaction wears off, what else is left. It’s very much like waking up in a strange bed. This is what keeps the whole story going. What does this tell us about the world, about our lives. Lincoln, you’re acting like the director. What are you directing? Is there a story here?”

“We could look at the Marquis de Sade and recognize how he was the realization of the tyranny of the nobility. They had locked away the strongest representative of their way of thinking. He was argument against any kind of benign monarchy. He showed the actual effects of ravaging desire. Was he only acting out the role that was already elaborated in ritual. This would appear to grant greater credibility to his point of view.”

“Tomorrow is immensely confusing in some ways. It was just stuff of conspiracy theory. The adherents would attribute this bizarre behavior to their enemies. What do we have here? Who is keeping this method going? It would all go back to Lincoln. What was he telling these women? It wasn’t so much that he was joking with him. But he was schooling them. Even if it didn’t work for him for them, it worked in his mind. He labored under this total belief. That gave him his knowledge. Once he got his claws into a victim, he wouldn’t let go. If we saw it this way, and his actions would be totally damaging. Was this an exaggeration?”

“I read stories. We all read stories, and there’s nothing that unusual here. You can accuse me of whatever you want. But it has no connection to anything that I really do. Lincoln was suggesting that he had a brilliance. That enabled him to succeed in this situation. Anyone who questioned his method really didn’t understand what was being portrayed. There were dismayed by a story that made it all the more confusing. It would seem to suggest that all these events were meant to be viewed independently. If that was so, Lincoln would never have any play in the situation. His game was someone mediocre, but it worked. And we could say that it worked because this rift had occurred years in the past. So this kind of thing has been going on again and again. And newcomers could walk in. And they could think that they were making things happen. But it was nothing like that at all.”

“These events transpired like this because they had before. People played role but you didn’t see Lincoln hang around with people who have been here for a while. This generally would not of work on them. They had already been through their own kind of ritual. It was more as if he functioned on the periphery. The periphery reflected the same kind of structure that existed at the core. Therefore, Lincoln reflected this kind of awareness, but he was not the originator. And that fact could’ve been the basis for his fundamental denial. He wasn’t going to accept blame. And he knew what was involved. He this made him more responsible in a deeper way. We come back to his theories of literature.”

“Literature became a series of fragments, an attempt to give meaning to experience. But this was never some thing that the self was supposed to be aware of it. If that was the case, Lincoln could appear to be a victim like anyone else. But that was ridiculous. He knew what he was doing. It was almost as if he had plotted it out. That’s why his words seem so ridiculous.

They didn't develop naturally. There was no sense in uncertainty and what he said. It was as if he was beating someone on the head with the sentences. How could another person respond?

"They reacted in a positive manner. This was all that was occurring. There is nothing less. I the whole story seem to blow up everybody's face. Lincoln was becoming characteristic of this experience. He blended in naturally with everyone else. There was barely anything else going on. That could've been another reason why he was in there all the time. He wanted to savers triumphs. He told himself that he was creating some thing more lasting. These women were very naïve. They would've love to accept that vision. This pointed out the very advance that occurred years before. It brought a sense to what it occurred. There was no other way to see this. It could've been Sly."

"Sly knew about these things. But here, it was Lincoln. He had all of those nervous gestures. He tried to make the seem as if he was into some thing entirely friendly and harmless. He echoed a psychotic vision that had preceded him. It left everyone looking pretty helpless.

Was it too extravagant to ask Lincoln be responsive to this argument? He was the one who wanted to see himself as a writer. He described who was he. Did he recognize that the efforts of the writer required a deeper awareness about social interaction? He could try to see things from the outside and act as if his actions only have a limited impact. Nevertheless a detailed analysis would reveal that connection. It would go to the heart of his beliefs and interrogate his actions. It was important to advance this perspective. Even with the impediments standing in his way, there was no reason to absolve him. It was pretty obvious what he believed. Over time it would be difficult to strip away all these layers. He wanted to see things on the surface."

Lincoln would never have succeeded if you didn't have a firmer grasp on what was going on. He was a writer. There's no way to excuse his way of seeing things. He's created his challenges. He wasn't all that sweet. There was always something ruthless about his disposition. But he was affected. Indeed, this was methodology. And he would apply himself again and again. This is how he made things happen. So it really was worthwhile pursuing things further.

"Do you prefer to keep people in the dark? I work better that way. He understood how he could use seduction. Was any of this worthwhile? Did it even offer him any credibility. This was a fundamental question. Sure, women might've believed his appeals. It was important to peel back these layers and interrogate what was really happening in the situations. It wasn't as if Lincoln was giving people the benefit of a doubt. He was trying to make things more for his benefit. Therefore, it became difficult to be sympathetic with his point of view. Ultimately, that characterized everything about his behavior. There was no other way to develop. It was critical to enhance this understanding. This meant relating to the experiences of others. It wasn't enough to accept Lincoln's view of the world. Lincoln was out for the self. His experience was evident. He didn't mind trying to break down. Was he really any different? He was hanging out in the world. After a couple of drinks everyone let down the defenses. Could he be blamed for this situation? He saw the situation as more and more desperate. Why could someone else ask him to be accountable for her situation? He believed that he was protecting himself. It's the began and ended with that kind of understanding."

"You're trying to force these the reason my life is nothing to do with reality. This is a problem with writers. They have strict systems that have no application in the world they make these claims that can't be supported in reality. They try to get other people to go along. It's easy

to convince weak people. Of course, Lincoln was admitting to the very method that he applied for himself. He enjoyed manipulating the weak.”

“The story became more complex as it seemed as if I was imposing this intent on Lincoln. He claimed that he was out to have fun. There was a big deal about it. He didn’t feel as if he was trying to hurt anybody. This is simply how things were.”

“I’m sure people try to do analysis. But that ignores the deeper questions. Other people would have to answer for their own actions. He tried so hard to control his reputation differently. Why would anyone doubt a good time rush?”

“There was another perspective to lodge empower people they could create supportive communities. This could result in change. Lincoln was resisting this idea. For him everything was about his own personal development. That’s why he had a limited idea of the importance of the writer. He could fulfill his personal understanding. But there was nothing more.”