

STEVEN FISHER

The writer, Steven Fisher, had been enlisted to complete the novel, *Total Personal Exposure*. Fisher was a highly imitative writer, who was noted for his long novel, *Groundswell*. He also completed a novel called *Joy Spin*. *Joy Spin* chronicled the exploits of rogue adventurers. The novel also explored the New York literary scene of the fifties and a true crime story in contemporary Georgia. Fisher struggled to discover a voice for political activism.

Total Personal Exposure documented elements of Phoenix nightlife. The writer had made an attempt to capture different points of view in depicting the subculture. But there was already an attachment to the narrative. If the writer was successful in telling this story, it meant tapping in to that story.

Fisher's skills were necessary to bring discipline to the manuscript. Without this influence, the novel was only a series of disconnected stories. What was the motivation for this telling? Was there enough personal investment in this telling? Fisher admitted the danger. He wasn't assuming the role of an objective observer. He realized that his emotional connection would transform the story. For that reason, his narration might seem to be an interference with the independence of the telling. Fisher had a clear interest in the outcome. This contrasted with other ambiguity of the text up to this point.

The novel was an active commentary on the observed experiences. The portrayal was shaded to be consistent with this commentary. Fisher challenged the narrator's efforts. What were the actual reasons for becoming so interested in the telling. At least, Fisher was willing to admit his own goals.

Fisher was acting as if he was editing the whole manuscript. It would read from his point of view. Why was he hanging out at Reunion? What was he looking for? What advantages did he have in narrating the tale? He was saying something very different about the overall experience.

In a very personal way, what were his intentions? He wasn't just observing the situation. He was testing people out. This was only the starting point for his involvement, but it provided an entertaining framework for the telling. Would Fisher have depicted all these events in this way? What was the the point? He was always hiding in the shadows. This was Steven Fisher's story from the beginning. Steven was exposing the world around him as he was describing himself. Steven was the real subject of the novel. Who was he interested in? What did he hope to gain by his residency?

If this was Steven Fisher's book, it was a very different story. Fisher was setting his own standards. He was much more aggressive in elaborating his purpose. Steven could answer with greater clarity if people what the book was about.

Q: What is your purpose for writing *Total Personal Exposure*?

SF: *Total Personal Exposure* examines people's attempts to find stability in their lives. This kind hope is based on social interactions. People are exploring trust. They rely on others to help them fulfill their dreams. This can be a very personal account.

Q: You give a lot of credibility to these social interactions. Aren't these experiences a lot more unstable than you give them credit for? Is there a greater tendency towards dependency? Isn't faith a futile pursuit?

SF: I think that I am being pretty accurate in telling this story. I am not trying to manipulate the facts.

Q: Don't you have your own interests? Aren't they going to bias the story?

SF: I think that this has been a problem up until this point. The novel drifted around without having a clear purpose. It is easy to lead the reader astray.

Q: Steven, we have difficulty believing you.

SF: What do you want? I am an assertive person. I do not want to short change the story. I need to give it life.

Q: Haven't you done enough?

SF: I want to bring credibility to the story-telling process. I realize that I am involved in the observation process. But there is so much information in in the novel. I can only do so much to favor my point of view.

Q: Are you getting to the core of the narrative? Any variation will only combine the components into a similar story.

SF: That is the intention in enlisting me in the process. Even in offering my point of view, I am adding enough detail that the reader can explore other points of view. Someone else could rewrite the story to her satisfaction.

Q: You are telling me that you are not taking advantage of the weak.

SF: These are the conditions of the telling. I want to bring some kind of objective framework to the telling. In some respects, this means being as faithful as I can to my own point of view. With these details someone else could put together thie story in a different form to suit her purposes;

Q: You are really claiming that you are keeping important details in there that would discredit your outlook.

SF: I understand my job.

Q: Admit it Steven: there is something a little creepy about your disposition. And you are making every effort to disguise that from others.

SF: I never pretended any differently. I concentrate on things that interested me. That doesn't make me creepy.

Q: But you're whole idea of the written text is this excuse to get in other people's heads. This is some kind of perverse fantasy.

SF: I am not really interested in mind control.

Q: What do you do?

Tempest wanted to create her own self-enclosed story that had no coonection to the expectation of others. There was aalready a radical aspect to her experience. She realize that others might look down on her beliefs. She didn't care at all. She was going to do what she wanted. This sense of confidence was an important part of her personality. But it also meant that she was more vulnerable to others than she realized. This decreased interest in her viewpoint. She acted as if she was scandalous. But she was more conformist to a twisted ideal And this decreased her ability to realize her dreams. She could be easily manipulated by others.

I was fascinated by her story, but I did not see myself as one of her victims. My curiosity added to the experience, but I wanted to leave it at that. I was not sympathetic to her beliefs

"This could get you in trouble."

The light shone brightly in her eyes. She put her hand up to shield herself. She was looking for a lasting solution to her dilemma. This was something that she needed to find for herself. What were the terms of her personal liberation? She had enough knowledge to overcome any terrible situation. But she was creating her own problems for what that was worse. There were moments that she expected that someone was there waiting with an answer for her. Indeed, what could she do. She realize that she only appeared more vulnerable. This added to her questions. She did not want to reveal this weaknesses. She tried to look self-assured. But each moment only added to her confusion. She was spiraling out of control, but she knowed so much not to go this way.

“What is your name?”

“You’re at my place, and you don’t know.”

“Your place? If I knew, I wouldn’t ask.”

“My name is Ella.”

Bobbi was very focused on her change plan. But she could easily be distracted. How was she able to develop from one experience to another? How did regret stand in the way of her development? She depended on a sustained commitment. However, she realized how easily she could get distracted.

She wanted to control how people responded to her. But sometimes she just wanted to hide in the shadows. And she wouldn’t have to bother with anyone else. She could sense how easily she could be pressured. And she often did not have enough commitment to resist.

“Steven, what are you intentions in trying to control this story.”

“I am only offering my editing assistance.”

Bobbi wondered, “We do usually let ourselves get taken in by the moment. There needs to be a clearer motivation for opening ourselves up so readily.”

Was she ever that cautious? That was part of her beliefs, but she could never attain that level of control. She gave in to those explosive moments. She craved them, but she pretended that these situations would creep up on her. Once she was caught, she had trouble disengaging herself from what was going on.

Vee had also defended her personal vision. When she heard that music in her heart, she wanted to express her inner desire. She felt this intense passion, and she wondered if anyone could grasp what she truly felt. But it did not take much to inspire her. And she would give in the moment. This would be overwhelming. She could feel that wave roll over her. She didn’t surrender that easily. But she was letting go.

Thursday was more immersed in the magic of the moment. She believed that she was destined for some kind of important triumph. But it was all rooted in a commitment to lasting pleasure. There was almost a mystical awareness that appeared to motivate her. However, she wanted her satisfaction to be more immediate. And that was critical for her growth. She honestly believe that her personal satisfaction revealed something more important to the world. Others seemed to confirm her way of thinking, but this only made it more difficult for her to achieve independence.

Thursday initiated a more profound meditation on the pursuit of pleasure. She did not see herself as a hedonist. But she was more of a sensualist. And she wanted to understand how the body could offer the liberation to a deeper form of experience. She did not have the theoretical

foundation for her search. Instead, she was clued into this way of thinking. It motivated her actions. That might have made her even more vulnerable. She wanted someone to convince her, so it would not take much to get her to go along.

Once Thursday got involved, she imagined that there was no limit to her desires. The body was there to liberate her completely. This private journey had no equals. She could not be distracted from her search.

Steven seemed fascinated by her story. She seemed to confirm his own views. Would she have had a more prominent role if this was his story? What did she understand? She knew what motivated her, but it did not develop this perspective as an ideology. She let things happen as they did. There were moments of intense enjoyment. And there were moments of intense regret. She gave in to the wonderful experiences.

What would it take to give her a more authoritative perspective? She did not seem ready to develop a higher level of consciousness. Ideas were meant to propel experiences. They were not there to distract from living. She recognized this tension.

Steven could intervene to create a stronger dynamic for her narrative. Was he that involved. Would she respond to his greater interest?

This commitment to pleasure only had limited rewards. It was easy to get distracted. Danielle recognized these limitations. She sought a different kind of recognition. There would be moments when she felt that was on the verge of a greater understanding. Maybe she could escape that life once and for all. This could be sufficient motivation for her.

She imagined a stage where people would be watching her. And this would add to the attraction. She she knew how to make this mean something. That commitment could only last for so long without greater acknowledgment. And she realized how that kind of attention could be fleeting.

This was the empire of the senses. That only meant that there were greater riches to enjoy. It was not all in the moment. The empire needed an actual return to give credibility for the search. It was not enough to pay tribute to this regime. Majorca realized that she was tapped in. She was helping others enhance this belief. But it would only take one terrible event, and everything would turn into a tragedy. She did not want to think that she was a victim of melodrama. But the tears could multiply. What else would she have?

She had been at the center of this campaign. She thought that she was an instrumental part of the history. Now, she was trying to create her own history for whatever that meant. She had been rejected. She let it affect her deeply. It could destroy her. She dried the tears and hoped it would come out for the best.

April wanted to make more of the experience. It was never just about the now. She saw her life as a work of art. She had her music. She had a creative vision. She might not have a canvas, but she was sympathetic to the efforts of the painter. She was creating a work of art in her mind. She was filling in all the facets. Even though she had this pose, this did not find enough gratification in this belief. She wanted someone else to convince her of importance. This could reaffirm her efforts.

She realized how easy it was to get derailed. A couple of bad nights could really throw her off. But she could jump right back in the game. And it would be as if nothing had ever distracted her from her goals. She wanted that lasting credibility. This was not going to be

threatened by personal setbacks.

Her resolution was totally haphazard. She had gone through enough in her life. And she did not want to scrape the bottom of the barrel one more time. She only needed to sleep it off. She wasn't going to do this forever.

If Robin was the action, Starling was the theory. And she would fill in for all the details. It was not only about enjoyment. There was something else to the representation. Perhaps, Robin had a more troublesome background. She didn't want to let on. She was enjoying it for the present. There wasn't much else to consider. If Starling had tried to instill her beliefs, Robin was still on her own. That was all part of her efforts. She was not going to let herself get distracted. But she could not sustain any kind of theory about her life.

Starling would watch Robin's nonchalance, and she would want to imitate it. She wanted to plunge herself in life. They could be quite a team. They were inciting each other. But there were moments that Starling felt as if she was left behind. She was over-thinking things. That was what Robin said. And Starling seemed to agree.

It was almost as if Robin was her disciple. And she had come off the rails. She was not faithful to the program. That ruined Starling's efforts. Surely, someone could follow the program. Were those the conditions? You could only go so far with hope.

Starling could sit with her beliefs at home. And she could plot out the trajectories. But the actual situation was much more volatile. Starling would watch everything get out of phase. None of it made sense.

Was it impossible to plan these details of a person's life. Was there so much randomness? Were there people, who could find control in the chaotic? Robin seemed to suggest this possibility.

Did the individual need a closer connection to the natural world? Was Starling's suspicion's accurate. She had just lost her focus. She could not sustain these beliefs over time. Everything was too impressionistic.

Steven sought a more enlivened representation. He was engaged in a similar kind of observation as Starling. But he felt that his observations were more accurate. He was not so idealistic in his assessment.

Steven was better able to account for the stubborn aspect of experience. This gave his perspective greater authority. He could understand the inconsistencies as revealing something important. People try to evade observation from others. That did not mean that the portrayal lacked motivation.

Where did Robin's story go? It wasn't just about heartache. The magic was never enough to offset some fundamental melancholy. She could reflect a lively personality, but there was something missing. How was it possible to get her to reveal?

"Steven, you are not that good."

"I don't really care. I have a good story to tell. That is all that matters."

Robin was confident in her demeanor. It was as if she had already worked out these questions. It was what it was.

What did this exposition reveal? If Starling was developing theories, was there any evidence to accompany her perspectives. What was the importance of trying to predict behaviors in such a locale. Robin seemed to become a different person when she was social. That might

have frustrated Starling. Could Starling allow herself to adapt?

Was the rest of the observation without motivation? Or did the inspiration only become more pointed?

Was it a matter of being able to describe the circumstances in an exhaustive way? Or people could rely on familiar settings. This could anticipate terrible circumstances.

What did Astrid think about before she left the house? Was she new to this speculation? She was from a world, which seemed a lot safer for her. It did not raise the profound challenges. She was not going to be sustained by attention. But she needed some kind of guidance. She could easily lose her way. And she felt that greater experience only gave her stronger motivation.

How could she seem not so new to the world. But she was naive. She did not want anyone to get clued in to her disorientation. She would do things to make it seem as if she was in control.

If it was so easy to see how events were progressing, would it be easier to influence them? Was that the challenge for Steven? This was how the story was changing. Steven had a more instrumental view of behavior. He was watching these defenses break down under pressure.

Did Steven only want to observe? Or was he ready to intervene in a more dramatic manner? If someone paid attention to Starling's manifesto, did that provide a more accurate view of behavior.

Tempest's story showed how things could easily become bizarre. It wasn't just her unusual habits. Who was she willing to reveal to? She was never in charge of this portrayal. That made her only a victim to the moment. That was why she embraced self-destruction. She could tell herself that it was all her own doing. No one could dominate her life. What did it mean to get more taken up by these influences?

Tempest was not the only person to surrender completely to the terrible circumstances. She was more overt in embracing cruelty. This gave her an element of notoriety. This was not the kind of thing that someone could really live with. This was all part of the exaggeration.

If someone did this kind of thing time and time again, that only added to the suspense. It could be a form of entertainment. Others would be fascinated by the terms of this exploration. Where would it end up? There were numerous people walking this thin line. And the dangers could be more precarious.

Was there an element of exhibitionism? At a certain point, everyone was just as open about their predilections. No one gave it a second thought. These were the conditions for admittance to the secret society.

It wasn't a question where this was going. It seemed to go the same place again and again. There were the ongoing elements of this enactment. It was no longer revelation. It was no longer entertainment. It became a simple condition for living. Temple had given that much of herself that it could become a threat to her well being. But others had a similar form of openness.

What did it take to precipitate the same kind of assertiveness in others? Was this only the basis for Steven's depiction.

Had Steven stumbled on this secret society? Or did he provide the pretext for further adventures. Some people only needed to turn on a camera to get people to act in an outlandish

manner. Would there eventually be an element of regret? How would that ever look?

Steven was searching for ways to throw himself in this story. Was he trying to exploit weakness? Was this kind of weakness related to Starling's shortcomings? She had revealed too much. It should have never been like this. More than ever, she needed an audience. This would have added credibility to her theories. But that would have violated the basic principle of her research. She was seeing what she wanted to see.

Steven felt that he had a particular advantage. She was only too willing to reveal more about herself as if she was telling the world a fundamental truth about the self. Steven was looking at raw nerve exposed. And this operation could apply to everyone else that he observed. It was easy to get caught up in the moment. The now could speak for all time. And there was nothing else to experience. Everyone was willing to submit to a complete revelation. And the drama would take off at that moment.

You were not completely lost. But you were dealing with enough anxiety, and this was getting in the way of your growth. You did not see yourself as an artist, but you believed that art could provide you with access to a more lasting awareness. What skills did you have to advance this vision? Would that necessitate a more profound understanding of self. Were you on the verge of upsetting the balance? You did not want someone else to try to distract you. But there were enough distractions around you. It was so much that you were naive although there were moments. You were more impressionable, and this affected your demeanor. There were moments that you could not catch your breath. You would let these occasional delights give you the needed inspiration. That was all that you expected.

Where were you when we did not see you for weeks? What was going on? Sometime, it seemed that you would have been more comfortable in a secure space. You would have none of the doubts that might arise if you could not figure out what was really going on around you. You became part of the action. You wanted to believe that you had greater control than you did. But you did not want someone to try to predict what was going on in your life.

Gia had her own plan. She worked at a restaurant. And she needed to put all the shit behind her. That was part of her nature. She was there to enjoy herself. And she wondered what constant enjoyment might mean. Did she understand the cultural references that would give her the needed motivation. She wanted to rearrange her body so that it could offer that lasting satisfaction.

Any night could be the night. But she recognized the associated danger. She could easily lose her place. If anyone seemed to have that answer, she was ready to listen, what would it mean to throw herself in the action. She gave everything to this opening. The world was offering her a wonderful opportunity, and she loved that possibility. This added to her vision for herself. She only needed to hear the right words, and everything would seem to make sense.

If things didn't pan out, what difference would it make? She would enjoy herself for the time being. What was missing from the portrait? How could she add to the understanding? She needed a more constant inspiration. Her hands could release all this creativity.

There were enough things to wonder about in her process of discovery. Sometimes, she felt as if she was letting herself down.

Rosemary seemed to be more persistent. She did not want to abandon the search as it was just beginning. She was working quite a lot. She could see how it distracted from further

progress on her part. But there were enough standing in her way. She needed that sunny disposition. That was not supposed to make her seem weak. It wouldn't take much to get her going. And she relied on that kind of motivation. Without a certain degree of flattery, she felt as if she missed her mark. She was caught among these contrary influences. Where was this supposed to go?

She kept showing up at work. Maybe, she met someone who could her questions. She did not want to probe too deeply. That was part of her nature. That was why she got immersed in temporary appeals. That seemed to gratify her longing. That was all that there was to it.

If Rosemary faded from attention, there would be other that would continue the same outlook. But she had set a precedent. How did she disappear in the shadows?

The story was taking on a different look. Steven was much more concerned with perfecting his judgement about people. Did that impetus drive the narrative? This outlook could also feed curiosity. Everyone wanted to hear about one of those wild adventures. It began when a person let down one's defenses. It only continued rom there."

"Am I being myself?"

"What are you measuring yourself against?"

This was not meant to be everyone's story. What was the selection process? If someone objected, there would be ample opportunity to assert the self. What was in the way of this assertion?

"What is preventing me from settling down?"

"There are things to figure out."

"I am not good at this."

"Hang on. Hang on as long as you can."

"I am trying find total serenity."

"That will not happen here."

"Is this conflict important for understanding?"

"I AM ALMOST THERE."

"This is brilliant."

"I need to let go."

"I am not welcoming!"

"What else could you wear?"

"I do not want to waste all my money."

"He is looking for me."

"Did he ask for me?"

"This is going to get brilliant."

"Who else was waiting to be discovered?"

"This is a deal that you make with your creator."

"I am in the process of changing."

"What more do you want?"

"Cool tunes."

"This is a way of living."

"I need more."

"I need belief."

Truth has tried all those options, and she wanted something more potent. How could she pursue that path without losing her focus? She wanted to believe that she could follow this adventure around, and it would offer greater insight.

She made it seem as if she motivated by a more fulfilling project. Was it there? She certainly had adequate inspiration. But there needed to be more. She was investing others with that power to motivate change. Would it ever happen?

Experience was supposed to offer new insights. Was she becoming too accustomed with the known. Did this prevent her from taking the steps to achieve something more? She made it seem as if she was attuned to a deep wisdom. Whatever could that be?

Why would anyone expect that there was anything more? There were these evident guideposts. But something stood in the way of a clear exposition. Things were already advanced sufficiently. She could move on to a different movie. What else would there be?

“Aren’t you going to where something else?”

“Do you like my shoes?”

Did that do it for you?

Did some kind of rivalry motivate the overall exposition? Was that Steven’s intent?

“Is that my intent?”

“I will find out something true.”

“I need to work with what I have.”

“I need you to sit down and confess to a life of offenses.”

“That is another narrative.”

“You cannot assume things about people.”

Brice again makes her appearance. This could upset the whole story.

“Will it? It is as if she knows a secret. But she is too far along to hope to make more sense of things.”

“Steven, she could be the protagonist.”

Could she expect to find a cure?

“You look like a very interesting person.”

“Is this Brice or the now?”

“What does Brice know in the now? Why does this provide a motivation for the story.

We all want these little details to provide a gateway for a deeper understanding.”

“I will remember this for a long time.”

“There is no mystery here.”

“We will probably return to this exposition.”

“You need to perk up.”

“Will you ever ask me something more?”

“Will you ask me?”

“Do we need more education to create a political change?”

“It is not an idea. It is about the conditions.”

“I make a claim that is not just about my life. It is a story for all time.”

“Can I stop the action in midstream?”

Somewhere in world, there was this science that could describe behaviors in different situations.

“Have you ever questioned yourself?”

“That is why I invited you in the conversation.”

“Does everything need to be exaggerated in my environment?”

Why was she squirming in place? Suzi had been so engaging the first time that we met. Now, she was almost apologetic about her role. She didn't want to engage beyond her inner circle. I had hoped for more. She could connect me to others who were committed to social change. This was more than innovation. It provided new roles for the participants. But she was around people, who seemed resistant to change. She felt that she was always struggling to help people make simple choices that could enhance their efforts.

Libby was dealing with a greater challenge. She challenged the dominant order. She realized that the existing economy was not going to allow for the opportunity to address neglect. Resources were denied to those who needed them, and people enriched themselves by further immiserating the lives of others. That didn't seem to make any sense. But this was part of an overall strategy to disrupt the development of shared resources.

Libby framed this struggle in a very personal way, almost too personal. If she had felt denial, what was going on in the present. She deemed personal satisfaction as having more importance than it did. At the same time, she craved security. She recognized where she could find her rewards.

Devlin loved the appeals of the artistic community. But she was not sure how to advance her creativity. This meant feeding off the passion of others. That could be its own dead end. And she could sense that danger hiding in the shadows. She was not sure how to avoid it. Perhaps, she wanted life to be too sedate.

Jeanette realized a greater vocation. This could excite people who were dealing with their own challenges. In a professional environment, she had encountered people who deal with incredible despair. She saw the limitation on her own efforts. That did not diminish her concern. If she gave so much of herself to work, she needed a way to let go. For the time being, she was not looking at a grand theory. She was dealing with the demands of the moment.

Ima recognized the role of history in her present disposition. She understood the challenges. But she did not want to let of her optimism. This optimism could have stood in the way of a more realistic assessment. She remained with this awareness.

The social project seemed to have critical appeal for altering negative influences. Nevertheless, the expectation could have seemed too extravagant. And they might lose their momentum in this situation. There was this rift between two different approaches. The social dynamic could emerge from the ground up. But there seemed to be impediments to this development. Were there already institutional perspectives that could support a greater dynamic for personal development?

Would these changes enable people to create more assertive roles for themselves? What were the existing resources that could help people gain greater authority for their concerns? This could enrich a person's talents. This could also enable greater dissemination of creative projects.

Lancer believed that she was living out her destiny. She kept trying to add to the edifice. And she could search back in her past to find a stronger foundation for the present. There were enough impediments to her efforts. But she gambled on an intellectual facility. She relied too much on this prodigy. But she became more disillusioned. She could put too much trust in

people who lacked true vision.

Dusk wanted to be more circumspect in advancing her perspective. In some respects, she could be even more assertive than Lancer. She wanted this to her story. But she had a lot of distractions. And she trusted her own role too much. This limited the effectiveness of the gesture. Due to her past, she felt marked for greatness. She would show others by the ambitiousness of her project. Did she have enough momentum to sustain the search? There were enough people who could give her the answer for the present. That was enough.

Why did Calla provide a critical role for this investigation? Why would Steven see her role as so prominent? She was already close enough to creative success. For the time being, that was all that she needed. It was almost as if she was promising that same access to others. If they were not going to take advantage of that information, she could make use of it on her own.

She could look the part. She had a magnificent smile. Over the course of a night, her face seemed to reflect the stages of her jubliance. This was true passion. It would show in her setbacks. But she was not the true creator. So her emotions were only a partical reflection of the real struggle.

Why did Cenza provide a more provocative example of the same process of discovery? She was not as close to the institutional supports for creativity. There were times that she was risking more of herself. Could a smile provide all that she needed to move along the experience?

Steven wondered how he needed to intervene to complete this portrayal. This was not a matter of a shared emotional experience. The portrayal focused on the efforts of the individual. The observation was meant to reveal so much more. If Cenza was blessed with this level of enlightenment, how could she realize that understanding?

Rels had started to take the steps towards a more successful realization of her dream. She realized that there was a great deal that prevented her from moving forward. That only convinced her that she needed to secure her environment. If she needed security to create, she welcomed that blessing. She would take it slowly. She would welcome occasional blessings. Her project might requirre greater isolation. This added to the commitment. She was not going to let down. She was going to hold on as she advanced her understanding.

Steven could be more disruptive of the narrative. He was familiar with the role of the writer. The writer could entice people that their satisfaction was closer than they believed. He would strive to short cut this process to increase the entertainment.

“Do you have what I need?”

“Are you always reacting to something that has already happened? You are standing outside your lover’s house hoping that you can pick up where you left off in the past.”