

MY WAR

It might be difficult to try to understand how Dusk saw her war. She was supposed to desire without satisfaction, but she criticized others. I felt the same way. This created a challenge. How could she represent what she wanted without letting herself getting caught up in the experience? Ultimately, the representation itself was sufficient to engender the personal involvement. You didn't have to touch to feel that lingering connection. It could last deep in the night. But dusk header on remedy. She could look. She could conceive the idea. She could walk through the resolution. Ultimately, no one else was involved. And she claimed that she was so deserving of this attention that she needed to do very little in order to involve another person. This was all the confirmation she needed. She almost disdained anyone who would respond. But she seemed to hate the fact that she might be ignored. She still wanted this to be her story. She wanted to be talked about. Misunderstanding could also fuel her ultimate escape. She would tell her self that she had achieved the best possible situation for the moment, so no one else could threaten her position. This perspective seem to weaken the contribution of others. What are they have to show for all their efforts,? Sometimes, they even surrendered themselves to the moment. She didn't want to see it this way. She truly felt that she had risen above it all, and this gave her preeminence. Honestly, no one could really challenge her outlook. They all seemed too needy.

Fundamentally, what was wrong with that? But she arranged this portrayal to say just that. Others sought out some kind of absolution. They would all be refused. That would give her delight. How could anyone expect anything more from the situation? It did not lead to erudition. It sucked the spirit out of the individual. She just could remain engaged by misunderstanding. She was given just enough herself to make sense of it. At this point, she wasn't even part of any of it. She felt as if she had undergone a complete transformation.

She wanted to check in to make sure that the facts agreed with what she was thinking. But she didn't want to lose when she had. Eventually, she saw the two worlds in competition. And she felt that she couldn't hold with both. There were others who formed a completely different portrait. They found little blessings in the moment, and they were able to add it all up into a singular appeal. There was just enough to convince them that they were undergoing a personal transformation. In the world would eventually catch up with him. There was really no time for Dusk's cynicism. People adored the rewards they had. They could exaggerate these moments. This was an all too familiar kind of performance. She had been front and center of this kind of thing. But she would try to ring out these performances of all of their power. She was draining the world of its energy. If others tried to emulate her, that only affirmed how right she was. And the show played itself out a time and time again.

Dusk had demonstrated why these efforts were important. When they couldn't mean more, she would dismiss them. She didn't mean to be so accepting. But there was something fundamental that held her in check. When she was at the top of her game, she enacted this fear as a theater. In this representation, there was nothing theatrical about it. This was how she was living things. There was a starkness to her past. And she needed that sharp boundary to separate herself from those experiences. What remained? She was living this in the now. She was fortifying what she had. It should amounted to so much more. That's exactly how it worked. And she wasn't the only one. It was just this kind of the point of you view didn't seem to apply here.

But she devised her own version for what it was worth. If her style had been a little different, it could've all been obvious. It wasn't even a romantic comedy. But it was not a conventional story, which seemed to appeal to so many people. She could find hope for tomorrow in the present situation. And she seemed to have an out.

There was this one world where everything seemed at the edge. And she could play along. All the while, she could cling to this other perspective where she faced none of the same challenges. She acted as if it was this was all a combination of some kind of intellectual project. For what it was worth, she was extolling the suburban dream. In some ways it was even worse. She had gotten to this point by immersing herself in the entertainment. But it was just start. She always had that escape plan. She could pull the cord at any point. Could this make her seem more adventurous? None of the endearing characters amounted for that much. She was firmly rooted in her life. How could it be any different? She realize how she needed steady employment.

She had her own desires. If only she could show up at the casino day in and day out. She could have those moments. But she always tied that lifeline firmly. She couldn't let herself go down. This was how things play themselves out. She wasn't the only one. But the others were spectators. They were civilians. The real combatants couldn't walk away. If they expected to, they would have to rely on some kind of solution. But no one was even close to that. It might seem unfortunate. Everyone was struggling. Why couldn't they put together their resources to come up with an answer?

Perhaps Dusk could've done as much if not more. She didn't conceive of it this way. There were others who were much more competitive about the situation. Dusk could easily mock their efforts. If she was as caught up as everyone else, she would leave it all with regret. At any moment, she had her fill, and she could leave. It could be even more intense; she could stay at home and shuffle her cards as if she was devising a fortune for everyone else. Meanwhile, she was victorious. If it wasn't working for the moment, it would eventually fall into place. There was another argument that was much more insistent. She just seemed to have understood it in the beginning. All this had been youth rebellion. But she wasn't ready to pinpoint a source. So she remained on the outside.

When the time was right, she could walk away. That was all that it took. That was how it all played out. She was just in the next stage of that investigation. Dusk added to this portrayal. But she was watching it all from afar. It was like watching an automobile crash. She could take some pictures, and she could walk away by.

"So what are you going to leave to the imagination besides the imagination? This is where things get tricky. Everyone moves on by the self. Anything can happen."

"Perhaps, that was what Dusk wanted all along. There was no longer any integrity of personality. Everything was exposed at once. The individual wrestled with these challenges. And the pleasure principle just guided everything. At a certain point, it no longer made any difference. No one would be able to escape it. Everyone was immersed in the same way of thinking. That totally engulfed the self. Even though the individual might try to resist, there was no way that she could. She was lost in the situation. This only added to the challenges. And that made everything seem more volatile. People might try to catch their breath. But it was next to impossible. They were embracing this chaos. They were engulfed by a tidal wave. More than anything, this was the final frontier. This was total surrender to catastrophe. There was no other way to recognize this.

This added zest to it all. But it wasn't as if there was a real collective understanding. It was almost automatic in its nature. It didn't benefit the individual. The individual was just caught up in her feelings."

"There might be the temperature of forgetting. There was effort to hold on to what had happened. Maybe people could give themselves totally to this understanding. This might've gone on. Dusk saw the pleasure principle. But where did it take her? Or was there more traffic than she might've realized. It didn't take much to recognize it was going on. That sensation seemed to affect everyone. And it was deep rooted. The essence was marvelous. And then there was the calm down. Even if people weren't affected negatively, they were still locked in this sense of a productive awareness. This was where they were taken. This was what happened to them. There should've been an effort to find something more in human experience. Dusk knew as much. But she had been lost in these moments before. She got home and found that high. She could wake up with a clean slate. But it could've been developed in a completely different way. People couldn't resist these influences. But when the chaos seemed to explode, people just gave into the sensations as they were totally overcome. It should not have been so haphazard. And the brilliance of this story was that the elements could be recombined in different ways."

What was preventing things from attaining that kind of gravity? This created a significant tension. How was it possible to escape? Everyone only wanted more. And there was this lovely pretense. Everyone participated in that same connection. No one wanted to let go. This only emphasized the solitude.

"My guess was hardly the way to play things."

Craziness only became more intense. Everyone wanted to share and that feeling. And nothing else seemed to matter. That was how the story seemed to work out. It was okay for the time being. It wasn't worth increasing the risk. If this was how people were going to live, so be it. What else was left? This was just too close to the action. It was next to impossible to catch one's breath. That was how it was happening. It was simply a matter of exiting where you could, and then you could just carry on with whatever was necessary. It seemed to take longer than ever. Everything subsided just long enough to let people catch their breath. Madness seemed to begin again, and the self was caught up in what was going on. This only seem to corroborate the effects of pleasure principle, and everyone held to that dynamic, and it provided greater authority.

This was not liberating. Everything was in these spurts and starts. But Dusk realized how she could justify it all. This was all part of the presentation and others were taken in in the same way. The challenge continued on. Everyone seemed to be striving together. This could just separate herself from it all. She didn't need that same belief to hold everything together. How could Starling explain any of this. Things had really been pushed to an extreme.

No one was able to catch the motivation. Everyone got moved along. That same danger carried on it wasn't something that you could clean up. In a sense, Dusk reveled in this display. It only prove to her that she wasn't part of it. But it played in her mind. There was that one other possibility that never made it self known. This kind of understanding, whatever it might be only added to the lasting sense of desperation. Everyone was caught up in the same frenzy they were only seem to confirmed the hold of the pleasure principle. Perhaps, there could be another way of saying this. But it seem to be beyond everyone's reach. That was what was going on. And that was the only thing that left everyone stay with this sense of wildness. There couldn't be more of

an explanation.

Julie did not want her story observed. She was living it too intensely. There wasn't much else to say. There were a few surprises here and there. But it remained that way. Anyone who had participated had been through this before. Dusk still had her excuse. She welcomed a world ruled by these principles. But she would never have reached this point had not been exposed to what was going on. It was almost as if she was just as much horse there could've been another way to confront this reality.

What would it have been? Where would it have taken anyway? Was it even possible to explore this reality without becoming part of it is desire so important? What was going on in the sore? How would people reach this point? What kept them immersed in this fog. There had to be a substratum of understanding. The route became difficult. Once someone found out about that marvel, it only pushed everything along, and people only wanted more. But this was related to a deeper creativity; how could people walk away? How could they find more constant recognition? The amusement park never seemed to close. That was so things worked out. That gave everything its motivation. But the space was too frenetic. It was necessary to distill this energy and apply it elsewhere. Or perhaps, Julie had realized this possibility. Her craft became more consistent.

Where was there a possibility of moving beyond this presentation.? There was a promise waiting here all its excitement It needed to find a realization. This could please everyone.

There was enough for conflict to affect everyone. There was a separate thread. And that thread could be the basis for greater consciousness. Was it even possible to gain that recognition under the present circumstances? Rose was in the first to suggest an alternative reading. But she was in there to make it happen for what it was. Jenelle was pushing it all to the limit. It was inspired. Nevertheless, there seem to be a resignation even in establishing this understanding. That added to the confusion.

"You are never going to find this perfection that you're hoping for. It's not so much temptation. This is the energy that people are working from. It gets shaped and adapted in a working model. It never exists as an idea. That's your mistaken view. Wait a second. The puzzle offers another direction. It's not so much a realization; it's an extraction. It goes to the very heart of the constructive experience. You see things. You build from them. And building from them, you attain an awareness. Awareness drives everything else. It holds it all together in a lattice work. This ability to take things apart and put them back together again provides a foundation for the feeling. It is a kind of seeing. It is an emotion in itself that is what makes it so enticing. This kind of construct may have characterized what was going on with Dusk. She was seeing these things in the environment, but she was also giving them a form for herself. This added to the effectiveness of the representation."

If she could create things in this way, she could overcome the stringency of the pleasure principle. She could put things together the way that she wanted to. This would add to the overall sensation. The whole experience might seem to be even more tenuous. But there was some thing lovely in its representation. This could get beyond Dusk's interpretation of the pleasure principle.

Could Dusk conduct this tour of the Phoenix Babylon? What would the journey mean? If the denizens caught in depravity, how could she document their fall? Or would they resist the pleasure principle? There would be some deeper commitment that motivated them to ask the way

thow they did it. Indeed, this created a conflict that seemed rooted in a deeper understanding of the self. How was it possible to alter the facts to accord with perception. And how did she receive some thing more insistent that needed to be expressed? Who were the characters in this transformation? In many ways, Dusk seem to resent the changes that she saw all around her.

There was a time when her rule had been very clear. It was almost as if she was the gatekeeper for this journey. She knew how to advance the temptation in the mirror in an even more intense way. Unfortunately, that seemed like enough for her. She really wasn't looking for anything else. But this was a way to advance a different story. And in the telling she assumed a very different role. She could entice as long as she was conducting the game. This was entirely something else. Now that desire was more than evident. It became people's reality. And she could like this expression. This advanced her creativity. It what isolated from this new development? It could cause her to be much more adept at provoking this confusion in others. But it seemed to take a toll when its own way. If she really continued in this behavior, would she remain immune? Wasn't her performance meant to show the discrepancies in her own life. Was it was better to ignore those issues, or pretend they didn't exist. Moreover, Dusk could act as if none of this was real. This create a real challenge significant challenge.

Dusk had emerged because she wanted to express how deep social contradictions could manifest themselves through cultural performance. She had tried her best to perfect this mentality. Now she was face-to-face with another way of seeing things. These were people whose expressive powers might've been limited because they did not have the same resources as she did. This seemed to cut across the overall experience. And she was living her voice just this way. But it may have been too comfortable. For her, this may have been more of an act. There were others who couldn't escape their situation. They couldn't take off the costume and return to tranquility. This expressed a deep rift in the portrayal. There was something too real that the self was an able to overcome. This created an intense contradiction. But if Dusk simply denied it, there was really nothing there. There was no challenge. There was no difficulty. There was only clarity in the moment. And that's all there was. It was an entertainment. And she could turn off the monitor. She could shut down the camera. And everything would be over once and for all.

Was that the portrayal that she was seeking? Did that give solid credibility to the overall experience? The alternative could be frightening. In a sense, that was the basis for the story in the first place. The act of knowing, the act of achieving certainty, could be so risky that the efforts to attain clarity could only result in a greater estrangement from the world. It was just going to play as if this was the story. But she never intended to hang on past that point. For others it wasn't that easy. It was never really a trade-off. They couldn't adopt a persona for the moment and rush back to comfort. Even the protected spaces seedm to be under siege. Therefore, this outlook contrasted with the view offered by Dusk.

There may have been an element of performance in their presentation. But they were living it. They were breathing it. They were in the midst of the struggle, and they were doing everything they could to escape. If they stumbled on a social contradiction, that understanding could be critical for the overall encounter with society. In other words, any actions in this locale could provide evidence for change elsewhere. Just may have been attracted by this idea. But she saw her personal realization as different. She didn't want to engage in the same struggle years in the future. This was how things worke themselves out in the present. In some respects, it almost

made no sense. She had formed alliances with people who never raised the deeper questions. Ultimately they could mark this whole experience. They could focus on the weaknesses of others and claim that nothing more. What could come of this? This outlook seem to condemn Dusk's own view. She didn't need a protected space to work out the contradictions in the society. She had already accepted the inequity. Anyone who complained any louder was simply whining.

She barely understood how a cultural critique could start at a site like this. Even in using their creative skills, individuals could still recognize a more persistent conflict. Creativity was not there to provide decorative art. Even if the artist didn't fully understand the social forces that motivated her, she still have the ability to put everything out there for others to see. And it wasn't simply based on belief or marvel. She commented upon the actual conditions of her life. Truly, there was something more here. It was a more insistent realization. It didn't begin and end in the moment. And it invited a deeper level of reflection.

This vision was amazing in its own way. Did an individual need to emerge in order to express this vision better? Was this a source of Dusk's fear? She could focus on the very markers that seemed to advance her way of thinking. But it had really nothing to do what was going on in the present. This was not her fashion show anymore. And she wasn't recruiting for some kind of strange game. Sure, these were exiles who were trying to make it all happen in the now. She needed them for her pageantry, but she never gave them credibility. Therefore, it was all these other things that were happening around her, but she didn't say. She couldn't say. And it almost made an impossible to fulfill the social research project as long as the investigator went along with her perspective.

That minimized the insights that she might have attained. Nevertheless, how did this create any kind of sustained argument for social change? In her model, it seemed as if the individual had too prominent a place. And this was hardly about stellar individuals. She was observing people, who demonstrated acumen and achieved their own level of success. But they had a little understanding of what were the true challenges for the world. It just advanced her understanding that was just as valuable as anyone else's. But she was much more attuned to the cues of the dominant culture. She would barely understand the actions of Cenza or Andromeda. She existed in a completely different space. And she didn't see the validity of their cultural awareness..

Maybe their insights were just temporary. Nevertheless, there was some thing important that she missed. And this aggravated the status of her witness. If only Dusk could take this opportunity, she might be able to marshal all her talents to topple the imprint of the dominant culture. But it was much easier to take the offer as it was presented. For the moment, she could believe that she was triumphant; therefore, she deserved these rewards. It couldn't be seen in any other way what did she know? She had hung around for a little while. Was any of that significant? Rels seemed to watch it all from the outside. But she had her own struggle.

What did Dusk understand that no one else did? She recognized that there was a process here. And she wanted to be able to manipulate it. But she started to recognize how she was getting caught by her own beliefs. This was preventing her from achieving total awareness. In someways she imagined the other players as pawns in this game. She could move them along by giving them enough dialogue to get it all going. But her expectations were simple. She was looking at people who she believed to be more or less automatic in their behaviors. All she had to

do was give them a little push. The real question was if her own behaviors followed similar patterns. How could she relay all this together? This became an interesting challenge for her. She wanted to understand this concept better. How did everything get messed up? Essentially, she recognize these challenges. She was leading language get in her way. But it also gave her the protection she needed. That way she didn't feel so exposed. But what was the real challenge?. And she wondered how she's got distracted. Perhaps, she could've been motivated by an even more provocative insight.

This could've led her to a deeper understanding of the world. And it could move everything into motion. She was getting by what she was looking for. She was finding satisfaction. She could accuse others of the same. They didn't even have to follow through.

All that they needed to do was to display that. In a sense, people felt guilt because they were hungry. It was a strange equation. Even if the individual try to avoid going down the same path, it was easy to lose her direction. But it wasn't simply a matter of giving in to appetites. The representation was the issue. It was the thought not the deed. It wasn't due to guilt. The guilt didn't come from some kind of instinctive leaps. Instead it was more planned out. Sure they were those who needed to act it out just to make sure everything worked, but they were the doubters. And they were not dealing with the power of their understanding. She was focusing on others who represented a more authoritative way of doing things. And her accusation was against them.

They were revealing too much of themselves. So she was convicting them just on that basis. It wasn't anything that deep. It was almost an act of saying: "Take me, I'm already here." But there was an act of concealment. People wanted something more. They were expressing their desire to participate, to engage, to control. That desire to control inevitably expressed an inability on the individual's part. Even in asserting the self, the individual admitted to damage. The self-imprisonment prevented a further investigation. The individual was stopped dead in her tracks. She just saw this so well because it was happening to her. She was in the middle of this challenging experience.

For the time being, Desk needed to know. She maintained that she could eventually overcome that need. Inevitably, she was mocking those who remained. And she was representing them in a way that could enable her to belittle their experience. In a sense, there was nothing else. How did this work? How could you escape the dominant culture without experiencing these negative affects. Dusk was also observing the shortcomings on the part of the individual. People never achieved that kind of understanding; they always remained at the verge. This created enough distractions to prevent a complete realization. It was worth figuring out what wasll missing. How did everything come to our precipitous heart. Change could not occur without a deeper form of interrogation. But the surfaces had their own appeal.

Julie was always in aspiring after something else. Others could welcome her efforts, because she showed such daring. She was the first to try to push these boundaries. Did the individual need a stronger explanation? Was the language such a foundational element of the overall experience. This emphasized the role of Dusk. She didn't want to think of herself as confused. But something was already occurring outside of her room. And Julie seemed to propel all this to the overall presentation. Everyone was involved in her own way. Could Andromeda provide a different reading? What did she offer? It was enough reason to pursue this alternative? How did it all hold together? It wasn't meant to be that chaotic. But there were still a series of

questions. If the new identity could provide a means to escape work, how was Dusk pushing back against this process. Instead of seeing the actual efforts, she could dismiss the gesture. She could break down the intent. Therefore, the self had a limited impact in creating a personal vision. And ultimately, Dusk was saying that such representations were all incomplete. In contrast, she argued that the ultimate resolution could only occur outside this place. Moreover, most of the participants would never be qualified to make that leap. She was doing her best to control this experience and exclude others from going along. Who was the real story?

I just needed these representations to reach her mode of awareness. But now was she going to jettison these influences as if they were only aspects of her own consciousness. This would almost imply that she would be able to control conscious awareness completely, but there was something that appear to short-circuit this process. This ultimately meant abandoning the other players.

She hadn't meant to use them. But she didn't want to dwell about her former life and the recent changes were enough to propel her towards a universal understanding. She made it seem that way. She wanted to exaggerate these thoughts that she had on her own. If she was just going to maintain her reasoning power, that inevitably gave her the ability to escape from the limitations of the situation. But there was a lot more going on here. She couldn't escape from the actual situation that had given her credibility. In itself, this created a lasting conflict. And she recognized what would be needed to see things otherwise. However, by characterizing the situation, she seem to suggest that she had lacked critical knowledge. This would condemn people to the social circumstances, but this was not a revolutionary perspective. She did not recognize that she could tap a radical understanding that might be more advanced than her vision.

She should've known this. But it was hard to recognize the full character of this experience. For her, it was a phase. The experience enlightened her, but she wanted to move beyond it she want to move beyond it because she recognized the deep power. What was the inference that had affected her own character. In a sense, she was erasing the real threat and attributing the dangers to the other participants.