

NIGHT ON THE TOWN

“Poor Henry, I want to apologize to you. You are going to have to bear the brunt of responsibility for the story. It’s really all my doing. But you’re going to be all front and center. So you’re the one who’s going to have to answer for what has gone on. I only wish that I could help you a little more. I will do what I can. This is all a little mythic. We are presenting Marcella’s fantasy, and you have tried to interfere with that presentation. That hardly makes you guilty. You were just doing what you could. Nevertheless, it doesn’t diminish the fact that you have some kind of accountability in what is to transpire. Honestly, you’re not the one who is on trial. I’m the real voyeur here. At the same time, can you do your best to guard against giving into this perspective.”

“In many ways, I grasp what is going on. I only wish that it was as easy for you. All in all, we are trying to be sympathetic with Marcella. Is that even possible? Marcella has not been victimized. At least, we hope that she has not. But it’s worth understanding her motivation and how she reacted to Henry. Indeed, this is her story, or maybe this is his story about her. Whatever variation, I accept anything that’s being said here, and it excites me to be able to describe what is going on. So honestly, there is a conflict here between different ways of seeing things. The best way to resolve this is to try to establish some kinds of rules of evidence. Any reader recognizes that urgency. Therefore, it’s important to share what’s available. This helps to make sense of the overall picture and enables the individual to make the best judgment.”

“This judgment could be Marcella’s. It could be Henry’s. Or it could be the reader’s, if the reader is very attentive to the situation and its attendant risks. In relating these details, I certainly have taken time to be most faithful to the events. And I understand my perspective all too well. Therefore, it’s worth investigating this a little further. It only adds to the sense of collective awareness. Honestly, I’m not trying to get off the hook here. But I do need to pry if I’m going to create the best story. Poor Henry!”

“Clearly, Marcella had her unique opportunity; she actually had a copy of the *Anonymous Donor*, even if she decided not to read it. The irony here is that she was invited to read the book, and now she is actually the subject of a new book. Maybe, if she had learned a lesson, she would not be subject to this telling. In many respects this seems like nothing less than an imposition on her nature. She had no obligation whatsoever to read the *Anonymous Donor*. She wasn’t obligated to look into the meaning of the revolutionary theater. But she was an artist. For her part, it was worthwhile examining the importance of authenticity. The nature of authenticity helped to describe how her creative output could reach others even if there was some kind of disconnect between their experience. This understanding added to the motivation of the story. It gave character to Marcella’s quest. In her defense, she had her own view of authenticity. It may not have anything to do with a radical concept of the individual. When the notion of a new biology was proposed to her, she found interest in the subject matter. That did not diminish her independence from this presentation.”

“What else was there to say? Marcella was not on trial. Although there were certainly moments that she felt that this was true. If she examined the actions of Henry, she might’ve felt as if he had trespassed her boundaries. Therefore, this added to her understanding. And she was protective about her own peace of mind, and this concern may have become even more intense

after the actions of Henry. Poor Henry, what have you done? Poor Henry, what did you do? In Henry's defense, he really did nothing. Therefore, that made me the real culprit. But I was not above a little mischief. Down deep, I felt there was a deeper purpose. If we came together to consider political issues, how could the dissemination of our opinions be more effective in creating real change? In a deeper sense, this was the story."

"If Colin's had not interfered, Henry story probably would've remained his own. And there wouldn't have been no reason to pursue this inquiry into Marcella's frame of mind. As it was, these efforts added impact to Marcella's own artistic project. Nevertheless, for the short term, she had thrown her lot in with Colin. Colin felt defensive about what was going on. He suddenly realized that he was part of the narrative. And his humor almost egged things on. He thought of himself as a victim. He had made an innocent joke, and suddenly, the story was all about him. For the moment, if anyone was on trial, he would've been the accused. But the real issue was that Marcella was not accusing him. She hardly knew what that would mean under the circumstances."

"Not to detract from her overall project, but did she recognize the gravity of the situation? Did she even have the intent to lodge a complaint against Colin? Poor Henry! For the time being, he still seemed like the convenient victim for the purposes of the story. He was doing my bidding. But that seemed just fantastic. I really believed that the crime against me was more conclusive. It had nothing to do with my literary works. This was all Marcella's doing. Did Marcella need a revolutionary theater? She had certainly experienced trauma. And that trauma could be compared with others within the scene. They seem to get to the heart of the matter".

"People like Todd Davidson or Vince Green had tried to use their influence to damage other people. Marcella had not come under the influence of these types of characters. But she did feel withdrawn about her own experience. The roots of this feeling were societal. But they could also be individual. Someone could have messed with her in a deeper way. For the time being, Colin was the victim. And Marcella could be blamed for Colin's actions. Again, in Colin's defense, he felt that he also could be blamed. What was he doing wrong? Nevertheless, his philosophy put him more in jeopardy. Down deep, he believed that suffering made the individual stronger. And the real question was intent."

"If Colin could be seen as the source of this suffering, that would weaken his argument. Nevertheless, Colin tried to be jocular. He tried to shake all this off. That's where it got tricky. He was almost accusatory. Why would anyone question his actions? This question was not being posed to the narrator. The same question could be posed to Stanza. There are others in the shadows. Now, there was Marcella."

"For the moment, everything was copacetic. Casual! No one was damaging anyone. Everyone was having fun. This conceit seemed preposterous. How could this even rise to the level of a complaint? Why was there even a story here? This was where things got fun! If Marcella had faced any kinds of obstacles to her own growth, she felt that her development relied upon not getting too deeply involved. She attempted not to expose her own weaknesses. Therefore, it became almost impossible to lodge a robust claim. For others who could face their own suffering, she expected them to be able to walk away. The more remote that the experience was, the more that she seemed to inject some kind of humor. That didn't mean that she lacked sympathy."

“In a strange way, Colin was doing his best to control this presentation. In other words if people suffered, it had nothing to do with him. If he suffered, that would be part of the growth experience. But he didn’t recognize the real issue here. Despite his own excesses, he seemed to be advocating for an aesthetic lifestyle. Suffering made individuals stronger. They could get over these impediments. They wouldn’t give in to the influence of others. They were independent. In the same way, Colin could not be held responsible for the feelings of others. If they wanted to play along, so be it. There was certainly more to say about this understanding. But it also went to the heart of the revolutionary theater.”

“The revolutionary theater implied that the system had failed individuals. Therefore, it wasn’t enough for the individual to find success. Even in giving back, that wasn’t enough. The individual would have to address how public resources had been depleted to sustain the existing economy. That kind of radicalism might’ve had appeals to an artist, but what did Colin think about this? Marcella might’ve expressed her own humanistic philosophy. How much was she willing to engage in a cultural critique? For the time being, her alliance with Colin seemed just enough to create a defense against the interference of the dominant culture. This was all play acting anyway.”

“Colin understood his term as temporary. In common parlous parlance he had bigger fish to fry. If he said something to that effect, that would only get Marcella to laugh. How would Henry have witnessed this event? He had already given Marcella’s artistic project more credibility. Now, he had the wonderful opportunity to credit her even more intensely. This could be a lovely occasion for a therapeutic intervention. Marcella could use a little absolution. And Henry wanted greater validation for his outlook. This created an intensive a strong tension. Lincoln would’ve loved this manifestation of tension. Everything progressed further!”

“Henry would not have been able to watch this without feeling a certain sense of frustration. After all, Marcella’s rejection had been entirely clear. She didn’t want someone interfering with her artistic vision. And Colin was expressing just the kind of encroachment. He seemed even more threatening. She needed to stick to the facts. And he didn’t make it that hard. He was extremely zealous. How could Marcella ever give in to Colin? Anyone who truly understood what he was doing would recognize the exploitative nature of his personality. It was the charm of a diamondback! At first, Henry didn’t want to admit to this. The effects all played in the back of his mind.”

“If Marcella I found a convenient enemy in Henry, then Henry found a convenient enemy in Collin. Overall, this might’ve seemed more of an affront against Marcella. After all, Colin was serving a need for her. Everyone was honest with everyone else. Couldn’t stanza have said the same thing.? When Henry looked at the situation, it was even more evident what was going on. This was all part of Colin’s nature. For Marcella or Stanza, this kind of behavior was always a kind of encroachment. Henry was frustrated that this kind of guy. He seemed to get away with it time and time again. He was even smoother. No one could say anything negative against him. Colin could act indignant; what did Henry expect?”

“ Marcella was having fun. Henry seemed jealous about what was going on. He also seemed like a convenient strawman. This reinforced Colin frustration. But Marcella could be even more disturbed about what was happening.”

“What’s wrong with you Henry? You’ve seen me perform. Can you create this image of

who I am? And you're angry that I don't conform with this image."

"It only made you seem creepy. So if you wonder why I think what I do, it should be pretty obvious under the circumstances. Henry's actions now emerged in stark contrast. And he was no longer simply embarrassment. This was not the first time that he had sparred with Marcella, and he had come out of it no better the other time. And if the purpose of this story was to attest to a special ability on the part of Colin, then Henry was facilitating that view. Since Henry could be blamed, Marcella's protests could be entertained more readily. That seemed almost grotesque in its own way. No one had a right to criticize her. No one had a right to say negative things about the choices that she made. Nevertheless, the story was all too familiar. Was Colin a nice guy? You just need to get to know him. For a while, Henry had felt just that. And that made the story even more upsetting for him now. It was obvious, he was ready to go one-on-one with Colin. And that would've added to the creepiness of his actions. Even if this wasn't part of his way of thinking, the sort of story seem to put him in his place more than ever, Henry was serving a convenient role. This only added to his overall sense of discomfort."

"There was really no way to entertain his point of you. How was Colin getting away with what he did? Sure, this was the same thing that Vittorio had done previously. It was as if he had his map, and he checked off every point on that map. This was all part of his impulsiveness. But it was almost scientific."

"Over a period of time, all these sightings could potentially exhaust the map. He was just as likely to be in one place as to be in another. Moreover, there always seem to be a kind of ubiquitousness that motivated his actions. This added to the overall challenge. Colin was now assuming this as a birthright. And Marcella seemed to have no idea what was going on. Could she ever?"

"Did she have any understanding of these deeper forces that could influence human behavior? She saw herself as an artistic soul, and this sensitivity seem to reveal something deeper about the universe. This view of the universe seemed almost naïve and its lack of perspective about human motivation. Colin seemed to succeed because he could play all sides against each other. He needed someone like Henry. Early on, Henry hadn't fully realized what was going on. He didn't think that Colin would somehow intersect with his own emotional situation. Was Colin mocking him?"

"He never even had this thought, but Henry knew what was going on with Colin, and he didn't even have to try, and Marcella was entirely receptive to it. Henry had watched Marcella and this created an image in his mind. He had this wondrous fantasy to go along with his vision."

"Henry might've been found innocent. He wasn't the villain here. But the story seemed to point out the mercenary nature of Colin's actions. He was seeing everyone pretty much the same way. He was just good at what he did. And Henry seemed helpless. His deeper concerns weren't really affecting anyone."

"What were his deeper concerns? This added another level of complexity to the portrayal question. In Colin's adventure, Marcelo was just another player. He just became even more ridiculous. Marcella only re-duplicated the kinds of experiences that have been described by Stanza. That showed it all. Colin was out for himself. And he could easily reduce Marcella's creative vision to nothing."

“For the time being, Henry was still taking her seriously. Nevertheless, in echoing Stanza, Marcella only seemed farcical. That might not have diminished her artistic aspirations. But Colin seemed to discredit these hopes. However, she could feel empowered to blame Henry for demeaning her efforts. He complied. Ultimately, he strove to have the last word.”

“Could Henry state his case more effectively? What advanced his point of view? He thought that he could make it all happen just by being himself. But he was always too eager. He was trying to create things that didn’t exist in and of themselves. And his zealousness was never going to get him what he expected. But he would hardly let go without feeling. This was part of his nature.”

“Did he think of himself this way? Honestly, he barely knew the difference. Perhaps that was why Marcella had read him so well. It didn’t take her much to recognize his overzealousness. That didn’t diminish the fact that he felt so resentful about Colin.”

“Colin seemed to have the facility that he lacked. Colin was a better able to sell himself. What was that difference? In many ways, Colin was just as objectionable. How was he able to package his story in a more effective way? They were both trying to sell their version of the world. Inevitably, both would end up on top. They would keep it all going.”

“Did Marcella understand some thing about art? It wasn’t so much that his doing. But she had a vision for her life. And this was a lasting experience. This vision only became more intense. What did she understand as an artist?”

“Perhaps, it was the human struggle. But she wanted people to sympathize with her experience. Temporarily, Colin seemed to offer that credibility. This gave her a power since she thought that she could attract that’s kind of concern. Nevertheless, there was something important that was absent from her world. She tried to make sense of that could be.

Henry pretended that he had overcome his rejection by Marcella. Or through it, there was an element of envy and directionless. She may have treated him unfairly. Perhaps, she could’ve been more receptive to his interest. Down deep she must’ve known some thing. But there was a deep-seated resentment on his part that may have been there all the time. This could’ve motivated his initial approach. He admitted they had been drinking. But that underlying sense of overall discomfort appeared to motivate his actions in a very intense way. And he found interest in her art, but once he felt rejected, he could easily dismiss her efforts.”

He had already applied his standards to her creative output. Overall, there was a sense of superiority on his part. Even though he might’ve seemed a little insecure, it was quite evident to recognize what was going on. He wasn’t insecure because it was a facet of his vulnerability. His insecurity was more based upon a feeling that he could get over on her.”

“Mandalay understood how everything could so easily be swept under the rug. This would suggest that there was barely a story here. Even after everything that had occurred. poor Henry wanted to keep put on a happy face. He acted as if he was no longer interested in Marcella He had plans of his own. There was that moment, when he was sitting at the table that he pulled out his business card and gave it to Mandalay. She gave it one of those smiles, as if to say thank you.

Thank you very much, but I don’t really give a damn what you do, because none of this is affecting me. And it’s really not affecting you at this point.”

“Could poor Henry even benefit from a makeover?”

“What was missing from his repertoire? Ultimately, he has shown a callous indifference to Marcella. Even if she had rejected him, her rejection came after it was pretty obvious what were his goals. What were his goals? He wasn’t really all that good at encouraging others. He claimed he was some kind of teacher. His teaching was primarily based on his assertion of his sense of superiority. And this was example of such a skill. So it was all pretty much the same thing. Down deep, he always felt that he deserved a name for himself.”

“He somehow been denied his rightful do. Could people tell by his handshake that he was a little too zealous? This overzealousness seem to penetrate everything that he did. His perspective wasn’t really built on some kind of ideological commitment. What was he about anyway? He felt at the artist reality commented upon those in power, but he may have given too much credibility to this understanding. All in all, he fell totally victim to the trappings of power. This was all his own doing.”

“How else would things balance out? Knowledge was meant to be a corrective eye. Thus, his rule was very clearly defined. If Colin had disrespected Henry, he barely knew how to react. He wanted to pretend it was not such a big deal. He had already moved on. There was nothing that another person could do to upset his composure. He was responsible for his moods. Therefore Colin’s actions were totally acceptable. And why was it even worth bothering? Why was there even a story to talk about? This was how things progressed? It wasn’t so much a sucker punch. He might have ducked that first punch, but he had been brought down by the second. He wouldn’t know what hit him. It was almost as if Henry was lying on the ground looking up at Colin.”

“He clearly been done wrong. But he tried to shake it off as if nothing had occurred. In a sense, he was looking for more. He also pretended that he cared about none of us. If Marcella had rejected him, he had moved on long ago. He didn’t recognize the fact that Cohen had found a weakness in his character. It was almost as if the two of them could share in the same secret. As long as Henry said nothing, that seem to add to say Colin reputation that would seem to underline the lack of success on Henry’s part Henry still acted as if he had this ace up his sleeve. He was only waiting to play that card. But it was probably much more complex than that. Henry would’ve needed another shuffle to get back in the swing of things. When Colin showed, Henry was making that college try. That was how it worked. That was how it worked time and time again.”

“Henry felt that if he flattered people, this would come back and help fortify his own reputation. He couldn’t be faulted for trying. But the overall affect of these efforts were hardly to his liking. That was why Marcella had reacted so negatively in the first place. She was never looking for his accolades. She recognize the sly nature of his complements. So her rejection was not a simple coincidence. Generally, he didn’t know when his comments were welcome. But he could immerse himself in a flattery circle, and he could act as if he was at the center of things. There was nothing courageous about his pose whatsoever. He was showing his own weakness. He expressed his fateful longing. He tried to evoke those puppy dog eyes. But that was only supposed to worked in his head. So his overall efforts seem quite pathetic. There was calling at the middle of states acting as if the world indeed was his oyster. And he was stroking it at its most tender place. This gave added potency to his perspective. This was all part of the ongoing show. Henry was weak.”

“Colin was not far way, but he had a deafness that could protect him. This moment, he needed to turn on the charm more than ever. That gave him the credibility that he relied upon. He could make himself more prominent in the overall experience. Nevertheless he was scrambling. Henry’s earnestness had shown his weakness. Mandalay was never impressed. That did not diminish his effort to be a little more assertive. Indeed, it was too evident in Mandalay’s eyes. In Henry’s eyes, it was evident how Mandalay was resisting. That only made him more persistent. And that brought into sharp relief his interactions with Marcella. It wasn’t going to stop there. At this point, Collin felt that he had is in. He was going to make his play for Mandalay.

“Listen Colin, you need to back off this time.”

“What are you saying to me, buddy boy? You’re sitting here with your computer. You’re writing the story. But you can’t control my behavior.”

“Colin, not everyone loves you the way that you think they do. That might give you the motivation for acting a little bit like a boor. But that doesn’t excuse you.”

In a sense, poor Henry was the one who was being exposed in this town. He had try to be obsequious with Mandalay. She completely saw through him. For his own part, he acted as if he had been completely successful. If Henry could act this way, that seem to give calling a greater invitation. He acted as if Mandalay was another trick. That was hideous and its own way. But Mandalay was not at all that vulnerable. And she didn’t appreciate Colin’s actions. Colin was trying to do exactly what Henry had done. He acted it out in a little more suave manner. Ultimately he was just as brutal.

Everything got a little crazy. There was Colin trying to work his magic on Stanza again. I didn’t even have a chance to say anything. It all happened so suddenly. How long would it take her to put everything into plac.? She might look back on this with great fondness. It was just like the crowd sitting around me. Nothing really mattered. Everyone was stroking someone’s ego. And that seemed sufficient under these circumstances. What did Owen have to say? What did anyone have to say? Or was there even a story here that seemed almost preposterous. Who was the creative one.? What was the story? Did she look at you? That you looked back? Did you smile? Did anyone smile? Was there anything to smile about?”

“Stanza had a great smile. But Colin act was getting old. Anyone who had been following along would’ve recognized that. For the time being, Stanza didn’t have a clue. Did it even matter? Could he find another playpen to rattle?”

“Is this really how you get your kicks? Does anyone get into this kind of shit? I guess they do.”

That was pretty much the whole issue. Colin was successful again and again at making all this happen. It was probably because no one was comparing notes. But it was almost more than that. Was Stanza learning from one moment to the next? Indeed what was anyone learning? Of course, oh and try to make it seem as if he has some kind of expertise here. Each one of these little moments could be a song. They could be a lament. They could be a celebration. There was always some thing new. This added to the sensation. It made Colin seem like more of an artist. Indeed, that was his skill. At Reunion, he felt like a magician. He spent so much time stuffing the rabbits in the hat, ther was a wonder if he could ever get them out. Sincerely, was that the philosophical question? How many rabbits could fit in a hat? As many as Colin had. What he couldn’t put in the hat, he could stuff up his sleeve. Stanza didn’t know whether she was coming

or going. Marcella was long gone. But he saw Mandalay, and he realized that things had not quite gone his way. How was that even possible?"

"You could have this great career by day, but you were looking for validity from this malignant drifter. How was that even possible? Why did things even work this way? It could've been more obvious. This is all part of the sho. It was meant to work itself out like this. Stanza told herself this is some thing she did. Was it ever anything different? Could it be different for anyone else. They all seem to share the same troubles. No one had that moment when she said to her self what the fuck is going on? She told her self that she knew it was going on. She accepted what was going on. Why did it even matter? That was how it was working itself out."

"Stanza might've had a moment when she stepped back. But what was she stepping back to see? Colin realized the role that he was supposed to play. He was the wandering troubadour. He was the one dispensing tried-and-true wisdom. Poor Henry could be the ideal audience. He always was. All these characters were equally caught in this same world \. That's just how it was. That gave that wonderful punch to all of them. Colin felt as if he was perfecting the act. Maybe he could write a song for each woman that he met. Anyone who gave any credibility to this poetry was probably more lost than he was. It was all the black sheep together. He was only one of all the sheep. At other moments he was the herder. But it worked out the same. He could have another drink and just blend in. When Peter passed out, the Savior could go into his acts. Jekyll could become Hyde. And everyone would just go along. After all, what did it matter; it was all for shits and giggles. There are no genius moves here. Anyone who thought he was better than anyone else was deluding himself. So Colin could keep on with the tired act until the end of time. And that was why he wanted to be a noble. That would add a little zest to his performance. He never wanted it to seem tired, so it all became crazier and crazier."

"Colin hardly had to worry about holding it all together. This was the condition of the show. It might've been more brilliant if it was ancient Pompeii. The lava would've frozen them in time with the liquor still dripping from their lips. "

"Truth had to face her own feelings. It was hardly about her art. It was more about her disruption. Did this wreck any possibility of there being any key on a design. Maybe this understanding suited her well – maybe not!"

"Henry could pretend that he was tied up and forced to watch the spectacle. They might've absolved him of any responsibility. Did anyone have an out? For the time being, all I could think about was bringing Colin down. What was my choice? Was I seeking the same fate for myself? I only wished that Stanza had been more of the artist. Or maybe, she could've been more of the critic. It wasn't even being stuck with local celebrities. It was being surrounded by bitterness and not knowing where to go from there."

"How long can I keep writing Colin's story and not make him more heroic. Surely, this would've been time enough for him to learn some thing. But I never really believed it from the beginning. But he didn't make an attempt to make himself prominently known. So this added to the portrayal.

"I guess it was cool when you first learned that I was going to write about you. Someone else would finally recognize how committed you were to your art. This would be the big speech for your life. You could share it with all your friends. But when you got a hold of my book, you saw what was really about. And I was calling you out. I might not of been so vicious if I felt that

there was something behind your efforts. I was not going to criticize a hard-working artist as he spent his time trying to perfect his craft. I realized how hard it was to overcome your influences. They would still echo in every word you said. But it went beyond that. You had just enough craft to charm and audience. But there wasn't that much insight about social experience. It wasn't so much that you lack to sense of caring. Did you really understand the social forces and move society? Was it even possible to influence a persons thinking by creating a coherent argument. What did that even mean? You're like so many people creating these self justifying metrics. And they're only staring back at themselves. And they think that they're uniquely profound. But you're just pushing papers like everyone else. If you're lucky, you have a little bit of technical proficiency then make your efforts seem spot on. Otherwise, you're just another person at the fair and your sampling its wares."

"Honestly, I would love it to be more than that. We're watching a society unable to deal with its social problems because people no longer recognize that they're part of a society. All that they can understand is order or disorder; it's pretty much the same thing those who embrace chaos. They are just as deranged as those who are enamored with authoritarianism. It's so easy to criticize what's going on outside your world, but you really don't see what's happening to you. That's your genius. And you're not the only one curious you keep playing to everybody's week suit. Everyone has an inkling of creativity. They all have this faith. But now that none of it is going anywhere even if your art wasn't that good. It might be brilliant if you had a more articulate view of the political situation. You're just good at mimicking what you hear all the time. You're putting on a good face for social media. When someone starts to criticize you, you claim that you want things simple. Simple means that no one tracks you down and sees what you're really about. Simple means that people just see what's going on today and don't connect your bullshit from last week or the week before. You're wearing thin. Maybe that's the key. You're not really about empowering others."

"You don't know what it means to give them space. You found a clever way of encroaching. Some people take that as a compliment. It's nothing like that at all. You're not even in the show. What's really going on here? Is this how we get our integrity back. Is this all part of your expertise. When you face it? What's there? What's there? What's there? Do you have a solitary moment without messing it up with cynicism and bitterness. Honestly, where is any of this headache? Where is this going? Suddenly, you're facing what you're most afraid of. Because you've made it that way. What are you gonna sing about? Am I the only one who sees it here? Maybe, you had a thing at once. I could've shown up for that performance. I'm still trying my best to get to the heart of the matter. And you're still worried that I'm thinking that what's the matter is you. What does that mean to either of us?"

"You're hardly innocent here. I wish that you were there's so many layers that you don't see. There's so many things that are just behind you. How can you break it all down? I guess everybody sees what he wants to say. You think that here lifestyle speaks for some deep political message. You're working at this temporary job, but you don't really subscribe to the principles of the economic system. So that makes you some kind of rebel. What is that? You're criticizing a society which exploits the vulnerable to assume positions of power. so they can never question the diamond authority. What is any of this about? What are gyou about? Why are you doing this to yourself? Honestly, what are you doing where is it going? Hey, uy, who are you criticizing

now? Who wants to go in for a criticizing criticism? This is not all that deep. We're steeper than you know. How long is this going to continue for? It really shouldn't be forever. Why is this conversation unique? Are you teaching me how to write a symphony? We need a theme. What are you celebrating? I have an apartment. I have a bed. I'm sleeping alone, but you could sleep with me. Buddy boy, she doesn't want you tonight. Buddy boy, she doesn't want you tonight."

"Who does she want? Who does she care about it? This is brilliant. This is not brilliant. This is more than a little ridiculous. Now Colin is getting pissed. He feels as if someone is making fun of his lifestyle. He's come here to show love to people. When you feel the same way? It's just that I had this surmise, and now, it's all office. You turn down all your cards, and I see what you've got, and you've got nothing. But you keep trying to tell me that you're holding a royal flush. Do I care? Even if I did, what would it matter? Why would any of this matter? Or should I be hiding? Where can you protect me?"

"You're a little too close to home. We finally have some thing, and someone's going to take it away from you! What do you have there? What do you have that everyone wants? Do you know who's pulling the strings. We all do. Let's get beyond secret organizations. You've got a place. You've got an empty bed. Do you know where this is going. You don't have what I want. 2/3 of guys don't have what I want. You know how this works. Look at yourself. Look at yourself in the mirror. Do you think any of this is going to do it for me? Do you think you're going to turn me on? There's no story here. Everyone's looking for that same thing. What's going to turn them on. If you're turning me on. There must be some thing between us. There must be some thing that we share. Maybe you could explain that to me. You can explain the physics. Maybe I can explain it to you. There's this spatial distribution of energy. This is the basis for the forces that were observing."

"We could see them as the forces of history. But there's probably a little more to it. What might that be? It's not about investors, even though they think that they're running the show. That show has already left town. It's not about the property. It's all overvalued. No one's producing much of anything, so how are they going to pay rent. Everything's working for now. You're working hard for now. Where is this going to end up? Or is any of this going to end up? Or do you want it to end of? You can't let it affect you. You can never let it affect you. Where do you go from here what does it matter? Why does it matter to you? You could save a little money. You can try to make it last. How long is it gonna last for? Why should you even bother. What should anyone care. What does it matter. Why does this matter to you? This is particularly interesting. This hurts me more than it hurts you."

"Colin is such a well behaved boy. He does what's expected of him. He shows up on time. He's a hard worker. He does his best. He has goals for himself. He's good with the customers. He makes helpful suggestions. He's the kind of guy we want on our roster. Here's the cool thing: you look like you're going to make history. It's almost worthwhile to hang around here just to hear what you're going to say next. That only adds to the excitement of the story. I guess you know this just as well as anyone else. That's what makes it all so exciting. Let's move on from here."

"I was hardly finished with my tale of Colin. He is certainly done enough damage. Worst, he got others to believe is bullshit. And it only seemed to continue. Why was it even worth talking about? Because Colin was a type. He was so much like others here. They all felt as

if they were on some kind of quest to find a muse, to find an angel, defined a female liberator. But their method was exactly the same. They would get a woman close enough so that they could try to strip her of anything that made her individual. For all these guys it was almost cultish. It wasn't so much that they saw the women it as a prize. It went beyond that. Even from the beginning, trying to shape the girl into this vision that they had. At first, she would respond favorably because she believed that he was advancing her creativity. He knew all the right things to say. And he kept making them think that he could help them in some unique way. His skills were really limited. His understanding of history included some insights, but the overall vision was meant to support his point of view. So there was nothing that was that unique about what he was offering. But it was the same again and again with the other guys. They each had a variation of a zone what he would say so that he could use to entice the girl. By the time that she realized it was already going on, she had already spent a great deal of time with him."

"It worked the same time and time again. It was maddening. And in some cases he was dealing with performers who were just as limited as he was. On that basis, they saw him as that needed savior. At the same time, he was seeing the girls in a similar way. But he framed it in a temporary way. This exaggerated now gave him greater credibility. And that was all. It was hideous. Certainly, there was a little bit of a distinction happening here. These creative types didn't want to see themselves the same as the other women here. Nevertheless, they might feel just as desperate as he was to seal the deal. Nothing could be saved until later. Everything was about the magnificence of the moment."

This didn't make Colin look any more promising. But it was also why it might be difficult to convince someone that he was in imposter. This would only highlight the individual's own witnesses. When she was with Colin, she might feel that there was something worthwhile about her talents. This was the forum that she was looking for. And he offered her something magnificent. Colin was very much part of this ridiculous show. The others hanging around had the same haphazard attitude. Some might even exhibit a little more talent. But no one was pushing to the heights. It was all about coming down to the same level. When people crawled around on the ocean floor, they could reassure each other that it was society's doing that had made them degenerate to this point. There was nothing about this that was insightful. There was a total lack of political awareness. This was emphasized by the limited skills. And only made it more ridiculous to try to hang around with this group. They were all lost in eternal confusion."

"Suddenly, this is your store. It's not this guy Colin. But you meet him at the clubs. It's what you do day today. What he did ten years ago. Maybe you made your own comic book. And you wrote a bunch of songs that you could sing to your kittens. Are you made homemade cards with your own artwork for all your friends. You created the whole world for yourself to help to support your artistic pursuits. Now you are five years down the line. And you've been distracted. For just a moment, Colin takes you back to the same space. Really, who is this guy, or any of these guys? Who are you? What happened to that dream?"

"If Colin can bring it to life for five or ten minutes, what else is there? This is how the flame gets ignited. When you see it right before your eyes, you should not let it go. We should you try to hang onto it? There's really some magic here. Or there's nothing at all. You're looking up at the world and looking up at the heavens. Are looking down at the world. It could be so much more; it should be so much more. Colin is staring at you. And you're acting as if he knows

what's going on. Didn't talk. Join in. Does any of this make a difference? Does it even make any difference? This is silicon. This is what you call your heart."

"What are you going to make happen today? How is this working for you how is any of this working for you? You can quit this right now. You could talk with us. Does any of this affect you at all, or if you're just jacked up enough, if you're just excited to go to moment, if you just let go, if this is all there is to it, if you're holding hands, do you realize that this is your fucking life. And you're hanging around with this excuse for a writer. At best, where is any of this going to give you a little bit more self-awareness. What are you going to do on Saturday? What would you do? Is he going to show you where the entertainment is? Is that exciting? Is any of this exciting? Does it affect you in any way whatsoever. You can drive around and pretend that nothing's happening. Nothing is happening."

"Who is on board? Are you ready what's for what's coming next? Does anyone care? Do you even care? He's talking to you about shelf life. This could've been something more. What would've been.? He certainly enhanced his fantasy. You made it seem as if there was a lot more going on. Honestly, what does he have to offer? What's he going to write about? Is he more concerned about getting buzzed or getting off. And that's what you are. You don't want to think about it that way. You could talk about places that you've never been. And that makes you feel as if you're traveling. It's pretty much the same for people to think of themselves as travelers. They keep running for the thing that's right in front of their faces. And when they face it, there is this terrible sense of emptiness. You're afraid of solitude; you're afraid of emptiness. But what are you afraid of? This is a fear of pure nothingness. It's not some thing that causes you too be seized with his greater mission. You just lose yourself at the moment. And that's that. And that's that. And that's that. Is that the rhythm? What's the accompaniment? What's the theme? What's the chorus? I'm waiting at the airport for you? Why bother? Why should anyone bother? Why do I even care? When should I start caring? It's going to take a while. Nothing is going to come over. Everything's going come over. You set the bar high enough. But he also said the store open. So even if you're messing up, you're still moving. It's almost as if you're flying.

"Is this good for you in anyway? Hi! My name is Colin. What can I do for you?"

"Did you pull out the shopping list. Then you pull out a laundry list. What else do you need here? Where is any of this going? Where do you want to start? Where should the sound? What's in the glass? Can I have another one? Do you need to text us? You can develop a taste for this? It cost a little extra. We can all get together and have a night of it. We couldn't answer taste. Kiss me on the lips. And tell me where to go. Tell me where not to go. You can help me to take chances. You can tell me not to take chances. You can get in my way. You could not get in my way. You can do some thing that bothers me. You could do something wonderful. I don't wanna wait any longer. I want us to happen now. My name is Colin. Do you want to get to know me? Do you want to have fun? I've been looking for the right girl. For the right girl. For the right girl. I was looking for the right girl, looking for the right girl. I've been looking for the right girl. For the right girl. I was looking for the right girl. Thank you, Colin. You made me feel special. You made me feel so special. I've never felt this special before. Thank you, Colin. Thank you Colin. Can I have another! You're wonderful. Touch me all over. Touch me everywhere. Touch me somewhere you've never touched me before. Even know what that means. We're tempting fate. What were you doing last night? I need to fill you in my calendar. I'm really over it all. How did

I become the villain of your book. I try to be your friend. This goes deeper than you. This goes deeper than her. That's where. There's the real thing. And the fake and it's tribal! They don't hide in the cave. They come out. They act out rules. Enjoy your life!"