

MISFORTUNE

“I would like to do your fortune. Does love create our bodies? Or do our bodies create love? It is better if our emotions do not come after the fact. This only adds to her vulnerability. But it is easy to get caught up in the moment. Things that we once found appealing become more appealing than ever. We get caught in disbelief. We surrender to the moment. There’s nothing that we can do. Are we reading tea leaves? Once that wave has rolled over us, what else is there? There’s nothing. That’s why we hold on to these feelings. We try to pretend they are so much more. But we may simply be caught in our infatuation. And it is temporary. And there’s nothing else we can do. So we hang on. And we tell ourselves that there’s nothing else. It is so much more. There’s so much that’s possible. We can redesign ourselves. But this might seem like some kind of cult”.

“We start liking what we hated. We start hating we liked. Nothing means anything. I’m starting to feel besieged by these emotions. They swirl around me. I am totally immersed in what is happening. I want to escape. I want the world to show me something else. But I am immersed in this idea of cuteness that I have created for myself. It is reassuring. Everyone doesn’t roadway. I in her own way. I am only adding to this feeling. I’m coming down to the end of the lease. What has it done for me? Or what is it taking? Where is any of this taking me. I am so concentrated in the moment that nothing else matters. Or I get held by every appeal as it comes my way. I have lost my self, and I have lost my wife. I’m not sure where to go from here. I fight for my integrity. Why do I have to work with? It’s almost the end of the world. Now, I’m caught up right in the middle of things. I’m not supposed to see anything more than I do. It’s all about the immediacy of the moment. And I surrender. I get lost. I give in. Is this worth holding on to?”

“Do I throw it all back, only to beat my line once again? How is that supposed to work? How is that supposed to affect me? I can’t even keep track with everything that’s going on around me. This is how we survive. We push these risks a little more. We’ll see what we can do. But there’s some thing that I face that is so awesome. And I never minute to be like this. I hate innocence. I have dreams. And I was scooped up. I was taken somewhere. And I was given a script. And it was made to say these things. None of it has anything to do with who I really was. If this happened once, then it happened again. Myself. I felt destroyed. I felt helpless. I was immersed in the madness.”

“I want to write your story for whatever it’s worth. This will be painful. You’re not the only one experienced same kind of rejection. The same kind of cruelty. The same kind of abuse. That does not diminish your pain. In a sense, it only makes it more intense. Why do people act this way? Why do they think they can get away with it again and again? It’s more than a little confusing.”

“We need to get to the root of things. At the source, we can make sense of it all. It can all stand out in its raw power. Even then, it’s hard to explain why this happens to us. We’re trying to avoid this kind of mistreatment. But it’s there to threaten us.? Why have we been crushed? What is made us like this? We wonder We are not being punished. This is not a result of her guilt. But we have been banished to this place. We have been shaking around. We are hopeless. We don’t want to think that way. But that feeling predominates. Why do we live for someone else to give us meaning for our lives? We keep opening the next door as if that’s going to show us

something different. We look in the faces of these people, and we tell ourselves that it is all going to be okay. But we realize that it never well. Are we do not want to commit to a life of sorrow. We should not have to depend on someone else to give integrity to our lives. Nevertheless, the isolation can seem incredible. We exaggerates the same genus. Where is it headed? Where is it supposed to go?"

I would like total devotion, but I think it would be in your interest to abandon your Reunion project. You talk too much about yourself, but I really want you to hear my story. So put all that away for now. I realize that something terrible happened to you, but I feel something awful happened to me. So let me continue to develop that for the rest of the conversation. If you have anything else that's going on, please let me go. I know this has happened to you before. You're someone who I think could open doors for me. I feel as if you're already doing that. I think that's your main function here."

"First, I have to figure out which side you're on. If you're not on my side, then Vittorio may be using you to get to me. Or, you can you be using him to break down my defenses. He certainly has provided you with enough information. And you're more than adaptive playing the rules. If you show yourself as being one step ahead of him, that will demonstrate that you're more powerful than he is. And therefore, I need to find a way to break down your resistance. Otherwise, you will continue to erode my efforts to complete the project. Even if I assume that you were working with me, you may be influenced by your experiences with Vittorio. It could go deeper than that. Your own trauma could be so extensive that the only way to fight back is to be even more ruthless. That's your overall intention. Even if you're trying to help me out, you are the one who is now drawing me into the spider's web. You're waiting for the right minute moment to to hear my voice. I could see that your contribution is totally innocuous. You're struggling in your own way, and you could benefit from a cooperative venture. That may be your overall intent, but there could be too many influences that prevent you from ever attaining this kind of awareness. You've seen this kind of vulnerability in others. And you know you're susceptible to it at the same time you don't want to become a victim. That's when your defensiveness is seen. In such a moment, you were entirely aggressive. And there are dangers."

"From these influences, it's obvious what's going to happen. A moment strikes; you're going to be vicious. If you're really clever, you'll simply abandon the scene and find a form of more intense gratification. You're teetering. You're trying to resist temptation. You're trying to fortify your defenses. But you could be susceptible to negative influences. And they could further restrict your ability to negotiate the situation. I don't wanna see you as such a calculating person. You certainly have enough defensive capabilities to create a difficult situation. This could appear to be an intentional. Nevertheless, if this becomes your pattern of behavior, and these actions are manifested time and time again. If you know the results, then that becomes a form of intention. This needs to be the basis for your accountability. There's no other way to say this."

"Are the stars favorable for you? Does everything come down to this? Or vision is greater than that of anyone else. Really? Or do we crash up on the rocks of desire. We hope that it might be something more, but it never is. We are immersed in this conflict. What do you know that separates you from everyone else who has traverse this path? Are you the one who will send the mountain? Will you look down from the heights and remind yourself what you've gone through? What is it all about?"

“There is this fine line between a costume and the appeal. That is the essence of your being. You know, I owe everything to you. Is this how it works? If not for you, there is someone else in your place. And that person will have a story. And that will become the only story we’re hearing.”

“Stories don’t need to have lessons. They don’t need to be uplifting. They are just like a zigzag moving towards some destination. And some people hop on board as if they’re going towards a goal. Often they will miss that goal. Be too enthusiastic. Overshoot it. So expect for something else. But they leave it as it is. And it’s everything. What does it matter? Do you think that the forces of history are out of your control, but you’re so excited it’s all in your grasp. Are you one of the lucky ones? Where does your good fortune originate? What do you know that no one else knows? You know where the flowers grow. Where are they now? This seems like the right season for flowers. And you like them all. For that brief moments you are the creator. Everything flows through you. Is this tragic? With this flowering phase?? How will things come to life afterwards? What is the blessing? What is the blessing? What is the blessing? Do we have the seeds? Is the ground fertile? Is there enough water? How long do we have until the end?”

“Everything’s falling down around you, but for the brief moment you can hold it all in place, and it gives you excitement; it’s everything and more. How do you get to this point? Who accompanies you? Who gives you life? Everything sparkles all around. Why is the world this way? Why is your world this way? You’re hungry, when you eat. Where is it all going? Is that all along? Do you have enough to enable you to survive? Are you holding on? Why do you still have the energy? And the door slams shut. That opportunity will seem remote. Are you ready? This is a world of no touching. Do you want to care?”

“Do you want to move it all along. But something is stopping you getting from getting on track. You have the vision. Things could be so much more. You could be so much more. You would no longer want to be spectator. You would no longer marvel at the spectacle. Do you want to get your hands in the motor and make it run with extra power. There are so many people that have broken from the beaten path. And they are on a similar journey. Everything moves them to the same place. For the moment they are triumphant. And then they are tragic under witnessing. It’s not a matter of being cynical. They find it difficult to use the gifts they have.”

“Everyone wonders. With everything that you know, why wasn’t he easier in the past? What did you need to do to get going? You need to write this song. You need to sing it. You need to play the melody. I needed to make it get in peoples heads. You need to be less impressed by your own accomplishments. You need to follow the effects of the earthquake. You are the seismic event. You’re going to put everything into place. It’s all up to you. What’s the conclusion of year experiment? Sometimes you want to let it all go. Do you want to surrender to the universe. What’s in your way? What is preventing you from getting things done.?”

“Your car is ready for you. Are you going to hop inside. After you give so much to yourself to work, what’s left for yourself? Are you going to apply the lessons that you have learned today? You were given a gift. How can you shape it? What can you do with it? Everything is so ambiguous? Or do we know? What do any of these gestures mean? We can’t rely on butterflies. You need to find a more solid resolution to year vision for the world. How can you make it happen?”

“Do you know what it is. Do you want to claim it as something else. But you’re going to

do it on your own. And I welcome that. I want to see you bring down the walls of Jericho. But it never quite works out that way, does it? You break down your walls. For the moment, you pretend that you have a solution. In your heart of hearts, you know that's not true but everyone's pretty much the same. Their belief becomes more intense. They lose their way. After all, I'm exactly the same way. I believe everything that you're telling me. I'm writing it down. It's my new covenant. It will make sense for everything in my life. I no longer have to sacrifice myself. I'm waiting for you to tell me something important. What is that? What do you want to share? What is the secret?"

"We are gamblers. We lost at the table yesterday. But we have new money, and we're back again."

"The appeal of the dream has been entirely reversed. I had been immersed in my own vision. I was at the edge of the Thought Corridor, and I had got called in. In my mind, this encounter was everything. But it didn't fit in my portrayal. Now, I was completely immersed in this vision. And I accepted whatever I was told. I no longer was able to resist. And I wrote in my story for us to come over. This enabled me to better understand the experiences of others. Now, I was being told that I was the subject of the dream. And it was up to me. The more than I wanted, the more she seem to resist. I had been tricked. It was all too obvious."

"There's a little that you can do. And you may want to change. Time passes more than it seem desirable. You see my face. This is your desire. But there's nothing that you can do, nothing at all."

"I don't think it's more intense the more that I feel desire. This feeling exists, and I'm doing my best to understand. Wait a second, you fucking idiot."

"People want to believe their emotions. These intense feeling makes us feel that we are more connected to others. You are presenting the opposite vision. I'm trying to make sense of it. For a while, I thought that we were on the same wave. But it appears that you feel something that excites you more than ever. And I'm just trying to keep up. Trying to make sense of it all. And it's not even possible to talk about. Let's assume it is shared. That was supposed to be. First, you found that connection. You found someone who understood your experience. You even had reference points to support that division. Then you seemed to have a common experience together. After that, you believe this was no longer simple. Now, I'm trying to keep up. Anyways. What difference does it really make for you? It's almost a performance. I was set up too. As soon as I start to have that feeling, you catch on. Can you remind me in a spectacle. You are experiencing deep emotions that are yours and yours alone. All your eyes and your excitement have nothing to do with anyone else except yourself. And the audience. Do you want to exaggerate it so it seems to mean something more?. I'll try to make sense of it. We wonder. Anyways, it's totally an active self-creation. Instead of seeing common elements, your experience is completely marginalized. You have devised a way to a wreck it all. I can't be broken by some different reality."

"At the same time what does any of it signify? On some level, it all appears as your vision. But you're not the first. It would be inspiring to others. Ultimately, you are expecting perfection everywhere in the world. A real connection. Psychology has entirely no standards. In some respects, this may be even more standard. Have you really found the way to shape the world. Simply expect it to reflect."

At first, you were absolutely brilliant. you were a creature totally self-generated. You could masterfully describe the origins of others, because you yourself had no precedents. You could pick and choose your history. You could delight in a band from the 1990s. You could reject the musical gestures from the early 2000's. You could embrace the music of West Africa. You could fall for a jazz song from the 1950s. You could be chameleon; or you could create your own values. It was all pretty much the same thing. It was your show. You were always one step ahead of your opponent. You were genius in your own way. You could make a playlist that was emblematic of your affection. Or you could withdraw and find your own happiness isolated from anyone else. You could come alive at a club in the 1980s. Or you could craft yourself in the moment. Everything was possible. Everything was forgiven."

"How long could you keep this going? You could pick from a stack of records and play them up on your system. You made the mood. You created the reality. Nothing stood in your way. No wonder, you could craft such a marvelous fiction. You had a closet full of clothes. You could pick the right costume. You could be glamorous. You could be functional. You could be a rebel at all costs. You could be royalty. Did it even matter? Did you need to be consistent? You thought that he would be zero dinner. They were the new gutters and the blabbermouth. They were the ones who wore their politics on a t shirt. They could show up conveniently for a political demonstration. All the while they checked their crypto accounts to see how they were doing in the market. You could hunt them down and expose them one by one. Or you could hide yourself away, and none of it touched you."

"You could hear the cries of a kitten in a dream. You were there to rescue it. Did you hear those same cries halfway across the world. What if they never touched you? What if you never knew of any of this? Would it even exist? You had your own form of radicalism. It was hard and fast. It would slam the door on mischief. It enabled you to walk out if things got too insane. And your manifesto made it seem as if this would never happen again. That kind of attitude only confirmed a sense of independence. It almost said that you never needed to worry about being vulnerable, because your vulnerability only exposed the worst traits of another person. Could you walk away? Even in framing these insights you were immersed in your own nostalgia. It was a nostalgia totally without any references. You started these experiences when you were a baby. You could even go deep. You could live in a world of dreams that had its own history. On the surface, it would seem to escape any of the dilemmas of politics in the present. It wasn't just that you were going back to the original intent of existing institutions. You were going even deeper. There were moments that you were playing with the original matter of the universe. It was that reality that even preceded quantum. It was the balance between possibility and nothingness. The same principle could motivate you in your experience. You lived in that balance between appetite and curiosity. Your discovery meant that you could eventually attain the ultimate form of satisfaction. What did that tell you about the world?"

"What did that reveal about yourself? Your ghosts from the past are all the more apparent than others. You could try to shuffle these cards. You could pretend that the deck was your own. But there were cards lurking in there I told her own story. And you were just going along for the shuffle. You pretend things turn out perfectly. You only need to shut the door. If things got rough, you could go out on your own. Where was it all going? Down deep, what were the expectations? Certainly, you were shaping the details of consciousness. You were altering your

awareness. You were tapping into a primal force that could fashion in the world the way that you wanted to see it. But everything seemed pushed along by these feelings. You understood how to pilot as craft, but were you really aware of the science that gave it power. Where were you headed? Who was playing along with you?"

"I wondered about these challenges; where was anybody going?"

"It was more than obvious. What was happening. We're trying to make a break from old habits. And you've gone deep in yourself to find those things. And that vision seemed to move on. Now things were going too fast. And you needed to slow them down a little. You've just left a terrible relationship. It wasn't the first. And the feeling still lingered. You didn't want to leave yourself vulnerable in the same way. It didn't take much to get you excited, but you were out there, and it was all going crazy. And you realized it all. It seemed more absurd. You may have let these thoughts define you. And you felt so confident. You might have been able to give meaning to your dreams. What about these lingering feelings?"

"You want to act as if you're strong. So you really don't want to admit that someone has taken advantage of you. It's easier to rewrite the story. It was bad. But it's not that bad. In the present, you don't want to see yourself caught up in a mess. So it's much easier to draw boundaries, even if those boundaries say nothing. What did happen with Vittorio?"

"In a sense, you were both stranded ships. So you can easily sympathize with his experience. Despite his supposed plan for his life, he was just as lost as you are. He was driven by emotions. He revealed something inside him, and that still seemed to matter. You couldn't separate yourself. If it was logical, you could've created those feelings by yourself. Credibility. This is part of your nature. It's the foundation of your belief. Even in designing a new self, you only have so much credibility. He's telling you things. And you think that's your nature. Probably, you have the opportunity to make things happen in the world. The worst successes. Do you want me to kill the dragon?"

"Couldn't you do it on your own now? It's so much clearer. Do you want something that never existed. You were with someone who was nostalgic about how you worked. Can you believe that was more significant than it was? And then nostalgia plaza. What about it? How are you making everything up? The more you'll get entrenched in your way of thinking, it'll seem to reinforce what is supposed to be. And it's not entirely logical, and that is your nature. You're not the only one. That's Vittorio's style. You're not going to be able to come out of it."

"In some respects he's broken you down, and you don't have the physical wherewithal to be any other way. What's the last question? Could he be any more wrong?"

"Whenever, you don't have to analyze, you can dismiss it all as some fake form of oppression. You've given more than enough time to someone who is in opposition to anything real in life. That's what the nostalgia means. You mock liberals as if they can't attain radicalism. But you don't see how these are your same references. Do you think because you had a momentary realization during your arguments with Vittorio that any of this really meant something. Nothing affected him. He can't even take credit for any idea that he may have stolen from you, because they lacked the impact that they had for you. I don't think it's anything more."

"Maybe, that's why people are happy with so much less. How are you ever going to achieve status? Going to have to go for a while by yourself. Beliefs and values that are fundamentally contrary. And if you put all this aside, what are all your criticisms? In other words,

you're good at your outcast offenses. You seem to tolerate them. If that's what's happening what's going to happen? Waiting to figure out. It's closer than you think."

"What are we going to do about it? You've been given a mission. Honestly, what does that even mean? Are you even prepared for what's coming next. My dear, I think that this is where the fun begins. Honestly, you. What kind of sense can we take from the first story? Who is talking? Who is listening? There was a time that Steven Fisher spoke."

'He believed that his own vision. He couldn't look deep on the truth. He felt that had vocation that was not focused solely in the self. He was trying to reveal different forces that motivated behavior. This meant that the whistleblower had the power to reveal the actual activities of the government. Even though it was supposed to be government by the people, the people had created this monster and they could not control it any longer. People accepted this change. They did recognize the deeper issues that they faced in certain situations. How did things get out of control? In some cases this was due to the manipulation of information."

"Even though there was enough evidence to reveal the abuses of state, this information remained hidden from citizens. But there was also a segment of society that no longer wanted to be reminded of what was going on. Instead of seeing themselves as part of a bigger social experience, they ignored the interconnectedness. They found their own enemies among the oppressed. Was this the intent Steven Fisher's research?"

'Do you have enough motivation to expose what is going on. Who is even behind these events? At what point are people willing to surrender their ability to make change happen? The political awareness is key. It can help sharpen the awareness of individual abuses. And also empower the individual to link together with others who have suffered under similar regimes. This could be the basis for lasting change if people weren't willing to make changes in the immediate environment, and there would be no greater development in the world."

"These are the initial steps. They are critical. They give the self a vision to recognize how things really operate it. Some people might take this as an excuse to seek a personal reward. Even that view is shortsighted. It is all revealed shown in how people treated those around them. Everything would come back. This was not karma. This was how the social structure worked."

"There are numerous examples where people would help each other. But there were also circumstances where some people envisioned their own rewards as the sole purpose for their efforts. They would transmit this view to others. And these lone wolves were isolated from the rest of the world. If they were able to overcome this initial discomfort, they could be the perfect pawns for the system. Your success would embody the ideology without any restraint. Was Steven able to sustain this insight? His initial successes stood him well. But he didn't adapt. He realized how he could easily gratify his desires. And that became his primary focus. The political narrative became sidelined. Nevertheless, the circumstances were still there. It was still a story that needed to be taught. And Steven try to put himself in the middle of the action. He could see the abuses. They seemed to become more intense. And the need for the whistleblower was just as urgent."

"The whistleblower was not meant to be a savior. This could be some kind of revelation about what was really going on. This could include assassination attempts of international leaders. It could include operations of the intelligence services. It could include operations by the American Chief Executive. It could include surveillance of the citizens. There was

definitely an effort to increase this level of control. Even in trying to achieve personal independence, people could sense the effects of this marginalization. Even more intense.”

“Steven realized that his past was riddled with critical errors of judgment. He had believed that the pleasure principle could expose deeper contradictions within the society. At first, that seemed to be clear. Later, the confusion became more intense. People could get lost in this careless pursuit without any kind of awareness what was going on in the rest of the world. This is itself could be a challenge. It wasn’t too hard to see how socioeconomic hardship still predominated. But it wasn’t enough to declare the problem. It was necessary to go to the heart of the matter. People needed to learn how to empower themselves collectively. What were the clues understanding? Rels might’ve been aware of this understanding. Reunion seemed to be a place where these issues could be discussed.”

“This went beyond immediate concerns at work. People were developing an entrepreneurial mindset. Nevertheless, the overall understanding seemed to break down. What prevented a deeper awareness. Who was standing in the way of this lasting insight?

“What are you going to do when the magic is over and you don’t want to walk away? Maybe you have to figure out what’s the source? What’s made it all happen whatever it is, you need to lock it in. Need to lock it in once and for all. And you’re looking at the challenges. You’re trying to sort it all out. Is your creativity feeding you. What is missing? When did you get off track? It was more than having a good story. You were offering lessons to people who hadn’t hired you as a consultant.”

“Field to figure out. What did any of that mean? Where were you supposed to start? You had people around you who could figure out a part of the puzzle. And they believed that was enough in itself. You tried to be sympathetic. We tried to recognize the balance. There was still something lost. You were further out than you realized. And you were fighting to get back in. What did any of this matter? Why did any of this matter to you? It was just about showing up and getting paid. It was more about influence. Nothing really mattered if the world was crumbling around you. And you didn’t have to give into that kind of mentality, but there was a balance need to figure it out. You looked at people getting off their shift at work, and they still had that hunger. And they realized it wasn’t being satisfied. And made them a little desperate”.

“They knew they weren’t going to find any kind of balance. But they wanted to push things for whatever that meant. That could add to the marvel. It could make them insightful. But everything just stopped dead in its tracks. None of it was going as quickly as it seemed. If it was heading on a collision course, someone need to sort it all out. What were you doing?

“We are going to have to work hard to plan this together.”

“What does that mean?”

“Is it love, or is it work?”

“Where is Steven?”

“We need to get out of here while we can.”

“We are going on a trip.”

“Of course, you are.”

“There was this magnificent bridge builder. And he had so many ideas for bridges. But he only build one bridge because after it was finished, he could spend all this time admiring it.”

“I can help you with that murder case that you’re working on. I have displayed the

evidence for you.”

“She knows that you have a crush on her.”

“What is that about?”

“That is what I asked.”

“That is what we all asked.”

“There a killer like that lurking in our midst. There are two million of them in this country. That means one is watching you right now.”

“I was watching her. I meant no harm.”

“Who are you to say?”

“I don’t think that I would between us. It was fun. I just realized it. I’m not sure what I should say. I really can’t explain it all I want to say it’s your fault. But I didn’t feel it. And I don’t want to put us through something that wasn’t real.”

“So I wake up, and I’m locked in your closet. What the hell is going on? What do you expect from me. I can’t do some thing that I don’t want to do. I don’t want to feel forced.”

“I liked you. I have no idea what it’s going on. Why did you do this to me? Always your intention? It really is going on so well. The next thing I know I’m locked in your closet. Honestly, it’s next to impossible to get out of here. I don’t know how you locked me in. But I can’t pick the lock, and I can barely see what’s going on. You’re lucky that I left my phone on your dresser. Otherwise, I would already be out of here.”

“You knew that it was coming to this. It’s not as if I’m turned on by your magnetic personality. And I think that you pushed the envelope more than once. After a certain point, I couldn’t do it anymore. For myself, this was the end. So I had to stick to that plan. It couldn’t be any simpler. You had already done enough to me. I wasn’t about to do anything else. It was all over. It was more than a little obvious. At that point, I couldn’t even avoid it.”

“So I guess you’re getting a little bit of your own medicine. You sit and observe people trying to find out what they think. But I guess that I’ve found out what’s your weakness. And here you are: locked in my closet and you’re not going to be able to do much about it. Honestly, I think it’s hilarious. In the end, we all get what we deserve. I’m sure you always thought that I was your biggest supporter. Honestly, it’s pretty simple I’m not that into you.”

“This is not fun. I felt that this was going to be forever. But it all turned so quickly. This is all that I have. Now, I have to deal with your shit all the time, so I’m going to give you a little bit of your own medicine. Maybe, you can understand what needs to get done. I don’t think that I could put it any simpler. I mean I want to be fair. I think we’re all over. Maybe, we used to have something. Whatever it is, whatever it was, it isn’t there anymore. I couldn’t put it in a simpler way.”

“Have you figured it out yet? Was it all about you from the beginning? You may not have been ready. But your time would eventually come. What did you understand that no one else understood? What made you the ideal candidat? How do you take in the preparation? Did you study up? Or do you know the key moments. Each one galvanized, but an overall understanding.”

“What did you say? What did you tell the world? What was the first song? Perhaps it started with that. You’re dancing around the living room. And you were sliding around like a snake, sneaky moves here and there. It was marvelous. You were situating yourself. You were getting ready for work. What come next?”

“It didn’t start or end there. You’ve always had this understanding. It wasn’t so much that you were born with it. It just became part of your nature. That plaintive cry that would echo across the valley. The howl of the wolf! No one could take that from you. This was all yours. It was yours from the beginning until the end of time. So you weren’t just playing. You weren’t putting on an act. Maybe, you were showing a side of yourself that might’ve seemed of the most appealing. But there were other facets to the diamond. And it was important to figure that all out. And how did we go from the initial selection process to where we were now? And we could look at the characters. Each one could introduce oneself. But there was that one moment when you showed up. And you seemed to understand it all. What made it so important? What made it matter? At any point during the story, the introduction was only the beginning. Why was your introduction so distinctive. It was as if you knew it was coming. I thought about it. You planned it out. Then it was on full display for the world to see.”

“This is my music. This is my song. This is my dance. This is my smile. This is how I sit. This is how I eat. It’s me drinking. Do you know me? Do you think that you want me to be a certain way? Do you want me to act as part of this scenario that you created in your head. You’ve nurtured it when you listen to music. And you have a script that you want me to read. What does it say?”

“Maybe he’s been saving up to tell you what he thinks. Most of the time, it’s something you already know. It’s something you’ve heard before. It’s something you can imagine. None of this completes the story but I am looking for the beginning and the end. I am looking for an Alpha and Omega. What can you tell me? Am I deluding myself? Or what’s the source of that delusion? And I never wanted to think that the whole story was delusionary. Maybe you’re telling me that. You’re not really looking for someone to complete your story. He just wants someone to give you credit to who you are and what you were doing. Sometimes, I threw my hands in the air. There’s nothing I can do to help. These are words enough for me. The world feels me. Where are we headed? I think of all the people as worse. What do any of them know?”

“The minute that they walk in, they realize that they’re in a different place. What is the difference? Why can’t they use their knowledge to go any further? It has to do with how we see the world. It’s what we do at work.”

“Putting all the pieces together. We’re trying to make a meeting something more. What is that? We get pulled along by the sensation. But we don’t know where we’re going. We get over that first challenge, and we think that we have it down. We feel that we are accepted for what we are or what we do. Or maybe we have this dream, and we try to put it together day after day. It just means that were showing up for work. And there was a moment for you, but you said: ‘I don’t want this anymore.’ All the things that I’ve been holding onto for so long, I want them to mean more.”

“I tell myself that I’m listening. Perhaps, every guy tells you that. Part of me wants to tell you nothing. I’m the writer. I’m sitting here. Tell me what you want to say. Let me continue the story in a different way. And when you listen to your favorite song, when you seem to stop time, when that inspiration fills you up, what can you do with it? I know these moments. And they all add up to something greater. What is that? Who are you? Why will you be able to complete the circle? I wait for an answer. We both wait for an answer.”

“Now, it becomes challenging. You might feel a little dizzy. We are looking for an

explanation. I hope that the pieces fit. But you don't want anyone to say anything. You just wanted this to happen. He wanted it to happen in good time for whatever that means. Maybe, nothing will change. And that is perfect in its own way. He put on the record, and you listen to it play. That is also perfect, and it's so annoying. When will anyone else see your earnestness? How can you communicate and understanding your part? This is your source of greatness. Take it for what it is. It's if that's how it goes, then recognize how the story has reached this point. You have been called. It is your turn."

"I had to devoted so much energy to my betrayal of Mandalay. Now, I was distracted by the immediacy of the moment. I could sense that appeal was over now. And I didn't need anyone to open doors for me. I had my own skills and I succeeded through my efforts. If you want to get on board with me, come along. We can have an adventure tonight. After a few drinks, I'm a fun person. That sensation became even more intense."

"She was sitting down at a table. She had a knapsack. Maybe, everything she owned was in that knapsack. She seemed to be on the street. What was she looking for? Or what was she waiting for. This is no longer about causes. This was all about needs. In recognizing what was going on, was it possible to explain the situation? What did any of that mean?"

I broke it down into simple gestures. I had watched the story that I had painstakingly crafted fall apart right before my eyes. The ravages of desire. I had marveled at this from afar. I pretended to craft a counter-argument. And there were so many places that I felt safe. I could criticize Vittorio or Sly for their actions. I could see through the philosophy of Brad. Now, I faced my own concupiscence. And that feeling was even more radical. Rels had started to provide the inspiration to think differently. The commitment of love created a more intense connection than this random observation. Mandalay was way deep in this awareness. She made it possible to see the cultural foundation of these feelings. This was all about gaining greater authority for the self. The individual could choose an ideal situation to support and artistic exploration."

"And I wish that I could blame Steven Fisher for this. He would feel perfectly at home in this situation. I listened to the first woman who clicked her heels on the pavement. The wind would blow through her blonde feathered hair. She would give him that look. Maybe, he would offer to buy her a drink. Did he have enough money anymore? He had squandered his advance without even producing another book. What was any of that about?"

"The second situation was even more pro troubling The woman was helpless. Who tried to find pleasure in her situation. And she wasn't even capable of interacting in adult way. She lacked the resources. Vince Green would've liked that."

"Samara, yes, what is the name inscribing it own actions. What is the story? Why didn't anyone end up here?"

"Suddenly, it all made sense. You were one person. But the unity seemed to dissipate as you explored the dream corridor. You went far to hold on to it. There was nothing else. But you were immersed in your experience. But she was something else. She had already filled her personality. It split into multiple fragments. And all these aspects of the self seemed to travel everywhere. What did any of us have to do with anything? And what was the only way that I understood the risks. She could've gone down the same road. There were multiple influences pulling her in diverse directions. What was any of this about? How would she reach this point?"

She needed to say stop. She needed to prevent these things from happening. But she was already caught up in the experience, and she needed to make it for what it was.”

“It was almost as if this was the only way she could protect herself. Sure, the stories and the dreams represented something real. But you needed to figure out how to tell them in effective way. How could she checke herself? How could she make it mean something lasting? She felt as if she was being tossed back-and-forth by these various representations. And she could easily succumb. She needed to find a way to talk about this to retain integrity. It all made sense. She had broken from the spirit world. This was going to be difficult. These influences were constant. They surrounded her. They gave meaning to who she was. What did any of this mean? She needed to discover a better path for the self. Could she create the guidance?”

“It was a matter of giving too much of the self. I’m not going to be able to control these contrary influences. What did she have to do to get her self back? How could she discover some kind of balance? The clearly was some kind of negative power, a negative force that seemed to affect this place, and she could feel the power inside of her. How did it shake her back-and-forth? Was it a matter of building a stronger boundary? She arrived at her own version. She suggested that each one of these steps created as its own challenges. She wanted to avoid that crushing experience. How was that even possible? Where was she being taken? What was being done to her? She didn’t want to enter the same space. She understood the dangers. But she gave herself to the phantom world. These lines were blurred. Perhaps, she was facing an even greater threat.”