

SOUND OFF

“The computer becomes a musical instrument. I am not creating beats. I am not recording sound on my computer. My poetry provides me the means to express myself. I scan my phrases. I enhance these rhythms. They take place inside of me. They are expressed in my mind. They are part of my being.”

“I hear other music. The universe vibrates with these sounds. No one can interfere with their logic. They echo everywhere. I am lost in these waves. But I am also separate from this expression.”

“What do I need to share? This message seems to interrupt other musics. This is the occasion for something else. There is enough inspiration to take me in this direction. Everything carries me along in this exposition. At times, this encounter is fragmentary. It prepares for what is to come.”

“I want others to realize this music. They need to learn how to hear in a different manner. It is difficult to explain. I can hear the trails of these words. It offers a different urgency, and I await this encounter.”

“You want to know. You want to be part of this. You want to welcome this possibility. How is it possible to witness this phenomenon? It might be too easy to become distracted from this realization.”

“Why is this music so different from any other kind of realization? It avoids easy gratification. It suspends that sense of resolution. It breaks down that identification with known forms of expression. It aspires after this other way of being.”

“Other musics are too tied to a fleeting personal triumph. This persona seems to characterize creative endeavors. But this understanding limits the encounter with the world. The creator needs to smash this identification and avoid art based on the indulgence of the maker.”

“Some practitioners are even more devious in their application. They learn how to delight the public. They provoke the memory with the familiar. They restrict the ability to go any further. Nostalgia abounds. Authenticity is suppressed.”

“Some might wonder if it makes any difference. The machine needs to be served.”

“A. Isn't it kind of presumptuous to believe that you can influence the ongoing development of music?”

“Only when music breaks from the existing convention can it aspire to say anything of importance.”

“A. Music is something that you can hear. Why are you arguing for a concept? There is no assurance that the music will ever be good.”

“You need to learn how to hear with your mind.”

“A. That makes no sense. It sounds pretentious.”

“The mind has the ability to create its terrain for expression.”

“A. You are getting away from the actual musical. This separates you from the social practice of music.”

“This is the only way to create a political dynamic. You need to break from gratification of short-term desires.”

“If you do not gratify, you do not know what you are dealing with.”

“I was waiting for you to provide more detail of your new music.”

“Go ahead.”

“I am waiting.”

“I honestly felt that we were developing new terms for personal expression. But we have become nostalgic about our attachment to our own satisfaction. We have lost any connection with a deeper awareness. This is going to explode.”

“You are becoming very pretentious. We like what we like.”

“And we like what we liked. They serve us pellets in the cage.”

“You have your own predecessors, who you revere. Is anything that different? You only want someone to shock you out of your lethargy.”

“What would it mean to have beats on my computer? I could not respond to the active influences that are percolating around me. You need to listen to the silence.”

“What does that mean?”

“If we’re going to go to a place that has bands, and either you’re the girl in the band or is a girl watching the band. If you’re watching the band, it’s back to some guy playing rockstar, and you’re living and dying with his tears. If you were the girl in the band, and the guys in the band are trying to play up to you so that you’ll act favorably towards them. Or European women, and that could be a good thing. But you might just be reinforcing what you already know. Right now, you’re the girl in the band, but you don’t have songs. So your performance exists in this netherworld. It’s all something that you want to do. It’s some thing that you’re going to do. Let’s see you have the skills. Let’s see your brilliance. But right now it’s all conceptual. So you’re not performing in any particular place, the place is here, and we’re planning out whatever that performance might mean. So we’re not going to a place that has bands. They will only confirm all the same myths that these performers have already bought into. And you’re way beyond that. You’re making your own way. You’re doing your own thing. You’re convincing yourself and others. It’s your genius. We accept it for what it is. So we’re back to sitting around talking about what you can do, and your plans highlight your view of music history. Sometimes, he is perceptive. Other times you’re just going along with what you see. You’re the girl in the band. You’re screaming out your message. Your rant means something. Maybe you back off. You find another way to express things but they’re probably not gonna hear that if you go to a place where bands played at don’t be playing dream park or cycle rock or ride girl. Using Pop music, or you do funk and soul. You invigorate dance music. You create your own style. I’ll be ethereal and moody you hear the rhythm of the heavens, when your drift off into space. Are you do with no one else has ever done before because it hasn’t been done yet or are. Maybe you’ll find your deserted island, and your bang on the trees you make the world mean what you wanted to mean. And that is the beginning and end of time.”

“You’re on stage. You have the guitar. What are you telling me? What is the song that we all know? We don’t only know the words by heart, or heart knows that life. Period and may be your favorite tune. Do you want to get up and dance. It’s your memory. It’s your thought. I can play that for you. I can play you. I will give you what you want. You will give me what I need. And turn me on. I know the tune. I know the time. I know the beach. I know it’s kids soon. I know the chords. I know the progression. I know the meaning. Is that what you’re looking for? Explodes inside of you. It says everything to you. This is your time. This is your life. You’ve

been kicked out. They want to know who you are. I wanna know what you are. It's all about you. It's all for you. The world bows to you. Where is this going? Where is this headed? What are we missed? What do we know? This is more than anything you could ever do. This is pure genius. This is the moment. I want all of this. I want all of this anymore. I want this to wake me up. I want this rhythm to be coincidence with my heartbeat. I want the universe looking back to me and reflecting my vision. I want total consciousness. I want you to join in. I want to hold hands. I want to listen to means something more. I wait for that moment of revelation. It is around me. I thought of that exuberance. I feel nothing else. I am nothing else. This is wonder. This is greater than. This is greater than nothing. This is me. This is me and you. This is all of us. I am in the silence. Can you walk with me. We hear nothing. We need to hear the silence. We need to shut it all out. We need to get away from the noise. We need to get away from the clutter. We need to get away from the anger. We are face to face with the new truth. "

"What is it? Where are we? How are we missing out? How are we destroying balance. What has been left out? I did it What is the theme song? Where did it start? Or do you think the starter why do you think this is good?? What do you want?? What are you looking for? And who else is involved? What are the dangers? Do you like it? Do you want to wash your hands? Queen?? Where does this ascend? I'm waiting for this to end. Is this free parking? How did I get here? Who are you working with? Who are you working for? I've after you know when he's going to pick up after. Do you realize how to put all this together? What do I know? What do I think I know? Who has the money? Who has the phone?"

"I'm the writer. I'm the singer. I know everything is right. Everything with me. We are greater than we are. We are greater than you will ever be. Nothing stands in my way. Nothing prevents us from being who you are. We know this. We live for it. I am here to tell you. I am here to show you. You can see. Going down upon you. You can find it on your own. You can put the pieces together. These are just words. This is different than you expect. In the world you take risks. The risks are around you everywhere. If you can't get in, what are you going to do? Who's going to help you? I have to be a trick. Find a reason. It all goes back to that fateful day."

" This has been happening here for a long long time. To go back to that fateful day. I am in the beginning. I am the end. I am saying no. I'm saying no to your phone. I'm having a blast. New blast. Enjoy yourselves. When will this ever be enough?. Do you think that you can catch up? Everyone around here is part of your enjoyment. We went. and there's not enough information to make all this other. You're faking it. Do you think of something else here. You think that you're someone else. You're not who you think you are. You'll never be who you think you are. Can you hear the music? And he's calling you. He's not calling you. He can be with you. They would sing along with you. That is where we're going. We're finding others like us. Listen to her heart beats. Closer. Recognize what's going on. I understand. You know it. Do you want to be entertained. You want to be loved. You're a fool. You're no fool. On. You're doing all this for the future. In your future. I am telling fortunes. I am seeing connections. I'm seeing things that you don't even say. And you're frustrated. Your frustration prevents you from carrying on. You frustration prevents you from recognizing what you need to see. Do you want her yourself. Don't be mean to your self. Don't bring yourself down. We are all working at this together. You have succeeded in ways what else can explain. He's having fun everyone's having fun. This is the end of fun. No more fun. No more fun card. No more jokes. No more humor. We

don't have time. Times are urgent. No more mistakes. We need to get it right the first time. Everything is on shaky ground. Have some tea and chill out. You're getting to crack up in your own bullshit. Keep writing. Make notes. Better. The dog barked at me. Shit what's going on here. Don't you have anything to say? It's your time to explain yourself. You can't keep cursing at the moon. This is your take. This is your explanation. The dog has escaped. I am afraid. Period is the world over. Did you get caught in a trap? There is no trap here. You do. It's soft when you want it hard. It's hard when you need to resist your enemies. You have always."

"Everyone is your friend. Everyone can't be your friend. I'm your friend, honey. What's wrong? You're part of my story. You're the best part of my story. You turn me on. You are fantastic. You're a wonder. You're a marvel. There can't be music about this. We have to listen to her thoughts. Leave. We need to get out of here. We need to stay here. It needs to be different here. Do you understand where this is going? Honestly, who are you fighting? When you realize what you're up against you won't stand a chance. Roofing. Let us misfortune. Do you have a grasp. Down? Can you hear it? Can you feel it? Feel it! Feel something these are your words. These are not words. There are no words. There are no explanations. You just go to Majorca. Where did she go? Where did they all go? It's all waiting for you. Do you have something to say to me the show is over. The noise isn't going to take us any further. What are your thoughts? This is not random thinking. What are you do at work. How are you creative? How can you build upon that experience? Even realizing what you have is powerful; you also recognize your challenges. You may not overcome these dangers. I am going to have to find friends. Someone's going to have to help. Can I help? Is there a way I can tell you? Is there anything that I can teach you? Is there anything you can teach me?"

"It's not as easy as you think. You're not connecting the dots. One person obviously thinks that he knows everything. Two people have easily think that they know everything. Were the words take us? This is my musical instrument. You have to open your mind to hear what I'm playing. It's going take a long time. You need to grasp the concepts. You need to reprogram your brain. You need to understand what it means to hear. There are too many things going on here. There are too many noises. You attempt to get a hold of control controller. It's out of your room. It's not a video game. It's not about you. It's not essential. It's not important. It's totally important. It's everything."

"You can't go down the street. This is a dangerous street this is a dangerous life. This is a dangerous for you. Going on? Do you need to sleep?"

"We haven't even started. Who's playing tonight? Are you involved? Where is this taking him. Where will you be tomorrow? Where will you be for the rest of your life? You need to skate up. I need to get out of here. People are chasing you. Someone's in your way. It's all part of the story it's all part of the psychology. You're back at work tomorrow. Did you ever learn? What did you learn tonight? Who's teaching you? You go to work. You need to be careful. You need to be extra careful. How did you ever get it to work? How do you get it to turn on? This is all about Carrie. This is building up in Regina. Just thinking big. This is thinking bigger than you know. Everyone is in on it. Do you have found that one vibration for affects everyone. Are you allowed to destroy this all the fun is over. It's been made. This is the music that takes you back to work tomorrow in the same state that you left. Is this what you want? You seem to understand some thing else why are you getting freaked out? How did you lose your way? Do you need to dispel

the fear? You're not the only one. I'm not the only one."

"Do you even realize what's going on? You're not right with yourself. You're falling. This happened a couple of times. You go down on the ground and there you are. I can't even get up. You're helpless. How did you reach this point. You were battling not to be this way suddenly, there's nothing else going on in your world. This speaks to your total helplessness. You're active as if you could contribute. Suddenly, you were taking a good hard look at what's available for you. Nothing is there. You have completely lost yourself in the moment. I can see where this is headed. You have finally achieved this unimpeachable source. The system has locked up. I can't move anywhere else. Do you understand what is involved? You have become caught up in the situation. There's nothing else you can do. But you take it to mean something more. It's not something that you can build upon. It's not part of a constant process. It's only the end product. You don't like it that you were in environments where you feel controlled. But this is your own effort to control yourself. It makes even harder for you to adjust others. It reinforces his stubbornness."

"How does music describe the disposition of the mind? You don't have to hear it. You only have to feel it. This is why we read books. We finally close the chapter on the musical escapades. The music is not a show. It is a kind of view. How do I use my relationship to the world express my understanding. I need to immerse myself in the vision, but I need to avoid the lifestyle once and for all. How does that work? I'm asking for a moment of silence. I want to hear what's going on around me. I want to understand that echo. I wanna feel my liberation. Don't turn on the music yet. I'm just getting started. I can't even hear myself think. What should I be thinking? Here? What is the magic? What is the blessing? I'm losing my place. I'm gonna start again. This time, I'm gonna get it right. All these sounds are echoing in my head. I need to break down these influences. I am the writer. Words have this direction. I am attentive to these impulses. Where is this going? What do I need to understand? Taken me this far? I don't need you getting in my head. I don't need that fancy shake my body groove. I need to avoid all this. I need to get away from all these influence, People, I have found the reason, I want to find total control. There will be no interruption. I don't need to tune this guitar. I follow the balance of the universe. Can you hear that? Do we need to create a different universe? Are you putting words in my mouth? Am I putting words in your mouth? What do you want to understand? What do I need to tell you? I am not afraid. I am completely afraid. We are going from one extreme to another. We become envious over our own past. We lose connection with her present. Her future remains unbalanced.

"You only want to hear what it's already familiar. Do you have difficulty sorting through an alternative way of seeing your world? You press buttons. You turn on the sun. You activate reality. I can only watch. To help. What do you need me to say? Where is this going? What is missing? There's too much bass. The drums are cluttering up the vocals. There's not a clear message. We need a producer. We need someone to put everything into place. I love your contribution. I want you to join in. I need you to help guide me. What is next?"

"Someone wants to scream. Someone wants to howl. Do you want to roll around in the dirt. Do you want to understand your origins. What am I doing? Where am I playing? What are you doing? Are we working together? The last chance. I can help. What is this music save all my life? I just got off of shift at the restaurant. I don't like how is the customers are looking at me.

And the other employees seem envious of my skills. I don't want to pretend that I'm better than anyone else. Here, I am. The music tries to distract me. It talks about fun. And talks about enjoyment. It describes going crazy. It's all about forgetting. I don't want to escape. I will get deep in my troubles. I want to understand why I am the way that I am."

"Can someone help me? And someone guide me? Tell me where I need to go? There's so many obstacles to my understanding. I'm looking for a helper. Do you even see what this is? When would ever mean anything? Do you want to dance? Well, Mandalay, what are you doing? What are you doing to me? Do you like me? Why is this important? Why is any of this important? Are you listening to the music? Are you listening to yourself? What do we need to tell ourselves? What is the next step in our growth? You're getting in the way. You're getting in the way of yourself. I collect all these memories. You create a playlist for me. You hear your favorite song. Why is it a favorite? What's happening to you at this moment? What are your influences?"

"Something needs to happen. Something needs to change. We need to shake things out.. I need to take another breath. I need to make this account. I'm losing shape. I'm losing substance. I feel disordered. I need rescue."

"Where were you when you first heard that song? How did it make you feel? Did you wonder if anyone else was listening? Were you trapped? Did it get you going? You need to listen more closely. What else is going on here? There is so many things reverberating in your head. How can you sort them out loud. What are you gonna do about it? What are you gonna do about it? Is there anything that you can do to help yourself? You're losing confidence this is not an easy way to go. Something needs to be said. Something needs to be said to you. What is it? It's not gonna happen anytime soon. You have to take it as it comes."

"The top model, who really does little of of productive value, and who is rewarded immensely, emphasizes the characteristics of the master race. Those who believe that their own lot is tied with those in power craft version of themselves within this overall economy. If she is a 15, then I'm a 10. It could be even more intense. With your characteristic behavior and your charming wit, you act as if your attributes are beyond anyone else. Even when I admits to this ability on your part, that's not still not enough, as if I can pay that price. Honestly, it's not as if I haven't been here before. In trying to create a productive model of education, I really have no time for this kind of hero worship, which is really based upon nothing of substance. That is why it becomes so easy to ally yourself with those in power. That is the actual character of a master race. You believe that your efforts and those of people like you are deserving of disproportionate rewards. And anyone who objects is a spoilsport. This creates unique dilemma for me."

"I want to look wonderful. I think about all the wonderful fashion. It will look great on me. I hate it when these ugly guys try to mess with me. I don't want these ugly guys thinking that a pretty girl like me like them. It is that simple."

"A girl shouldn't think that she can get a guy if she's not that pretty."

"Okay, why do you think that I asked you here? It was obvious. Do you want me to take a look at your work.

"Are you kidding. I told you I was a writer. I never said they had a book. I guess. He told me that you're a writer. And that you've been adequate a long time. Therefore, I don't think you actually had written a book. Maybe more than one. I mean, if you actually have a book, can we sit here together. I can help you with your ideas. We can create an excellent book."

“Why would I want to do that? Because I’m good at what I do. Just because you’re a writer, I can help. An added level of intelligence.. I know that these are ideas there already in your head. Assume that. Just because you know things about me. You can assume that’s the way I am. I’m different than you. General ideas that we all have. To send message just because you’ve been a teacher, some kind of people what to do. I didn’t tell you that it was a teacher.”

“I told you that I taught writing.”

“I help people online. I consulted with other writers.”

“Okay, I’m a writer. And I’d like to take a look at your writing. Maybe I can make some suggestions. Look at my writing. Trying to get deep in my head. Maybe try to control what I do.”

“I can do this on my own. Writer. I mailed ideas. My head screwed on right. My psychology is not messed up. I’m not on drugs. I’m not taking anything to help me. I trust wave voices. I’m educated. I don’t need you hearing in my life. And my life. Are you wanting to myself. I can’t have either way. I want to be nice for you, want to be nice. What do you need to tell me? What I need to tell you? Together. I can revise thing.”

“Back at the same place. I didn’t bring you here because I wanted you to interfere with mine. I thought you could make some suggestions. Let’s be honest. This is nothing to do with writing. This is totally something physical. I didn’t bring you here to let you touch me. I didn’t bring you here to start a relationship. And why are we here? What do we do? I’m sure we had other bodies.”

“I wish we had a feeling that we could communicate better. Where is the school.? What does this even mean. What do you need to hear? I can help I can help. We can help. What are you doing? I love you. Just read this. Just pretended to like him. Just pretend. You want me to love you. You don’t need to pretend. I’m not in the game. I’m not about this. I don’t care about this. Do you let me go. I respect the authorities. Seven authority. But there are three than you are. I know more than you do. Where is the sand. You’re hurting me. Your thoughts are hurting. This is not good.”

“I don’t like you interfering. I don’t want you to interfere with my life I don’t need you trying to get in my head.”

“This year. Can’t wait. This needs to be forever. Nothing. You could make this into something. On this. It is. I don’t care about; you’re everywhere? Rest up. Why are you laughing? Here for lunch? What are you asking me? Silicon imagined. They were supposed to be friends with my friends.”

“I come here. I want weed. You’re a different with my life. You’re in a frame with my mind I’m cooking. Coming. I’m almost there. What are you waiting for? Here? This is ridiculous.”

“ So you are Rels, and you’re right looking for the prince I’m all the pictures at the mall. I am looking for the prince. So you’re using a little machine language. And the closer that you get, the further but it seems to be away. How can you make it a little close ? We use a little machine language, and that machine is supposed to give me the answer. Instead, there’s a slight mistake and you get Rumpelstiltskin. This is not what you were looking for. But you’re not the only person who has faced a similar dilemma.”

“Lancer had her own challenges. She read the book, and she became the folktale. She was Rapunzel. Rapunzel was ready for that fateful moment. But something didn’t seem right or

prince was not the right prince. She needed to send him back. And that's exactly what she did. This enabled her to continue her search. And she kept trying to stay by the book. It was exactly the same. G. Wayne figured out a method to a trapper."

"I could not have been any easier. He dangled a wayward child before her and she rescued a young person. It was only a matter of time G. Wayne was all about family. And he was there when she needed him. He seem to fit the role of the prince. He fought off the enemy all so well. Why didn't it work out any better? She had not found love. She only found a new fear. And she wondered. She was bitten by a vampire bat. She was infected by the blood. Only a sign if I was in town. Her whole system was off. She was off. She knew where this was going. She didn't want to think about it. But it was inevitable. It couldn't be any other way. She had found her executioner. One night G. Wayne attacked. This had been similar to other incidents, but this was so much worse. And he had a history of this kind of violence. The Agency had taken advantage of his rage. They had justified it. They had given it for. And it had destroyed him. And he did what he could do."

"Back to Rels. She lived by the book that she created. And the more that she acted, the closer that she got to romance. And each day brought her closer and closer. It brought her so close that were no longer enough days. So she no longer felt how she needed to feel. She worked by the book once for once and for all. She realized that she had been diluted by her own desire. I picked up on this. This was supposed to be my story. I had given her the book. I've given her the inspiration. She had picked me out, and I picked her out, and she had picked me out, and I picked her out again. Something was not right."

"I can feel it. Somebody knew what was going on. Someone knew how to upset the apple cart. From that small change things that would reverberate, and these waves would scare Rels away. It was also obvious. This was how it happened. We turn the page."

"She was waiting for me. She had her sketch pad. Drawing a picture of a wolf. I looked over. I wanted something else. I wanted something more ethereal. I waited. She came back with her book. She knew that the book word clinch the victory. This was the ultimate test. I asked her what book she was reading. I knew what it was. It was the score. She could fill it in with anything. She missed the chance to influence me

"Another day, I made a mistake and thought she was someone else. I started to talk to her. She was waiting for me all the time."

"I know you!"

And I went from there. She smiled. She smiled again.

"Do you like that song? Do you like that group? Do you want to be like that guy? I will love you if you're like that guy. You'll love me if I love you. I will love you if you were like me. Being like a bad guy. I'm like that guy. I'm better than that guy. I'm better than that other guy. I'm better than that other guy. I'm better than that other guy. How long can this go on? Get close to me! Love my suffering! I love it all. I love the darkness. I love the hollow. There's more to come. You were supposed to be the one that was loved. And you became the one. How did that happen? How did you crowd out a solution, because you thought that you were the solution. You weren't the first. You weren't the only one. You were one of many. You were one of too many. You destroyed the opportunity. There was only one opportunity, and you destroyed it."

"I'm not sure about your name. But you want all the women to love you. If I stop loving

you, you will find someone else. If I love you, you will find someone else. You want me to love you so you can find someone else. And that's how it works out. I am the last of the last. I am here to show you the impossibility of your method. I am here to show you that you don't care for anyone. You pretend that you care."

"Then there's Tempest, and she wonders if you need company. And I wonder about Tempest. And she sits next to me. And I look at her. She looks back at me. What do you want me to pay? That's the same thing that Mandalay wonders. What do you want me to pay? I am the criminal party. You were here for one purpose, and one for the salon. You are here to sign your confession. I need you to admit that you are sorry. I need you to admit that you made a mistake. I need you to admit that you did something wrong. What did I do wrong? What did I say that I shouldn't have said? I still wonder. I am still wondering what I should say. You cannot stop me. You can never stop me. What am I missing? What am I hoping for? Who will be there? This time, I will be perfect. This time will be different than the last time."

"Time will be perfect. This time will be different than the last time. I need Tempest in the bathroom. She hands me a book. What is this? This is my history. This is why I am the way that I am."

"You work in a factory. Do you stack boxes. You give yourself. You give your time. You give your body. Is there a theory? What do you want? You're the closest one. You're the one who was the farthest from the center. Asked to be you. I miss you your hair. There is no hair. I fill-in. I make it mean some thing. But it keeps being becoming the same thing. Why are you like that? Why do you do that to me? How long will we keep doing this? We need to stop. Can't do this forever. We can't stop forever. When was the first time that we did this? You remove enough clothing to give yourself an opening."

"You are there already. Here is the book. Read from it. Do what it says. I show up for work. Why am I doing this? How can I change things? I look over at you. Why am I doing this? How can we change things? You look back at me. Did I miss something? Be my friend. Let me have a drink. Let me have a smoke. You're the right one. You're the right one. You're the right one. You're the right one. I'm getting this right. I'm getting you right. I'm not gonna make a mistake. I'm never going to make a mistake. This is better than I could imagine. You're better than I can imagine. I can't keep doing that. Turning me into a monster. The world turned me into a monster. What happened to G. Wayne?"

"Why are we all becoming monsters? Why are we doing things that we don't want to do? This is too close to a resolution. Do you see what's going on. Are you contributing to what's going on. Is it your fault? Maybe, you shouldn't come here anymore maybe you should leave. Maybe you have no choice. Maybe there are no choices. Maybe the choices are all over. Maybe this is the last choice that anyone will make. That is scary. You are scary."

"What does music reveal. There's a terrible sing song Norris a try to ignore the pain as if it's an amusement park. Honestly, for most people that's all there is. They're struggling to make some thing that is in there. There may have been a time that the real challenges were obvious. What happened?"

"Even as experience seemed to become more perilous, the self became lost in ritual. This was the moment to find an authentic inspiration. Completely lost. Indeed, that became the real challenge. It was never enough to feel the emotion. It was necessary to take it back to the source.

However, that trail could be a distraction. There was a moment that the self was at the creator. There was a possibility of a deeper order. But the individual became lost in developing this understanding. The game became more ridiculous. Players lost any sense of coherence. Honestly, it was so unreal. It was so easy to lose focus. The music was supposed to encompass the beat of the soul, workplace, the beat of knowledge and liberation. Instead, it became obsessed with the world of fantasy. Ritual took over from real creation. The artist lost touch with actual experience.”

“In this theater, people felt that they could be rewarded for continuing these roles. Maybe extravagant questions could take the place of real understanding. This trivialization became more intense.”

“Everything was a distraction from this wonderful moment of clarity. And this could’ve directed social action. People were in connections. And they recognized what they could do to improve their own situations. It wasn’t so much that they were going along. Or a general sense of helplessness. The self became lost in this experience. The individual was flailing.”

“People didn’t see any clear escape. People were lost in devotion. They were almost a part of cult. Everything was too well defined. The individual couldn’t attain consciousness because everything was about killing the consenses. Under these conditions, people went back to the same situation again and again. Where there was revolutionary potential, people lost the thread. They became distracted by some other kind of person. This could affect performance at work, but it also could make people to lose focus about their lives. A small reward might seem enough. Everything got pushed along.”

“Distractions abounded. It was nothing else. It was nothing else. How could anyone carry-on? Mandalay had been given a location. And she took this seriously. She had the opportunity to expose this culture. And that seem to be her motivation. It lasted for a while. Then she saw how she could get lost in the same rewards. She was attracted by the spectacle, and the spectacle became more intense. Even as she rejected it, this only increased her cynicism. Therefore, her role as a social social critic was limited. That did not diminish her efforts.”

“She started to realize how she had a power. She could share things in a public forum. She can make art. She can make posters. She can share her ideas. She was on the cusp of greatness. Did she ever find a realization of this understanding? If she gets caught up in the petty rivalries, she will lose her identity.”

“She didn’t see herself in that way. She is stretching her self out. She could establish effective habits. Nevertheless, some thing was distracting her. She said that nothing was getting in her way. How would she overcome this experience? How would she find some kind of balance? But she stretched out creatively. But she was afraid, afraid that her message might get obscured in these experiences this may have added to her confusion. But she did not wanna surrender her zeal. She was captured by these experiences. She was transported to another place. What did any of this mean? She wanted greater acknowledgment. She wanted it to mean something more. But she felt as if she was being held back.”

“There is this girl, who hates me. Her name is Julie. And I could hear her on the phone with Vito. And they were both laughing at me. It was terrible. I wish that I could destroy her.”

“This is something that you have to do.”

“She is at a fast food restaurant. And she is chowing down.”

“What is this about?”

“This is all about you.”

Six months earlier.

“We know.”

“Where are you headed.”

“I got a close up, and she is not that special.”

“She has natural beauty. She embodies that archeonic design.”

“She could not even say the word.”

The archeonic design applied to people who could not make sense of what it means.

“I get it. This is the design of total desperation.”

“You forced me into his arms.”

“I have no idea what that is about.”

“That is what you do. You drain me completely. Then you put me in one of your works of art. The design contains all this energy. It is like a process. An engineer could use it to create a circuit. And it would make the energy level jack up to the next level.”

“I am not even amused.”

“That is what I want. That is what I like.”

“I am looking for attention.”

“That is by design.”

“I will never be a part of this.”

Lancer needed to make sure that I never contacted her again.

“They are going to use that design to drain energy levels.”

“But I am a political person.”

“I just made a defense of a political position. And you mocked it. Are you a radical all of a sudden?”

“I was looking for an alternative.”

“I found an alternative.”

“Should I say something more?”

“Look at this.”

“You are an evil person.”

“Writer, you are an evil person. You are trying to get in my head.”

The only reason that you wanted to get into people’s minds was that you wanted to manipulate them. You tried to get what you wanted. Any one in her right mind would resist.

“You do not even appreciate this.”

“Sometimes, I do not understand what you are saying. How can I appreciate what you are offering. I do not understand what you are say.”

“You could do this in a nice way.”

“Eternal return.”

“This will not end well.”

I was hurt.

“You need to shut your fucking mouth.”

“This is what I really think. You knew what was going on. You were impressionable. And you were dealing with people who were trying to manipulate you. It never looked pretty.

“I need help.”

“This is a good theory.”

“I want a blessing.”

“This is some small time shit.”

“Damn.”

“I am gone!”