

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE

My name was Sorolla. He had completely determined my value. He knew what I was worth. It made me wonder who I was. Did I look pretty? Beyond that, did anyone care for me? When he told me what he did, I wanted it to mean some thing. He had followed me home. He had tried to describe me. I felt as if I had been with a sketch artist. And he knew every aspect of my being. What could you tell me? How could he advise me? I needed to make this some thing. I wanted to make my life real. He was there. He told me that I was alive. He reassured me about my existence. For the time being, he gave me meaning. He provided me with longevity. I didn't want to give up on that. It was some thing that was so evident. I did not want the lights to go out on my life. I did not want to return to darkness. I was not alone."

"His touch told me that I was not alone. And I could feel that connection extend beyond the moment. This became of faith for me. He reassured me in a spiritual way. I was in touch with something deeper. This feeling of awareness, this touch. This lasting nature--all of it reminded me of some thing greater. I didn't want to surrender. I didn't want to let go. I felt that this could be an eternity. I held on. It gave me grace. Here is something lasting. In a sense, it was all that mattered. I thought about this as a philosophy. I thought about all the denial in my life. And this was the one thing that seemed to stand out as an answer. His kiss. His body. He gave it all to me. There was that point when I wondered. And we both felt that intense doubt. This was death in life. Then he held me tightly. And I knew. I never wanted him to let me go. Even if he never called me again, this now was a forever. And I could feel it touched me in such an amazing way. It may have been difficult to epress that deep connection. It seem to branch out from the now into some thing that would not end."

"I could feel that pulse in my body, and it reminded me of some thing enduring. I could write a book about this sensation. It linked me with the sun, the moon, and the stars. It immersed me in the oceans. I was washed along by the waters. This was more than words. This was more than convincing. This was an eternity. I pledged myself to this encounter. We both gave it more than it was, and then we were summering our nose at the world. We were both telling the world to fuck off. No one no one could take this from us. This was our law. This was our basic commandment. We were drawn together in this way. We were made as one. Nothing to divide us."

"Even if I never saw him again, this was already a truth. Once I assured myself of this possibility, this was all that I really needed. I could work. I could see my life falling down around me. I have difficulty realizing my plans. But everything would come down to this one thing. And I wouldn't want to think about anything else. In my own way, I felt fortunate. I had already tapped into the source. If it wasn't just this guy, it could be anyone else. I just needed someone I would go the distance. I need someone to read the script. I needed someone to be with me for now. In the depths of my being, I was seeing this profound reflection of myself. This had nothing to do with anyone else. In this darkness, there was nothing but solitude. I had given into this promise. I had bought into his grace. But there was nothing here. There's nothing that could really bless me. And this was all that I could do. This was my redemption. I opened the door. I stepped across the threshold. This was my now. This was my forever. And I was living in its beneficence. Fundamentally, that was all. I could hope for more. I had been on this path many

times for that one brief second. I needed all of this. I needed all of this and more.”

“I couldn’t find reassurance. I would never find grace. I was damned. But I could use that damnation to have that brief connection with someone else, a temporary connection with someone else. And then that belief there would be everything. I had arranged my life just for that. I didn’t have any other consolation. This was the key. If I didn’t score in this way there would be no other reward. If I left on my own I would not increase my value. I would be left with nothing. Tomorrow would not strengthen me. There would be nothing that could still my heart. And I would be floating in nothingness. I had taken a spill. I lost my direction. But I could not let it affect me. I cannot surrender.”

“What it happened to me? What could I hold onto? Where was the permanence. I was caught up in the belief. But I would not let it destroy me. I carried on with a sense of resilience. I was only subjecting myself to the same thing time and time again. Was any of this worth it? How did I benefit from this challenge? I needed to bounce back. I need to give myself strength. I had gone to this place that seemed so transient. This had nothing to do with this guy. He was no longer part of my world. I might’ve try to make it last. But it was not lasting. I could feel the body disintegrate.”

“This is my everything. Am I pretty? Am I still part of the game? I wanted to clean all this up. I didn’t want it to affect me in anyway. But it was getting deep in my soul, and it was shaking me to the core. It had upset my program and made me wonder about my overall development. Where was this going?”

“I felt lost. Who else was abandoned with me. All these noises seemed to swirl around me. It seemed to distract me from what was truly necessary. What could that be? I was sure that it couldn’t get worse. I didn’t even have enough resources to confront whatever it was for a brief moment I lost my direction. I could feel myself fall down again. And I start to try to stay upright. I tried not to let any of this affect me. I had taken a deep hit. It made me in certain. I was living in this physical world. I couldn’t let my thoughts distract me. I couldn’t let myself get turned around. I had a focus. I had certainty. This was all that mattered. This was all that would ever matter. Why did I let it bother me? Who else was working with me who else could assist me in this process? I realized that this could get tricky. These are things that I need to realize before there were no marks on my body there are no signs of anything bad that it happened. But I felt broken and bruised. How is that even possible? And I participated in some thing that took me to another place or?”

“I felt cornered by this experience. I would remain forever in this place. What did I have to do as penance? What would be my release? I had entered from this place this point. What would it take to get back there? What did anyone want to say? Who is there to provide me with an answer?”

“This is bad. This is very bad. I think that gravity is destroying me. I have no idea how that happened. But I can feel it I went through a battle. And I came out of it all beat up. I’m gonna have to take something for this. I’m gonna have to work on this. I don’t know what happened to my sense of balance. I thought it was a mental thing. But it turned into some thing physical. I slammed against the wall. I fell on the pavement. People were laughing at me. This was a terrible way to end. Ariadne ran out of there. Why wasn’t she going to wait? What was Russell doing? Sammy made her way out of there. Who else was there? I was waiting for the

final report. And I didn't get it. So I'll have to figure things out on my own. I'll have to figure out the best way of protecting myself"

"It's never as bad as it seems. For a while, we get a little shaken up. The craziness takes us over. The damage seems overwhelming. But we break it down. We do an inventory. And that is the beginning of the end of the story it's no longer a story at that point. Time does the rest time does the damage. Time does the damage good. This is not gonna protect you. None of this will protect you. We are here. You are here with us. Where is that? Who else is involved? This happens every so often. It's not a good thing. It's not a bad thing. It's a happening thing. Does it make a difference which way I go, one way seems smoother? The waters seem choppy. I need to work it out. I need to repair of the damage. They're coming out man. They're going to eat me up. This is biblical. This is sociological. This is philosophical. This is mathematical. This is sensual. This is delightful. Is that clown part of your life. Valentina, I can't do this. I can't say congratulations. It doesn't work that way."

"You're always healing. You're always taking chances. What happened? Where is any of this going? Did you do this to me? This is gonna be the end. You have no idea what this is about. After the fall came the realization. And the realization was like hell. I tried to establish a new form of morality. But this was not a moral order. This was a physical order. How can a moral order be imposed on a physical order. Was this a matter of denying things. We working with people who are denying things about themselves. What is this the basis for the story. They recognize that they have done things that were wrong. At least, they try to stop doing them. Or they saw things that they thought were right, and they recognized the negative consequences. And they tried to start."

"What happens when you're so deep in the shit? Who's going to answer for us? Who has an answer what happens when you're so deep in the shit? Donely gets deeper. You may get deeper. I have one of those. I have two of those. I have three of those. I'm so deep in the shit. It's not like that. It's more like a method. It's like a battle. I've gone through it many times. It hurts more than you know. It hurts more than you seem to know. And we come to the one guy who thinks he has an answer. Vince Green. I have taken so much time away from you. This could've been totally different. You're mixing up all the history kit. Hair mixing up the actual decision points. And you're not even listening to this. No wonder you can't change anything."

"Why should I bother. I want to eat. I want to sleep. I want to eat. I want to sleep. I'm gonna rise from the ashes. And you start to enjoy the ashes. You rub it all over yourself. When I look at you, I realize there's nothing to look at. I can't even see anything. The light doesn't register. The happiness doesn't register. The illusions don't register. Is that the shortest way. Are you the shortest way? Does everything go through you? Can I get my strength back? Can I get my lungs back? I haven't saw this yet. I'm getting closer. I know what it means. There are different ways to express the same level of excitement. There are the levels of excitement. There's anger. There's love. There's anger. There's love. There's anger. There's love. It's all in my mind. It hurts more than you know. I wish that was me. There is a similar work. There's a similar way of seeing things. "

"So he got angry at this guy, and he pissed in his car in front of his kids. So you drive off trying to get away. Eventually the guy with the car catches the guy who's pissed in his car. And he asks him, what do you think a suitable punishment would be. And the offender says I could

shoot off your dick. But you were the one who did me wrong. How can I allow such a thing. And if the offender, then I'm cutting off defending objects. And the judge said, you're cutting off my object. There's a confusion of meaning. There's a confusion of object. There's a confusion of subject. What does this have to do with a story? It has everything to do with the store. Was there something that you wanted that you couldn't have? This is where it all gets tricky. This is where it all gets confusing. I don't know whether I'm cutting or pasting. Do you need the glue to hold things together. None of this is about me. Who are you?"

"I'm the person who last talked to Sammi. And what did she say to you? She told me that I look good. She said you look pretty. She asked, do I look pretty? You look so pretty. We are all pretty here. We are decaying slowly. Some more than others. What are you trying to be angry? What happens if you get out? What happens to your aggression? How do you realize your aggression? I come home a lot worse than when I started. But I'm going to win this time. I'm going to learn from what I did. How can you learn if you don't even know who you are? What's your name? What's your name? What's your name? The person who knew his name was able to tell the story with authority. This story has no authority. There are no authorities. Everyone gets fucked over completely. That's ridiculous. This is not all about impressions. There is an historical understanding, and that understanding is rooted in a deep awareness. If there's a system that fucks us over, it's not simply a matter of learning the rules. We have to crash the system. But we're trying to do that, and it doesn't seem to be getting anywhere."

"We have enough clear results from what is going on now. Planning an organization is the only way to change things. We have many people who understand the effects of the king system, but they cannot take the steps to bring it down. They are finding new ways to carry on the operations. Part of this difficulty is an inability to create an accurate description of the social situation. This inaccuracy is based on an obsession with individual concerns. Ultimately, all these concerns are expressed in a social manner. Unfortunately, individuals become obsessed with their personal expressions of power and desire. Even these depictions grossly exaggerate these efforts. People take critical steps to improve their situation nevertheless, that still is not enough for a lasting change. It's necessary to create decisive actions to counter what is going on. Nevertheless, it is easy to underestimate the greater challenges. This emphasizes the critical role of the individual."

"There's no other way to detect this situation even in aspiring to change, if the individual needs to elaborate a clearer connection with others. This is the basis for developing organizational principles. And these principles can truly lead to transformation of the social environment. Are you aspiring for revolutionary change? Is this political gesture? How do we prevent political gestures from becoming caricature. Even in recognizing the emotional influences on our behavior, important to elaborate clear principles for action. The call to action is to be specific in nature. It can proceed from conditions in the workplace. But the plan needs to recognize the limitations in addressing these problems. Who is watching me? Who is listening to me? Why do you bother? What are you going to do it differently? Are you going to become obsessed with the minimal changes in your world? Is this all about you? Is this all about me? Who else is involved? This isn't funny? This can cause a mess. I don't know. I don't know. Who's gonna lead us out of the wilderness? Who is the board for the playacting? The play acting can be important for the overall presentation. It's not a matter of simply doing what's necessary."

Rehearsals can be a critical part of actual understanding. We need some recovery time. We need to bounce back. We need to immerse ourselves in the show. We have to break down our ways of thinking. We need to break down our associational patterns. This is where the challenges lie. A little taste is enough to do a sin. A little taste is enough to send us back into the hell that we have created. The words may seem as exaggerations, but the situation's are not there is that fine line between recognizing how bad it can get and the coming over whelmed bye a situation. The inside can degenerate into fascination. This can run direction impossible. The individual is back at the workplace the next day. And everything seems the same that it was"

" Reunion only reinforces these challenges. The individual does not achieve liberation. She is thrown back into the madness. It shakes her to the core. She tries to fight off the invaders. It's not all within. She can't just blame herself. The birds can highlight the understanding. But their existence is not rooted in the same kind of experience. This is the contradictory nature of humanity. In the present conditions, the individual has the power of recognition. That's the only way to completely alter the situation is by collective action. Thus, individual efforts can be inspired by a sense of collective awareness."

"The individual can enhance this educational process. And the education can involve everyone together. Many people think that it is enough to share this understanding. Therefore, or it's simply documents that knowledge. That only enhances conditioning. Art simply repeats the insights of experience. Only when the artist can create reference points for future experiences can the individual find a break from the servitude. This kind of belief might seem an exaggeration. We have been observing lost souls. We are fascinated by their journey. That does not diminish the need for some thing else."

"The individual is seeking a lasting presence. What would that be? How would that work? Someone knows. Someone knows. I think that I know someone. What's your name? What's your word? What's your object? What's your cue? Where is the rock? Where is the substance? Where is the breath? Where is the wave?"