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Yesterday in our Group I *Was Thinking About...* Political Reform and Grassroots In China: Our Civil Resistance in Finding; *Was Sewing the Cause* Or really something like Exploiting Women in Cambodia?

Yesterday in our group I was thinking

About what? my heartstrings?... which was Far from the Madding Crowd, the chapter, The Description of Farmer Oak and the heartstrings inferred, a sickness the male arbiter had, emplastering in the talking they did in the group didn't come out when in session..

“But what about the Description of Farmer Oak? The male arbiter took me aside, when the group session was over, as it seemed to show, in him wanting to know if the chapter made me better.

“No. I said. But I knew I was thinking that Far from the Madding Crowd was classic literature. No, it didn't make me better. But when will I start to feel the seeing effects from being in group therapy?

After some time, said the male arbiter with the sickness, to have been standing with a particular book, which we all know was in his hand the whole time.

Yesterday in our group I was thinking about.. A few things in the book Diversity by Peter Wood...in descending order. It was on imperialism..and the good ideas of Hinduism in Gujarat..Confucian inflected shinto in Japan..and Theravada Buddhism in Cambodia....was sewing the cause or really something like Exploiting Women in Cambodia ? Diversity: The Invention of a concept. Page 24.

Round this table, we were supposed to be engaged over a matter, not the question of the exploiting women in Cambodia. When at the head of it, the talking person began conveying what it was. The feud And the lamp. emits from a lampshade dim luminous shine over the 8 person group. What kind of lampshade? The kind where the clock went to 6: 00 o clock P.M. the twist, of the lampshade, was that it offered no comfort but just looked like you needed to guesstimate that it couldn't be not quite put there specifically across from the dining room table for the reason, then to show that the sickness was a psychological one, mental kid. We all had. regardless even if it was proaic. With the look of the male arbiter in the robe you couldn't tell, only we had the look.

An arbitration of people we were, and looked like while sitting at the table, the shape of Roman numerals, in a textbook. whose faces were blurred..on the corresponding top edges of the page. And the bleeding of the light like Interpersonal therapy ITP, to help patients control their moods and emotions. By focusing on the context of the current social relationships. The lampshade over us rendered it so. When we started group therapy.

We felt, as it felt bravura, but a silent bravura. being brought one by one, in an unnatural way, cause maybe it didn't feel, so very natural, or something we always felt like chickens singing. And feathers on a chicken seemed like they couldn't burn because the feathers could still be alive. to a barn burning in the room,

the light, to find, why we were here, inside the dining room, it may have been, in all the plethora of time, passing each day and month. the people at the table, may have been able to end their feud.

Or what remained in the aftermath, the years to come weren't easier. it seemed to be over, the idea of their feud, and unequivocal history with each other. because they were recovering from a debilitating disease. Including the male arbiter. This is relative to what happened in Grassroots in China. you saw a chicken in the middle of Central Park and an 8 person group tried to find a resolution to end the feud as in Yesterday. When I was thinking about...biomedical therapy, not yesterday." I said.

Definition the treatment of psychological disorders using drugs. Biomedical therapy. And a chicken sings, and there is the non presence of the bard yard.

It is only central park, we view the park, we see the blue sky. The fluffiness in the clouds. And perhaps the memory of love. in its dimension as what the universe sees, while the chicken sings, we substitute out of universal fear for clucking. And dating, when there were habitual dates. And finding how pleasant they were, until the sickness came. A mental sickness you could only find in the description of Farmer Oak. while a monkey danced. "When farmer oak smiled the corners of his mouth spread till, they were within unimportant distance of his ears, his eyes were reduced to chinks, diverging wrinkles appeared round them extending upon a countenance like the rays in a rudimentary sketch of the rising sun. Far from thee Madding Crowd. Page 1 Description of Farmer Oak."

And yes a monkey breakdancing...as we read on through the chapter, when it said...and they read the excerpt out of many times aloud. His christian name was Gabriel and on working days he was a man of good

judgment, easy motions, proper dress, and generally good character and what they meant was the days of sickness, and illness, then Interpersonal therapy had come.

Had the fear we all had, everybody sees the monkey breakdance and shouldn't fear the monkey or Thomas Hardy love of the Madding Crowd in the 8 person group, where the memory of it, could only account to love. Their love. and excerpt... Laodician neutrality, which lay between the communion people of the parish and drunken section. Page 1: Chapter one Description of Farmer Oak. Far From the Madding Crowd

Not wanting to circumambulate petrification at the universal thing, the drunken section, the people suffering from catatonia in Central Park were the drunken section materialized. And the gossamer of how it looked like the Cobwebs. There was a feud going on between two women in Flatbush. and the monkey, dancing side to side that is to say, we simply take it all in but it was the universal fear of seeing it only once, not many times. . And to show this was actually and his fez all around with the barnyard chicken Clucking. But then picking up its legs in the middle of the park. Central Park had a drunken section, and we wonder in psychology why it couldn't represent what Far from the Madding Crowd said about Gabriel, and this Idea, of how he was a skillful, hard working young farmer.

In real honest meaning and talk the only way to do it is through arbitration. The philosophical question is why? And sitting around a table. When a real problem wasn't connected to them. The people in the arbitration were having an arbitration to understand psychology, and people's feelings, so the feud won't happen again..

A situation between two women had arisen out of the break dancing monkey with the few, unnatural as the fez is to the monkey, and park to the barnyard chicken; cluck cluck' autumn leaves, falling from the sky;

clucking and picking up its legs. Maybe more in exploiting the monkey and his fez and the chickens. We were the chickens singing in this group..

The barn yard is not there; The chickens are there have more energy than anybody' picking up its legs that it to due with two machines, women sewing by the bobbin, spinning around and around in their mental illness in not wanting to interrupt each other and its been a long time

Round this table, we were supposed to be engaged over a matter, very seriously and was it serious to get down to the grass roots of the matter itself?

“What book are we reading,” someone in the group, round the dining room table, very quietly asked.

Grassroots Political Reform in Contemporary China,” Someone sitting opposite the person speaking. No, they just picked it up, and it seemed like it was the only book there.

When at the head of it, was the talking person, to commence this was a good enough time to stop the feud. So it wouldn't feel (confidentially as some of them in the 8 person group were former lawyers, due to feeling we are exploiting them?)

“We should figure out the cause.

So this is how it began conveying what it was. An arbitration of people we were, in our chairs; and one male arbiter in a robe, and only one table, gave a centrist look. in a robe, and dining table, and the light in the room was dim, not a chandelier but a lamp turned on. In an 8 person group, to light up our noetic beliefs that the light hit all eight of us, had been burning brightly under the faces, in the room was dim, perforces...

The idea of whether to stay really good and not turn to the obvious feudalism, bad during conversants...taken and and the ideas of China's national democratization many thinking they had come far

from feudalism in off the hand societies, medieval, Europe and the book about Grassroots Political Reform in Contemporary China;

And now there were the exploiting women. The two women couldn't firmly decide furtively on who were at their sewing machines, modestly taking a break. Will it be one or the other, after at least an hour; me or her?

Where a feud begins as big as Europe, on when to take a break from practice.goes across at another continent China the two women only could look at the kitty clock in the centrist of the board, before them.

Excerpt "What historian Mark Elvin has described as the first formally democratic political institution in China" a city council in the Chinese sections of Shanghai was founded in 1905.

Drawing upon tradition of guild charity, and public works activities, the shanghai city council presided over a limited welfare state, in which according to Elvin political corruption was virtually absent, issues were openly debated at public meetings, and decisions were taken by majority vote; being brought one by one" and this seemed to be the answer in referring to the book's excerpt read aloud.

GrassRoots Political Reform in Contemporary China, they were reading the 8 person group, that excerpt aloud; the head being the one male arbiter; in knowing everyone had the same mental affliction; I could and could not diatribe or describe them as seeing the feeling they were all muted and trying to get better; but these mental afflictions were severe, they were in it, coming to perhaps god's understanding they were undergoing such as were diseases of the mind.". The noetics were eight of them, feeling the harshness to find the solution;

Outsiders on occasion, do find the answers in that of this book, the male arbiter at the head of the dining room table was reading; and whereby as unnatural feathers to a barn chicken yard in a park, it seemed, where someone kept describing his opinion about ITP, throughout, the group session. In when the lamp kept burning, as an outsiders would be more objective, this particular individual in his diatribe said, was only of the things, I took from him. that there should be a solution to end the feud, on the dining room table was a single white piece of square bread while a monkey break danced. And everybody sees the monkey. The fez worn on the monkey. The barn and the chicken.

Clucking and picking up its legs in the middle of the day in the park in and of the wonder of China Democratization and its inevitably thoughts about the universal aspect of political reform, that of restraining and corrupt official behavior and enhancing the accountability of grassroots authorities.

In real honest meaning and talk the only way to do it is through arbitration. The philosophical question is why? To restrict corrupt behavior, like the two women were feuding and sitting around a table. When a real problem wasn't connected to them. The people in the arbitration;

A situation between two women it was actually a distance from them the park, and the two women in the feud had been taking up acerbic sewing lessons in rehabilitation, knowing others, as you can see the view of the breakdancing monkey were distilled; despondent; suffering. And psychological allayed in their daily decision if telling us how "China's last imperial dynasty the Quing introduced a series of ambitious grassroots reforms, during the frage, the late Quing reforms encouraged participation in local self Nationalists, who ruled from 1927- 1949, alsom promoted in local self government in a futile effort to save the monarchial system

The two women were from Brooklyn Flatbush and had been their whole lives. That where they saw the monkey was central park one day, before several months when the 8 people group made a decision; Unnatural as the fez is to the monkey, and park to the chicken, clucking and picking up its legs. To simply leave it to something like their being exploited, in that the solution, where usually men vagabonds, can see that the 8 people group left, and had no greater strength to get to the bottom of it; Because the chicken should be in a barn yard. and most universally seeing breakdancing moves and harlequinade to the heralding by the fez adorned on the monkey would be petrification

In exploiting the monkey and his fez and the chicken, we see up in view from the parts of the world; and the barn and the knowledge when it brought up, like how can a monkey breakdance, when it couldn't have that far as knowledge, in this it needing to have a motive to do so, so it harkened do monkey have motives like humans? That it causes such a universal fear.

Several chickens are picking up its legs. It is hard in the constant that it remains, are they not allowed? Or that life was hard. through the bulwark of one's catatonia illness.

To seeing women sewing was hard and unable to resolve a feud over when one or the other would be taking a break, The success of the weak in resisting the powerful is highly conditional, To a large extent, the power of the weak lies in continual and widespread resistance that not only undermines the regime's legitimacy but also points to a possibility of persistent or better organized resistance if their interests continued to be ignored; When referring to the weak, as in it could only be in the state reponses, of wondering when help will come, and not be ignored



.And for the conclusion when to take a break from practice and not at the same time a regime feels like it could step in, as the monkey did, that it couldn't be with peace, at the machines, clanking; only two machines. And the person asked "only two machines, clanking?"

But rather their own observations, it wasn't the person in front of the room, at the head of the table talking, the male arbiter again; that it could be like the exploitation of women and was sewing the cause? Clanking. Where it was pecking on a semi-natural plant space, as well as a couple of things simultaneously. No It wasn't the pharmaceutical drugs the 8 people group were taking by the dosages, to allay their illnesses collectively and with collective consciousness in you should see the problem being left to view by any vagabond around the world, in seeing some who found life's durably continuation harder to get through.; , as for the moment was the only solution for that type of schiporzienic disease, as catatonia people who suffered it, so often their illness had been the substitute input and onomatopoeia for the saying It Was. Sewing was not the cause, but they often times preface the break, in that it is only a temporal explanation for the problem and or and really like something of the exploitation of women, the clanking sound, for that thing that two women behind a sewing machine do, still sewing, without getting over their feud, which was a psychological illness .you sew it, and people don't get better.

We were watching in astonishment and knew this was the outbreak of seeing a monkey in the middle of the day in the park, It seemed pertinent, for we to be filled with astonishment, and be filled with that which was your illness catatonia, endowing you to behave, and not take for a second the thing of the monkey and his fez breakdancing to enjoy, as not having the motivation to enjoy seeing the monkey dance in professing a fear, of the monkey had motives, to do so like humans was petrification.

Our feathers seemed to match that of a bird rather than a chicken should a feud be too filled greatly with details; details and what were the details in this arbitration; as the one person with the greatest ambivalence and doubts said.

“Look, we're simply not good at citing that this as an example of classic literature, Far from the Madding crowd, over a conflict that had to do with us getting through this discussion as having our own personal problems. No people's problems before, as the two women in the feud, knew this, what our inner problems were. “ As not being able to stay together sempiternally, you're' not going to be together forever with everyone at the last winding moments coming together, and standing up. After moments where the ire, anger subsided, choosing to in the flippancy of the moment,

\you could act with the newspaper which was the New York Times, in your hand flippantly turning the pages reading over what you missed, over new developments and stories happening in the news. Yes to actually realizing you weren't the one with the right solution in the waiting this took but gave as everyone gave their own say to the problem of the feud, what to do take me it subside, over on the women in the room, where the windows were so high above them, were possibly still sewing and it was near to 6:00 P.M, and so did you give your own admonition.. At 6:00 P.M. There was sewing practice tomorrow.

“Look”. the person at the head of the table said, this is a perfectly good time to find the solution in what we could feel, the ability to say that we all had a problem and we chose your love or the love of Far from the Madding crowd.” This was a humor. That we couldn't dispel or shake away our mental afflictions with having schizophrenia; blood clot; or catatonia thing and maybe seen, as than the feud and arbitration; but not stray from humor we developed in accepting something as bleak, as the love of the book, and not the feud, what

could be the cause, and the main conflict we were resolving; at the head of the table, not our love of Far from The Madding Crowd by author Thomas Hardy was an example of classic literature.

in the bobbin bob back and forth when they were sewing to that we in school being cosmopolitan and having a deprivation energy that went wry on them the feeling. The two women in the feud, the other woman, lends her own observation on the explanation on why she took her sewing practice seriously.

And it was getting serious, and impervious to the top of the hour, sewing practice. for a tuition fee 875.00. If not then because I, of course, in the tuition and class fees, thought in the 8 person group, was taken that in consideration.. When it seemed they were going to sew, sew until the end; no fight as long as the clock kept ticking.