The Party

Something that stars out conspicuously enough. I think maybe a couple going to a party. There’s the anticipation. Then there’s basically a story about a party, brought to spiritual dimensions, where I get to go into my different ideas about how to deal with eternity in a situation. Perhaps there are lots of deep conversations that take place about the nature of reality, all the big stuff, spiritual questions. Maybe it doesn’t have to get so metaphysical where people are literally at this party forever. But maybe they are. Again, it depends on the kind of party. It should be specific. Even if it reaches certain metaphysical levels and it becomes about “The Party” as if its “The Truth” then I still think there’s a time where the party “ends” somehow, or rather, the party keeps going on but you choose to leave it.

Who is my main character that needs to learn about “the party?” I actually think I want to go ahead and attempt drafting and just see what comes out. I think it’s a shy introvert type guy who’s never liked parties.

What was I thinking of earlier related to my party idea? I was thinking about ones attitude towards the party, I was specifically thinking about my own seriousness in regard to life, the continual theme of dealing with it very seriously, of being on a mission, and knowing that the spiritual part of life will give that to me, because that’s my desire, not actually a reflection of some more true reality.

I’m thinking about the different ways I could tell this story, part of me wants to tell it first person, other parts of me want to keep distance from it. I think part of me wants to start establishing a “God” voice, the 3rd person omniscient that is favoring one character’s perspective, because even if a character is self-loathing or struggling, it allows me to still look upon them kindly. So I think I just want to try and start drafting it. I think it has to be about a very shy, unhappy guy who doesn’t like parties, and has a whole bout of anxiety even going. It’s a combination, the more specific the better. It’s a party in which he expects not to know anyone, and doesn’t think he’ll meet anyone he can get along with. And, there’s other people there who he doesn’t want to see, people he’s dreading seeing. His partner is framing it for him in the nicest terms, because she is really excited to see all these people. All of this is framed in anxiety because the man is afraid this party represents all the things she wants that he doesnt have an can’t offer, and if they go to this party, she will meet someone who she really wants to be with, and he will be left with nothing. So there’s a whole big before part that frames this all up, him not wanting to go, what kind of party it’s supposed to be, some hint at part of what he’s afraid about, and then her giving the spiel about the future is a party you won’t know about unless you go and find out. The ride over, being filled with anxiety.

Pretty immediately upon arriving, it has to go south for him, filled with all the things that he dreaded happening. His partner runs away, gets caught up in a conversation, he’s on his own and sees someone he doesn’t want to see, hates the conversation, and gets ready to leave immediately. But someone pulls him in. It has to be someone he thinks is like him, someone he can relate to, who can help guide him into the party.

There has to be a check-in with the partner of some kind. But eventually, there’s an invitation to drugs that he says yes to. The drug itself is ambiguous. There needs to be:

--a serious conversation

--a large game, drinking game, song,

--a meeting with a new interesting person.

See, I don’t want it to become too fantastical of a party. It’d be best if it stayed in the realm of actual parties, an “average party” as long as it comes along that point of explaining the deeper meaning of “the party”

There’s a tightrope to walk here. The party can be exciting and interesting in ways that don’t have to be entirely fantastical. I feel like there’s a theme or realization of trying to keep track of the partner, and the fear coming true, where she does meet someone else, and you somehow already know this is where it begins, the breaking up and drifting apart, but it’s somehow not as bad, because you’ve went ahead and made some of your own new friends.

What im debating now is whether it’s better to keep this grounded, more like your average party, or to let it tear off into the sublime otherworld, which is obviously what interests me, but I think many people will be like “this is an unrealistic expectation to set for a party.” And i’d love to find a synthesis between these two points, where it does feel like real parties actually are, but it can also indulge in the more insane possibilities of the party space, even the dark ones. Someone should definitely die at this party, and it’s this absurd thing that’s taken in stride.

Because what’s the theme after all, what’s my thesis?

Life is a party. It is a party that never ends It’s a party most people forget they’re at, except when they get reminded. But it’s always a party. Always has been. After all, what is a party? A gathering, most people would say, but aren’t there sometimes parties of one? Then a party is really at bottom a kind of spirit. A party, even a party of one, is called so because there’s something being celebrated. Even if there are parties, there are parties for the sake of themselves, parties for the sake of celebration. It is the ultimate attitude of life, the ultimate synthesis of what Life means. A party is celebration itself. It can be an instrument of praise, but it can also be composed of destruction, death. Riots can feel like parties. War is that party. Funerals. Hospitals, mental institutions. There is only one Party. It is always going on, and it never ends. People only choose to leave and come back. But no one can end the party. All parties are part of the one party that’s always going on. Every terrible thign you’ve ever heard about is also involved in the party, even something like genocide, or holocaust, like it or not, that happened at the party once. SO did woodstock, and every peaceful festival, and every dancehall that allowed people to celebrate each other when they otherwise couldn’t.

So what I’m trying to get across is an enlightenment in the course of a night. But again, wanting this to be a real person, not just some everyman sent through a spiritual transformation, where does Clay end up at the end of all this, of a night that changed everything? At the end of it, he knows his partner met someone who she’s eventually going to leave him for. Though he’s lost her, he’s gained this whole new relationship to life, which before he treated as a mission. What was his stance, if it was in any way similar to mine? He was probably the kind of writer who felt as if he had many deep feelings and emotions and was precious about his own suffering, so maybe he’s a kindof introverted songwriter, Elliot Smith type, but nowhere near as good or deep, someone who just learned to fetishize their own depression, then why is this chick with him in the first place? Well, if he’s like me, he’s a very serious and sincere person, but someone probably not entirely jaded, wet behind the ears. Think about how this whole discovery with parties happened for me in college. It was like a discovery. Obviously parties were things in high school but not very much in my circle. Then in New Paltz, the world opened up to me like a magnificent flower.

Alright well I think at some point soon I will get up early and try a draft on this and just see what happens. I have an idea in mind, but not a super strong one, so it should be fun to just see how Clay’s journey plays out.

4/12/21

This is a story about a young, pessimistic musician named Clay, his partner Katrina, and they’re going to a party together. He doesn’t really want to go, and the first part of the story is them on the way over, this kindof sullen dynamic where she is always catering to his sensitive, fearful feelings, and he’s really only going because he’s afraid he’ll lose her if he doesn’t. So he’s in a very fearful place, and they’re having this discussion about how to regard parties, and she’s expressing her point of view.

They arrive at the party, and pretty instantly, Clay is in a bad way about it. We immediately address all the ways in which we hate the party. But then we meet a stranger, an Ain’t Shit, who’s able to open Clay up by describing the true reality of the Party. From there, it’s a drinking game that loosens Clay up. Then, there’s a sing along, and he gets to play his guitar. Then, there’s an invitation to go do some drugs discretely. He has to fall into it because he’s seen Katrina talking to the person he was afraid she would, so there’s a sense of him having already lost her, and them going forward.

But there’s a part of me that also sees it somehow wrapping up in this very calm way, as if it was just a pretty tame evening, and then they drive home together. I think I just have to go for it, and find out what happens.

I found myself hitting a wall once i got to the party, making stuff up in an uninspired way. I’d like to get past that self-judgement, and make something even if i feel terrible about it in the moment of making it. Which is an incentive to go ahead and try finishing it tonight or today. The other idea is to sit and word vomit for a while here and see if I can craft a narrative with each beat fitting perfectly. I really should try it both ways, as two separate iterations. The first one should then be completely improvisational, leaning in fully to the blind discovery of it, removing all censors and self0judgement, writing truly as a form of being. So maybe i’ll tag back into that later tonight.

4/13/21 -- I got in a good morning pages where I got to clarify to myself what i’m going for. Looking back through my draft, i can tell I want to approach it with a different style, just something more deliberate and precise, something that doesn’t mince words. Closer to what I achieved with the Gift Shop. The few points that remain in my head:

--3rd person omniscient, favoring Clay’s perspective. Maintain the prelude of their dynamic arriving to the party.

--I’m now imagining a rooftop party. An apartment down below, but a party that’s a little “younger” than I initially imagined, as opposed to the slightly more adult one I imagined, a small gathering that feels formal. I think this needs to be big and expansive enough to allow a few possibilities.

--Still maintain the initial dread upon arrival, all the ‘terrible’ things about a party that have more to do with someone’s own internal perspective than with the party itself. More of a him being off to himself, probably leaning into that whole “guy leaning against a wall sipping beer and thinking too much” thing.

--But then he has to meet someone who engages him. But the conversation has to guide him naturally into a whole slew of activities. There’s obviously a going to the bathroom part that has to be vulnerable, like getting a peak at something that you shouldn’t.

--there’s gotta be a sobriety bit, or rather a lack of it, something that causes someone who doesn’t normally indulge to go for it. But I also don’t want it to be all about the drugs. Alcohol is enough for most people. Maybe there’s some weed at some point, some coke.

--Does Clay get ‘fucked up’? If he does, it should be something that Kat enjoys seeing. She herself must be totally going wild.

--but clay gets a big, spiritual, poetic take-away from the evening, he has to learn about The Party, and now see EVERYTHING through this new light, once it dawns on him. Let’s not make it too much about the drugs and inebration for him. He has to be lucid enough to see what’s going on and then maybe take Kat home at the end of the night.

--I think he should meet someone else, beyond the platonic friend.

Let’s also stop turning people into ideas. Who is this person? Perhaps it oculd be more like one conversation carried on between many different people, Almost as if the party itself is speaking through people. So it’s as if the spirit of the party itself is the one letting him know what’s up.

-- Assuming this is someone in his later 20’s, like me, living a similar life, who’s probably been to many parties before, why is it now that this grand revelation comes over him? It’d be easier to make sense of if this was me as a young kid, freshman in college who’s new to partying in general.

But with a proper style it may not be such an issue. It’s important o stay in tune with, who is this person people are supposed to sympathize with? It’s me obviously. What am I sharing? A way to understand parties in a cosmic manner. In a way that for me, made something that was always overwhelming and anxious when I was younger and turned it into a source of joy. And understanding it doesn’t change the fact that sometimes I’m not feeling it and would prefer to be alone, that’s still true. So it’s just someone who doesn’t like parties, but sometimes you’ve gotta go to parties. That happens to people of all ages, just having to go somewhere you don’t wanna go. In this case, I set up that he has to go because it’s his partner’s friend’s party, and he’s afraid if he doesn’t go he’s going to lose her, because she is the center of his sense of connection. He probably doesn’t have a lot of other connections. So this party just happens to have the magical cocktail that opens up his sense of connection, to the point where at the end of the night, and things wind down, not only does he feel fulfilled, but he feels like he’s more open to the world. It’s a night that changes his life, because he did make and meet friends. Him and Kat will probably split and it’ll be for the best. But, he walked through a door, and hasn’t looked back to where he came from, and probably never will.

So again, I think I might just want to move to drafting this on computer on thursday, maybe working from the outline, figuring out the different chunks and how they fit and sequence together, and then building it out in that way. It’s becoming clearer, the more time I spend working with it, as is the case with anything else I work on.

5/12/21

Been a while since I worked on this story, and it is one I feel to have a lot of potential, and I just want to go for it the way I have with other stories that haven’t turned out terrible on a first past.

It’s a story that’s very small and grounded at first. Guy going to a party with his partner, hates parties, maybe has a general sense of malaise, a state I know well, because keep in mind who is the person who needs to hear or receive this idea of the Party. Probably someone who is too serious, someone who takes the whole business of life too seriously. Probably a philosopher, the part of me that has taken life too seriously in the past, someone who has trouble letting go and having fun. Someone who has trouble receiving the fun, looks at it all as stupid.

And the party starts timid, get all the terrible boring parts out of the way, but ease slowly into the larger picture.

One question that remains is whether this should all stay in a grounded reality, and let it just be a profound conversation that opens it up, or whether it should bend reality a bit to actualize the ideas, because it’s really a party you haven’t arrived at yet until something inside says yes, and then the party goes on forever, and you come and go to the party as you please

\*\*what is it we’re celebrating? In any party, there’s an excuse, but really it’s celebration itself. It’s the ultimate spiritual state, the tip of the pyramid, and you’re always there, even in the darkest aspects of humanity, the war and famine, the whole thing. So I think it should go on the whole journey and find it’s way back to the rooftop, the shirt band and the people too sick, and finally taking the cab ride home with the partner and the sense of living in a different world. Tomorrow Thursday this is the focus.

5/13/21

Jeremy was one of many in this world who didn’t like parties and was self-conscious about it--self conscious about not liking parties. Of course, parties themselves were the kind of events some magnified his self-consciousness somehow.

It didn’t matter how many times memes and posts online had insisted to him that he was in good company with many other people who felt the same, all the jokes made (online, in a safe space where one could take time to articulate things) to show parties for what they were, all the different attempts to brush it off as an unnecessary, unimportant aspect of life, something really boring compared to the intimate one on ones, or anything else. Or all the general pitch son mental health and wellness, -destigmatization-- everyone was trying to hard to make it seem like parties didn’t matter, but it seemed possible to deny that parties were important.

Everyone could think of a party from childhood that meant a lot to them, whether it was a totally sunny memory, or maybe there was some unusual about it, maybe dark, maybe bizarre or uncanny, something more like poetry, where the event says something more than any word can contain.

But even then, early on, Jeremy remembered the exhaustion, the crabbiness, when an all-day birthday party turned into a sleepover that he couldn’t han gin for, because he was too overwhelmed. All the times, in a house full of his friends and others, when he just wanted it to be quiet and be alone.

And it happened over and over again, even as he entered college and made friends, and went to parties and had okay times, there was almost always an anxiety attack before the party got started, and the only way through it was getting fucked up so he didn’t care anymore. It felt horrible every time, but the reward he got form that was his friends thinking he was normal.

Because everyone else he knew loved parties, and someone who didn’t like parties--there was something wrong with them. Jer couldn’t tell why this was the case, but he knew it. Parties, if properly understood, were this inherent good, one it seemed most people grabbed instinctively. Yet, there was not a party announced among his friends that he did not dread, because no matter what he did, he suffered: Either he stayed home, enjoyed his solace, and spent the whole time thinking not only about all the things he was missing, but knowing it was only his own fault that he was missing out, or, he went, and spent the whole time crippled with anxiety until he got drunk enough to stop caring, and nothing significant would happen that he remembered, and he’d wake up in the morning feeling like shit, knowing he hadn’t missed anything remarkable or important, and he came to these events only so that his friends would know he was normal, and not some anti-social freak.

Because that’s what everyone thought, no matter what they said to Jer’s face. That’s what anyone thinks about someone who doesn’t like parties, who avoids them or doesnt go.