FRAGMENTS | [***SHORTS***](#SHORTS) ***|*** [***PEOPLE***](#PEOPLE) ***|*** [***MOMENTS***](#MOMENTS)

[***Art School***](#ART_SCHOOL)**|** [***The Onion***](#THE_ONION)**|** [**Fate Book**](#FATE_BOOK) **|** [**Trailer**](#TRAILER) **|** [**Vidar Mo**](#VIDAR) **|** [**Wannabe Jesus**](#JESUS)

**Ghost Story** **|** [**The Bears of Elisha**](#BEARS)



The man reportedly spent several hours drinking in a local restaurant before he lost the memory stick

He spent several hours drinking in a local restaurant before eventually passing out on the the street, local media reported.

When he eventually came around, he realised that both his bag and the memory stick were missing.

**STAGING**

Something about the VanAntwerps and the trip out east with hans and our fundamentalist upbringing and capitalism and confident attidutes about things. And his moods. And his vanity and his frustration. And his lack of dedication to get better. And then finding that with cycling and putting all of his eggs in that basket, identity-wise and that it is over statement, but it seems excessive…

Porn magazines torn and scattered about the brush of a little wood.

And dad enraged and running over them with a black garbage bag. **(Poems 2019)**

Collecting up all the scraps. But the I saved one. But then I saved one. And did I show

That kid who came to visit me. Did Josh Beaver really come visit me. His last name- aquatic woodland creature, native to North America, it’s pelts popular in many 19th century hats. My friend had prominent front teeth. As did his father who was a doctor. He was Finish? They were finish? Me a little prick having breakfast at their house and asking them to turn the music off because it was making me kind of ill and uneasy. Booming deep patriarchal voices and melodies that conjoured up ethnic dress in faded blues and reds. And dancing at obscure folk festivals. Old rituals returned by practiced performers. Was it before we had sat with the VanAntwerp sister is the unfinished second floor room- a too hot or too cold dim world of particle board and pink insulation. We had a thin rollout mattress that was grey. It had a vaguely athletic look. Red and blue stitching patching together the lumpy, cumbersome rollaway mattress. And when the girls were visiting from the east coast. Nathan just couldn’t fucking contain himself and asked the girls if they had ever seen PB before. Now these were super bright super and Christian- one would become a doctor, married to a doctor, a mother, a reader of poetry, even small books from insignificant publishers; the other, the rebel, headstrong and talent, pursued her musical chops at the piano and song writing in the era of Tori Amos, Sarah McClaren, Fiona Apple, Alanis Morsette, Garbage, Sixpence None The Richer, The Summerrett girls. And look at tricia, she was doing it. She was an artist. She was living and working at making art and creating and engaging in the marketing and engaging with the art. And she is seemingly enjoying herself. I could write the letter and DM the link to it. I could ask her for her best email. Email first. Get her address. Maybe just get her address. Slow connection. We move in times that are so fast. I try to deliberately slow things down. All the follow up and the morning came to me in the street. Memory darling. It is all we have. Stoned and sedate at 7 till noon. Trying to hack up the morning. Sternly regarding my joy at this heist of time. This splicing of experience. This exhilarating journey. This attempt to wake myself from the nightmare of history. Called my brother last night and had a good chat with him- hope I didn’t sound too drunk or high; I think I made it through all right. I was friendly and engaging and had jokes. Teacher Euchre in the age of Trump. Reagan being Trump joke. Reagan trumps your spade. Trump Reagans your black spade… etc… talking baseball- Contreras playing the outfield. Amazing throw to stop a run. Botched run down catch allowing a run to score (was that a catchable ball? He is a catcher afterall. Though not usually catching at a full spring. And not really sprinting all that much either. They are settling. They’ve hit a tipping point. Yes, it really was just like a tipping point. It was link one day all these loose strands started coming together. His kind of anti-elderly attitude of America. An ambivalence. The tension of what the fuck is an aging voting block going to do. What the fuck is a young up and coming voting block going to do. Work hard. Be open. Contribute. Demand a strong common trust of land and services. But contribute as much as you can as well. You family is your primary responsibility. And settling your family into the community

I don’t think had

**itBrainstorming Principles**

* Focus on quantity
* No criticism
* Encourage wild ideas
* Combine and improve ideas
* Religious / Spiritual issues vs. Psychological Issues.

**Forms**

Totem poems: just a lot of associated words and images and memories commemorating someone that you love.

Dense language

Foreign language

Strange logic

Symbolic logic

Logical Fallacies

Hits something familiar from an unfamiliar angle, making it novel, giving the illusion of vividness.

Is the illusion of vividness still vividness.

* Get your head out of your ass and back to earth, you have such a wonderful life there.
* I have to stay away until I achieve the thing that will allow me to accept the boutiful life that I have on earth
* Everything is journey and return. How do you abstract the simple.
* How do you simplify the abstract.
* What are you excited about?
* What are you into people?
* Not everyone is as conflicted about things as I am, at least I hope not.
* The journey of the frog from the well to the castle.
* The Story of the two doves using the young man as a puppet for them (“The Three Languages”)
* The story of the dogs being cursed with the treasure under the tower. Once it is released, they will be released. One of their number was greedy, and was tricked and punished for his greed. That could be another whole story of another adventurer who outsmarted them to escape to a happy fate. The marauding pack of dogs. Running through the country side. Research, feel, work. Don’t worry. Work.
* The Vagabonds- the cock and the hen. And their tricks across the countryside. How could I combine the Rimbaud characters and the hen and the cock from the Vagabound, as well as Roosterhead.
* I was impressed by the “Witcher’s” description of made up botany.
* Does your world have made up botany in it… it doesn’t… maybe it should…
* A demon/angel/spirit in the form of Johnny Walker…
* Superfluity…
* Read a little bit of Emerson’s essay “The Poet.”
* Story idea- Plan Lloyd’s funeral. Write a homily for him.
* Song idea- song trade with Dave Clausen. Start it out through email. Suggest that he writes some lyrics and I’ll write the music and vice cersa. Write a story about the song swop and ask Dave to write about the song swap as well. Contextualize it a little bit. Could be a good way to catch up on each other’s lives and do something collaboratively creative.

Story ideas:

* Excavation- arch of the story sketched out in Bob Dylan’s Isis song
* Mood meter—informs you of where you mood is headed. Subjective. It’s a weather interpreter. Pressure changes. What physiologically is happening when you begin to display these psychosomatic symptoms. Are they psychosomatic? Early morning anxiety that is.
* You’ve lived a mile wide and an inch deep. Mother and a son. Death. Write about death and grieve.
* My robot (metaphor for his body)- man talks about his robot doing different things for him. Then his robot contracts cancer and he has to watch as it begins to fall apart. It’s him all along.
* Running to “In Rainbows”; letters
* Reading Wendel Barry and thinking about my own existence and way of life.
* Finding way back into Chinese and writing in general. And finding a way to bring myself back out (more extraverted than ever?)
* Dispatch from a satellite.
* Dispatch from the floor after my knee injury took me out.
* Death Wish- images that he does all these really risky things, but really he just spends all of his time thinking about death and standing outside of cemeteries and writing letters to people he knows who has died and making plans for his own funeral and thinking about the funerals of his loved ones and friends and thn making files on each loved one and friend whose funeral arrangements were lain on his heart, including details about the music and the refreshments that would be the best way to remember that person. And then he expand these files to include questions that he wanted to ask these people before they died and things he wanted to do with and enjoy with them before one of them should die. And he wrote a program to track all of things goals and thoughts and future fodder for interaction and conversation. I should make a question section to my projects Questions that can catalyze conversation and propel future research and intuitive development of the project. People begin to die and he realizes that his death book has become his handbook for life. (**fate book)**
* **Three ways**
  + Female #1 and #2 women who want to start families. Roommates. One starts to get serious about a guy and then it is discovered that he has a secret cellphone.
  + Female #1, they #1, male#1 long established couple opens up the relationship. Immature they, needy, power struggle in the relationship. Female #1 ends up the odd one out. They and Male are an item ofr a while and then are not. They #1 meets They#2 and lives across the street from a couple that we know through Male #1. We have Thanksgiving with the Theys and our friends for several years in a row. Female # 1 loves presentations, facts, keenly observed details, experiencing eccentric or singular events, historical oddities, cataloging things, microfeesh, nostalgia, appreciating, curiosity, perspective. They # 1 is a programmer and enjoys logic and clarity and she speaks in this flat bored intelligent way. Like Mark Zuckerburg or a Lud addict.
* Super Yooper Narrator… just see where the story goes once I dig down on the voice.
* The Runner
* Basketball
* Hunting
* Weather forecaster
* Ball game announcer
* Actor narrator/ reader
* Speaking aloud, thinking aloud
* Toast masters

My father’s hanging was a dark day. Crows at the windowsill calling him into town. Dark robed clergy in a sickening incense haze deliberated. Dear May was invoked to consecrate their judgement and they hung my father without recourse to appeals. Justice left the world for me that day.

Justice flung itself at the doorstep of vengeance.

Apocalyptic… read Revelation. Rant. Open your third eye. Call out!

Confronting unreason, emotion, appetite. My writing should be a refining fire. Don’t be afraid. Be big gutted and proud. Confidence comes from application.

Ws he a hero? He had made a time machine with the explicit purpose to use it to go back in time and rape serial killers whe they were children. Twisted sure, but justice was justice no?

* Deck of cards featuring a nice introduction to Chinese characters: character, pinyin, strokes, English, suit.
* pinyin cards with all of the combinations.

Mike Todd, *Around the World in 80 Days,* A cursed diamond, and the criminals that tried to exhume his body to get the diamond.

Baader Menihof Phenomenon

* Frequency illuisons
* Meaningful coincidences
* Synchronicity: Burkina Faso: article, radio, shower curtain. Erik from Burkia Faso, had last felt that way when I learned in my late 30s that the capital of Australia is not Melbourne or Sydney or Brisbane or Perth or Darwin, but Canberra… which when it finally decided to penetrate my skull, because I can’t imagine that I had never encountered this place name before in three decades in the English speaking world and even as a younger child having a Crocodile Dundee inspired obsession with the marsupial lousy continentally proportioned country. That sinking feeling of unknow and confusion and disorientation, how in the hell did I never notice that or hear that or think of thank. Our incredible minds that can take in so much and can process so much, but then still miss so much, create unhelpful maps and network graphs of our existence.
* 333 aid and encouragement
* 444: a sign that someone is trying to communicate with you.

HOME

* Therapy session
* Pot brownie
* Bike ride around north side
* Hair cut
* Rambling about writing process? Plot of book? Work story?
* Belgian bar- dark, clean, good beer, friendly bar tender, relaxed, writing, sketching, feeling at peace with the idea living in the sweel of the work and having the shareable work being only a small part of it. A sliver of it. A shadow cast by the process. A fruit easily plucked and digested and used and enjoyed and taken in a new direction. The great text of the word is hungry for your words. He wants to be the most intricate text in all the universe. The complexity of the system is what gives it life. Ever expanding and becoming more and more complex. A universe spiraling ever out and out expanding in a bounty of being. Becoming.

**Youth Culture**

Performance, acquisition, big eye-catching, deep conviction, wild-eyed, rightness, ready-to-lead, agency, values aligned with the masses.

**People Person**

Judging people too harshly for their quirks and limitations is unconstructive. Observing their quirks and limitations and strengths and all the bizarre and surprising combinations that they bubble up in is fascinating and endlessly entertaining.

Our pathologies are all quite unique and often compelling.

Our pain is crushingly the same.

Focusing on their strengths, praising, taking joy in them

Characterizations imparted over time.

Characterizations crafted over time.

Our of a haircut, a reaction, a line, a silence, a pause, a confession, a digression, a move, a job, an article of clothing, a gesture, a certain vocalized political belief, a question.

**Old woman**

* the old woman puckered her lips as she had done since she was young before she had something emphatic to say.
* An unusual mind shaped by extraordinary experiences.
* The crag of her face was like the texture of a dumpy crumpled paper bag.

**The Mystic**

A manically mystical man.

No longer obsessed with mastery

A mensch and a bastard all in one

Superstitious, chemical, tyrannical

T.V. Zoned, fresh out of jail, Chemical dependent, hysterical.

Refusing to age another day without a few assurances

He’d lived many lives by now, though always the same soul.

Same breeziness and carelessness, same wandering mise-en-scene.

SHORTS

04/02/2022

Man becomes convinced he must fake his own death to figure out potential partners true feelings for him. His beautiful co-worker who has been grieving her fiancé for like ten years and how he thinks this is just the most beautiful thing. That guy touching Jenn’s hand. Her selling a million dollar emerald to her friends. And the socialite whose family name adorns various things around the municipality who wished everyone could enjoy such beauty as she flounced around the moseleum like show room with $10 million dollars on her finger. I just wish everyone could enjoy this kind of beauty. Everyone deserves this. So beautiful. Do you think I could wear this at the stables?

03/07/2022

Train tracks up and down his arms. Hash marks along his wrists. Sweat collecting on his upper lip. Hands clenched in fists.

Misfits throwing parties. Throwing fits. Owing nothing to the ordinary. Better dead than boring.

Both love and hate bubbling up from a dangerous place.

Suddenly he had to pee pretty intensely. Suddenly cold and having to pee, a weak position, like his incision wounds healing in his ballsack, his dwindling bank account, his dragging coping habits, his middle-aged body, his coding obsession, his gravy train, his daily unleaven.

12/22/2021

He is a strange guy. Successful career in law that he just left to raise kids with made up names in a big house.

*Just 10%, that’s right. Children? Sure as many as you can have. No really. As many as you can have or it’s a sin. No, no reservations needed. We’ll be here every Sunday. That’s right, Every Sunday. Of course we have branches everywhere. We are quite the organization. We all have the same books and stay on the same page throughout the year.*

9/20/2021

We meet up for coffee. Since we are old friends we mostly just kvetch about the restrictions on our lives and the things we recently purchased. Him -- guitar equipment, records, new appliances for the kitchen -- in fact there was a new gas range in his car right now.

Yup, they bought a new place, well new to them, where do they live I ask him, he doesn’t know exactly. He got good deals on the records. He shops Facebook Marketplace hard.

Am I insane she wants to know. The one who is fucking some black guy who is cagey about committing or even meeting her friends and she’s in biological clock ticking, I want a baby mode right now.

Without a job or a set career I have become unmoored.

08/24/2021

A kind down to earth pastor, not unlike bety’s brother brian, very kind, common sensical, Jesus like, wanted to walk the way in Spain. Was going to fly to Paris and meet his wife for a Cathedral tour before flying to continental Europe to make the walk along the way alone.

Laurel drops a prayer candle and is shatters and a piece of glass gets caught in her eye. She calls around trying to find a place to go in, but doesn’t want to go to the ER because she has heard that they are not particularly well equipped or well trained to deal with eye injuries. Frantic search for medical help.

She then receives the email that an hour outside of Nashville the pastor and his teenage daughter were both killed in a truly awful carr accident involving a semi truck. Most likely the Pastor and his daughter were both decapitated as their car carooned under the semi truck after getting struck from behind when the traffic column suddenly haulted.

Laurel begins to sob uncontrollably. She cried so hard and so volumously that she washes the shard from her eye and feels complete relief. The shard dislodged. She is exhausted and lies down upon her bed and sleeps.

06/02/2021

Things she kind of hated-- certain words-- shears, slacks, nozzle, moist, relax, joe or java, expresso, that song by Janice Joplin *You me and Bobby McGee*. Bad lighting. Empty calories-- especially deserts, which had the potential of being so delicious, but were more often then not just cloyingly sweet and of a questionable enjoyable texture. But you make do and you eat the sweet and you all say wow, so good. He brother-in-laws mothers bars. Diabetes food. Not even all that enjoyable to ingest unless you were like fat and sugar starving on a deserted isle. But we are not. We can buy candy bars anyway that are cloying and dry and stuffed full of preservatives. Why would we serve this shit to people that we generally like and as some sort of favor doing treat?

15 OCT 2018

Grey eyed men eyeing each other from opposite sides of a table. Sliced oranges on eggplant colored ceramic, woven into the mahogany slab table. In addition to the oranges- other objects: paper documents, ashtrays, sepia colored photos taken on an undisclosed date.

The English finishes in the room were precious. The faded, but daringly garish wall-papered walls. The back corner bar, glistening in stretched leather luster. And then there she was again. At *his* place now. He approached her and slid his hand around her hip to the small of her back. He kissed her lightly on the lips. She tasted like cigarettes and vodka. “I’m horny, Barry,” she slurred.

The multiplex movie theater parking lot had emptied out hours earlier, but Stephanie and William sat side by side up on the concrete light pole piling out in the parking lot. They had had to use a shopping cart to boost themselves up to the high piling. They sat on the piling long after the parking lot had emptied out and the sun had gone down. Stephanie smelled sweet. They shared William’s M&Ms and talked about many things and nothing at all.

Millions of lives had been lost. What was the reward for all this carnage? Or was the reward the unceasing carnage itself. Or the eventual cessation, when all the powder and lead have been blown through once again.

Hyperbole. Fight. Survive. For the soul. Hyperbole. The best. The Greatest.

“Heat of Gold” Irrationality drive.

Amazing…. I think I’d like to steal it.

A small group of people visiting a home where the family’s dog is not comfortable with hugging.

His mother’s cheetah bathing suit with an eye on the nipple area more or less of one of the breast coverings.

The shame of being lame, personality-wise.

Personality as a kind of handicap.

He rose early and tried on his new tunic with anticipation.

Tunisian silk, looking glass.

Mesastophilies fleecing cities of their many pretty things.

Our poverty made city living surprisingly affordable.

Who said it would be adorable to be one of the deplorables for Halloween.

Home—

Sunday dinner, clean linen, putting feet up, feeling settled. Well-appointed. Breathing deeply before the winding wheel runs round again. Come hither world. I shall not retreat from thee. Ground swell of honesty. Momentary chaos and the still waters ramshackle snuggled down. We couldn’t break the memory of that season for anything. I’ve lived long with unreason and all my misgivings have now drown.

09/14/2021

Shit smells in a house because it is too large and there’s lots of plumbing to stink and not a lot of water moving the occasional deposit though.

Storing things beneath your house you purchased and are now renting out to some friends. You’re sort of helping them out. It goes both ways. It’s both ways. It is. He has a background in construction. Real handy. And now you leave your stuff. Your journals. You costume jewelry in office boxes, stored in the crawl space within the foundation of the house. Serial killer space. Weird space. Forgotten. Unpromising. Sill-- a definitive space to interim something you are not yet willing to be parted with.

Working at the cemetery. The leg. The baby in the whopper box.

What I have in common with the ancient Romans is not a Ceasar, but the weather.

05/07/2021

Church bulletins: betsy’s family’s church had a cross dressing obese man in a wheelchair who wrote a Science Fiction serial which the Aboite Missionary Baptist Church pastor would publish periodically in the church bulletin. These bulletin entries became legendary in the Birkey household. It was just the sort of text that would thrill them. As a late 70s and early 80s family they were deep in the Darth Vader death grip clutches of Star Wars. They were a pious Midwestern family that had just missed the draft for Vietnam, they seemingly went straight from the Eisenhower 50s to the Reagan 80s and held out hope for the final death of their liberal enemies.

Johnny Appleseed. Famous the spreading apples all over the mid-west and into the west. Which made him very popular as apples were a great way of making booze. Ft. Wayne. Mad Anthony Lane.

We had something like that for a minute at our Covenant Church. But then they tried to combine our church with the church from the next town over and amicably figure out which pastor should stay on. The more senior pastor was considerably less popular, thus perhaps the acrimony that started bubbling up when less senior pastor packed up and headed south to a wealthy suburb of Chicago.

I did like to go camping I did. I would have like my father to take me camping or hunting. Or express any desire to spend time with me that wasn’t just running errands or changing my oil. It is a ridiculously low expense. Why would we do it ourselves and not just spend the time chatting?

04/12/2021

All the best poets I knew wound up selling weed or working in publishing-- proximity to books, but not writing them, a sort of sysiphsian twist on the failed author narrative. Bury own authorial instinct in other peoples writerly malaise.

Send out a live track-- something living, breathing, eye batting and charming.

Everyone needs gravity and encouragement and perspective and kindness and entertainment and perspective and humor and calm, drafting off of someone else’s sense of purpose

04/10/2021

Life is a game of pinball in which we do our damnedest to imagine despite the fake that we are simply a round little shot ball that we have our fingers on the flipper switches, never fully noticing the closed loopness of the situation and that all the real powerful stuff happens on the other side of the glass. We are just left to take our hits and rack up as many fucking points as possible.

**PEOPLE**

07/02/2022

Melody’s leaving. Final glass at Pilates studio. Had taught there for years. The miscarriage. The divorce. Tyler. Moving to Columbus. Light streaming in from the high windows. Wood. Dark wood. Dust in the corners. Steel girders. Exposed brick and silver ventilation ducts. Tears at the end of the glass. After the rhythm and the chanting and the checklist.

Personality holds the lists together.

Why do I hate these people? I have to love these people and love myself before I can write this.

He was kind of a know-it-all and worn these worn corduroy pants that you could just image that he had been wearing at different sizes ever since he was a little know-it-all kid.

The universality of personal demons. The specifics vary as does their impact. Experiments in living all. Confront demons, limitations, bad habits, bad behavior, dishonesty, untrueness

People believe some wild things and they abstract things in some very interesting ways sometimes.

Strong culture, strong system, strong economy, but it stil requires resilience and tenacity and kindness and commitment at the individual level and that starts with us. Our lives-- the way we live and work and cope and address and interface and grow and change and evoke and discover and pass on and pass away.

Types (Sky) -- craft, flavor, taste

* Meat, intoxication, flavor, experience, chemical bounty
* Uneasy friendship here. Entertainment. Iranian Vampire film. Sucking blood. Seeking out our sustenance. Consuming to find pathos. Foundation. Buying a bunch of gifts for her friends. Mother’s manic obligation to materially represent her love. Father’s tightwad resentment of it. Brother’s arch-capitalist material moves. Selling my hot-wheel. Telling me I needed to buy stock in the gaming system before he would let me play. Gifting me an expensive polaroid camera, a Swiss Army knife with my initials engraved on it, a blinking weather clock thing that runs hard against our minimalist aesthetic, an app controlled Star Wars toy that forces us to get our phone out just to play with our daughters. All the devices for all his kids. His constant phone use. His garage full of bicycles. His vehicles. His run down house, gerbils, cats, a dog. The enormous cardboard box of Halloween candy. Putting on weight, gaining wealth. Aging how Americans should age, in their collections, their refined appetites. Their expanding networths.

Antoine -- best of the best, daddy’s cash has refined his tastes.

Hans -- value, expertise—specialization. The Latest kick. The obsessives research. The self-salesmenship. Seeind 10% and feeling like you are seeing 110%. The rationalized crowbar. Leverage me out of my rut. My stuck place. I am a traitor. I am a shit. I am in the mountain dissolving into my limitations. I need a good conclusion. I need my just deserves.

Gareth -- dreamer, but poor planner, doesn’t follow through, sentimental, stuck in rut with video gaming, follows intuition, but intuition is kind of faulty, but certainly creative, lazy, voyeuristic, chatty, ineffectual.

Confidence--

Sure confidence is great, but keep in mind that there are a lot of super confident people out there who are real assholes.

Body types—

My grandmother shuffling cards with her arthritic hands. Then handing me the deck and her cupping my hands and deck and I was overcome with warmth and affection and remembrance of my grandmother and then the inverted absconding card and the solid yellow background, the yellow mise-en-scene of my fleeting memory. I’m beginning to believe all of my own bullshit-- it leaves me in fits, riled up just for the fun of it-- dwelling in solme cellar with the special jelly swelling up through the sutures-- reading you coffee grounds for your unclear futures-- Dow Jones closing down after another rough day in Jonestown, pour a round of cult juice, let’s wash the pain down, call the rain to the plain in Spain.

What are the brush strokes that suggest recognizable forms.

He wears a death mask of fitness and winning.

Broad shoulders

Shoulders so broad his head looked a little shrunken hanging out up there.

Slouched shoulders. She slouches her shoulders forward o sheepishly hand me the pen cap.

04/25/2022

“Everything is a play on words with these people.” the tall thin man’s benefits consoler. He needs a surgery, he knows he does, he can feel IT in his face, sinuses, head… he needs a reevaluation for surgery and is being denied this?

03/27/2021

We can live through things that we should not be able to live through, and yet we can fold and collapse at the most commonplace, garden variety vicissitudes.

9/20/2022

The joke intellectual, his mind and body both breaking down at last.

02/12/2022

Separate concerns. Modular, depend on abstractions and concretions

If you refer to it then you depend on it!

What are your concerns? How do you separate your concerns.

When the things you depend on change… you must change.

Resistance is a resource.

TDD design is emergent. Features are emergent when you follow the pattern

If test seems hard examine design

Extract- inject- refactor repeat

Refactor not because you know they abstraction but because you are trying to find it

Through the fire … burning with desire…

**Art School**

***Art School Drop Out***

And the *Logos*?

In this process? Yes!

In this circling and syntaxing?

In this basking in meaning:

exact or blurred,

all graspingly truthy?

Yes! I bare my chest

to the neighborhood birds

like an old man

skinny and free.

**LEARNING**:

Present self is kind of a dick to future self. Always leaving tons of work for him to be completed under duress with unnaturally tight deadlines. Its cruel. Let’s admit that your future self is not a stranger, but someone that should be protected.

We like lists because we don’t want to die. -- Umberto Eco

You are an artist both in what your work is, but more importantly in how you work, not all artists work in a beautiful way, but if I were an artist and I am an artist I would prefer to work in a beautiful way.

Students are smart because they can learn— time, resources, support, attention span, good organization skills, planning, time management skills).

His clothes always smelled of woodsmoke and his skin lavender.

Prolific maker: purses, puppets, jewelry, baking, clothes, altering clothes’

**Nad**

NBA finals begins today. The CIA statue riddles. The Riddles of the Sphinx. Climbing the Pyramids at Giza. Conquest style tourism. American exceptionalism even in openness. The priviledge of money. The curdling priveledge of money. Nad angry at the beach, not having prepared himself for the long walk. Having to Park on Broadway. Paying the meter that was sold to some mysterious group. Does no one really know who controls the meters and is benefiting from the funds? Does the city get all the ticket revenue. His triangle of sadness becoming more prominent by the day. Used to feel strong. Now feels flabby and fat. Maybe the body does have a spiritual component. He drinks too much again. Beer hangover twice in one week. Annoying. Maybe he’s just dehydrated. Finally dreamed. Back in the jewelry business. No time to get fully dressed, helping clients , random passive aggressive judgey, schlubby jewelry people keep popping up. He is there for art. TO study people .TO practice his Chinese. The need for everythignn to be simple and binary. Are we to e defined by our bad breaks? Are we to be defined by our good breaks. Why did he feel the need to keep drinking when he started drinking. Why was he hungover for the second time this week. The golden light at dusk. An idea for a photo blog about Montrose Beach. A certain Icky looking. Look, but not too hard. Young bodies. Old bodies. Middle-aged bodies. Ethnicities. Meat grilling. Weed smells in the wind. Alcohol. Warm white wine. Everyone opts for cold beer. Why was he hungover again? The high rises to the north. A profound cluster for the middle west. Sparse compared to the Sci-fi like density of the endlessly repeated designs north of Beijing. The Concrete Dragon. The scale of it astounding. How do you keep it all in your head? Especially when you’re hungover. Talking of things years ago. Significant details. Trying to be literary. Coming off as random. Talking about your process. Selfish. Self-imploding. Only feel good about your exercise routine. Your running that forgives, sort of, your beer consumption.

Accidently pastes the code from his clipboard:

def seesaw(num)

num = num.to\_s

left = num[0...num.size / 2].to\_i

right = num[(num.size + 1) / 2..-1].to\_i

["balanced", "left", "right"][left <=> right]

End

There’s an elogence to the code. It makes sense to him now. These data structures are cool. He cried when he finally unconsciously opened a program from the command line. Now he uses the command line all the time and it isn’t a big deal, but then it was. Just like his character writing which used to be non-existent and is now decent, though whop really gives a fuck? He’s collecting things

David, Divad, Diva, Vidar, Diva R, Diva D. Can’t completely explain these looping thoughts. Wanting to connect with male friends that he respects. Seeing his father’s lack of friends. He feels doomed. Most of his “close” friends couldn’t make his wedding. But that’s not true. He had the pastor (alcohol), the beer dude (alcohol), the coffee friend(coffee and weed), his cousin who he’d been sort of close to growing up (weed), and all his friends through his wife’s circle of friends (weed or alcohol) whatever was around. A go with the flow consumer of things. What is at hand? What is on offer? Don’t really plan ahead too hard. There is only anxiousness and coercion in that. Just go with the flow. Utilize well. If you feel depressed then you feel depressed. Just proof of your sensitive nature. Turn that sensitive lens on the world and you’re sure to be recognized for your art – right, right. But he was white and tall and should be working to promote dark, short people right? He was the establishment. He’d been given all sorts of priveledge. A sense of self worth shredded by his mother’s disappointment, her disapproval that he wasn’t Christian, wasn’t Catholic, didn’t kowtow to her apocalyptic worldview, her economic self-righteousness. Her goodness and dead-on reasonableness. He desire for a binary world. Constantly spinning things into good or bad without the awareness to bring her worldview into question. And what the fuck could he say. He was anxious and had funneled all his social interactions through weed and alcohol. He was now middle-aged and surrounded by broken interfaces.

In his dream he’d had a long phone conversation with his friend from high school who had been the validvictorian, funny and sly irrevent. Had always seemed confident beyond his years. Seemed to know how fucking smart he was and just went with it. Wasn’t the fastest or the handsomest, but knew how to leverage his assests in sports, the classroom, dating a cool girl, getting an advanced degree, going to medical school, giving back to the community, finding an equally smart and cool wife, just seeming to have a really dead centered view of things. Despite the challenges of his dad dying, his parents splitting up before that. He liked his corner of the world. He had a local cosmopolitanism. He seemed to enjoy the shit he got into and was smart about it. A good planner, balancer of things. He seemed supportive on the phone of the tech direction. Reading off job postings as Nad wandered the selling floor of the dream jewelry store.

And then he had walked along the streets, suddenly Brooklyn or somewhere with the attractive new hire, and she had surprised him by stopping and picking poppy flowers from out in front of some restaurant. She just liked the way the looked, but was sure to point out that they could be used to create heroin or opium tea. His interest had been peaked. Even in a dream intoxication had its appeal.

And then back at the shop after hours a stream of elderly Christians came in and they were all over the place, swarming into the back room, he was still dressed in appropriately and was trying to help clients even though the shop was technically closed. Up and down the stairs around the different levels of the selling floor like he was navigating through a MC Escher painting, feeling anxious about telling them he wanted to quit. Feeling anxious about quitting and jumping into the tech beyond. Feeling so relieved when he woke up and realized that he did not have to quit because he was laid off nearly two years ago and since then had be wrestling with building up his tech chops, staying present for his wife and growing girls, managing the fraughtness of the pandemic public, social and family climate, trying to manage his drinking habits, falling into a really destructive, secretive, addictive pattern of pot smoking, exploring esoteric exercises along the way, discovering and grounding his spirituality in a much more body focused practice, though still repeatedly shitting the bed when it came to just keeping a clear head and doing what he had to do with regards to getting his tech savviness up to an employable level. Writing thousands of hand written lines on yellow legal notepads, trying to morning page his way out of his head, he was out of his head, trying EMDR, yoga, qi gong, Alexander technique, running, zero-drop/barefoot running, pushups, rope workouts, growing increasingly exhausted with the process of trying to figure out his mind and his process. Wishing he could take a big fucking break from it and simply be. Simply find a job and be simple and do an objective task and have more wherewithal to just be there for his wife and girls. Out of the numbing, distancing cycle of breakthroughs and realizations and intoxications and street battles with his family. He felt disorganized and buried in new ideas and past memories and traumas.

He threw the tarot and the Fool showed up upside down. The Cipher. The center of the gyre. Inverted, falling from the sky, his little trusting dog plunging head long with him as he went over the cliff. And he spun and floundered in the air, in space, his funds depleting by the day, his head intermittently focused and learning, anxious and fretful, intoxicated and hop headed against the discomfort of the day. Then the 9 of pentacles showed up. The nine orbs with their obvious reference to the elements and all that had started to mean to him as he tried to reduce life to a nourishing routine. Water – hydration, Air – breathing, wood – rootedness, fire – activity and action and inspiration, earth—also rootedness, he wasn’t really sure about the difference between wood and earth. The lady in the middle was his wife and she was being dangled upside down, he own resources plowed into the family and taken for granted as he attempted to purge his literary instinct, rebuild his mind in a more tech centered way. There he was in the upper right hand corner of the card. A snail reduced to his mobile home and painfully slow progression. Dangling upside down, precariously advancing. And then it had all been brought home. His ideal, the Knight Pentacles on his stolid warhorse, progressing solidly, surefootedly, an intrinsic goodness in his solidity and settledness. Not rushing into anything, but ready to take on the challenges that would inevitably pop up, the pentacle and all its compressed meaning held before him like a weighty, nourishing ball of Qi, but again the goddamned card was inverted, emphasizing how he was still failing at all of this. Waking up hungover despite all of his convictions and breakthroughs and honest to god successes with tech – he was really getting close to being employable, his body, he was back to his highschool weight and running more effortlessly and motivated than ever, his settled root, he felt different when he moved, answering the anxieties that bubbled up with settling even more deeply into the triangles of his feet, his legs, balancing his torso on his hips, feeling a strength and balance in his mid-section, settling his shoulders, leading from his head, grounding his understanding of the third eye, allowing it to lead him. But still he was struggling to follow the path that the ides had laid out for him – he had been a dick to his father. Not accepting. Hurt that his father was so ignorant and unaccepting and selfish and self-centered and oblivious and even seemingly unwilling to offer him financial support, unable to realize what a profound evolution this has been. Unable to read his fucking mind and understand how much work he had put into trying to get right. Trying to overcome his bad habits and anxiousness. And past traumas.

Accept it. Get through it. You will be defined by both your good and bad breaks. We have minds that move in quauntum ways. Psyches that can exist in more than one place simultaneously. The contradictions are key. The resistance is strength. The key to flow. Voltage = current \* resistance.

Resistance = voltage / current. Current or flow = voltage (ability, capacity) / resistance. And this is science. This is truth. Metaphorically speaking. So, you know, just do it.

The process of Moving the artists out

The story of Nij and Diva. I had Pistachio. Shit in Berlin. The fit 80 year old Irish neighbor. What method did she use to stay fit. One of these postural strategies. Commit to something and just go for it. Instead most of us are oblivious and overweight and lack the energy and inspiration to interrupt our bad habits and find a new way to be. It doesn’t matter. We like our chocolate cake. We are fine with the weight. We carry around all sorts of spiritual and physical flab. It doesn’t matter. It’s just the way things are. It’s maybe even good in fact. Informs our work. Gives us some dimension.

**Larry** was a deconstructionist and his work was actually really cool, through his explanations of his work were completely insufferable. Magnus hon thew other hand did shit work and seemed to be under the dillusio that he was in on some joke that no one else got, but he was patient with us for our ignorance and kind about it, though an ftern oon with him made you wonder if he was really all there.

He constantly looks for cigarette butts to collect and smoke because people.e are always leaving one or two puffs on the end of their cigarettes.

Poetry, drawing, writing, music, Chinese, French, lots of weed, I’m fucked.

Takes an interest in Mandan Buffalo Bull Society.

Expression. Culture.

Commercial is necessary sure, but what’s that thing just under it that the commerce is trading on. That thing. I want to get close to that.

Interruptions, shit, interruptions. My whole life is nothing but a bunch of fucking interruptions.

His skin crawled with Tatoos.

The process of feeling passionate about some and then losing interest in it. Focus in something else takes over. The previous perspective evaporates as if in the morass of a deep depression.

Disappointing, unconcerned, body rangy and thin, double ppop in the morning-- beer carbs working their way through -- alcohol to slow the evening down or to speed it up.

**Jan** was an androgynous creature, untethered and strange. Craver of fire, salt, and laughter as a writer.

She lived surrounded by the intimate presence of thousands of books, to which she chatted as friends.

The writing went on seamlessly, every day and with any implement available, navigating the wonderful inexhaustible, shimmering sea of words.

Beruit a Carmen among cities, tossing its curls and flouncing its strut.

Cairo with its smell of unrefined petrol, dust, jasmine and new concrete.

It was an inner music, a light, and a shade.

She was one with the peasants, the miners, the mythmakers, the shape-changers.

All these scattered thoughts that I swept along with me-- projects to return to poems, songs, sketches, always more and more piling up-- her theatrical surprise- the alcoholic pauses as her over soaked brain pistons begin to drudge through the much of her think-swamp once more.

**LEWIS**

Middle aged film maker. Wants to film talented friends displaying their collections. More deeply understand friendships. Has been talking about making this film for decades. Had flown them out for the opening of first film and then forgotten about them… but that’s too simplistic… that’s too easy.

**Nestor**

Prep => get ready, plan, maintain,

Perform => execute plan

Party => celebrate success

Failure (iteration) Success (awareness and application)

**Winston**

Canadian-Chinese-American… composition teacher. For credit. Helping artists craft their statements of purpose, but also helping to hone their critical and expository writing. Brings in a motivational speaker to talk about the importance of writing. The speaker by day is a jewelry salesman who runs a blog about the art of selling. And another blog about the art of writing.

Skullduggery.

Les is a self-identifying hipster. Aging hipster. Beverage Manager. Mixologist.

Nelson called himself a sensualist, which is why I didn’t trust him.

William love pilot pens but was convinced that because of this they were bound to be taken away. All good things are taken away. This was a deeply conservative attitude and this guy went on to be a Catholic and a building manager at the headquarters of the Evangelical Covenant Church’s corporate headquarters in the suburs out by O’Hare International Aiport and across the parking lot from a Hotters.

Sweet Marie

* Anxiety, celiac? Weird headaches?
* Partner runs down any wild conspiracy theory that comes across his attention and will spout about all the connections and hypothetical threats, but when asked about the mold issue he just shuts down.
* Her Partner is wildly talented and kind of a hoarder, but a very organized hoarder, and an intricate gift giver, thoughtful, well-executed, tasteful, fun, beautifully wrapped.
* Tests self for mold—test is expensive, recently their had been the celiac tests and the homeopathic doctor visits and the weekly acupuncture. Imagining the plants feeding her. Their tendrils winding into her body at all the most appropriate acupuncture points, and they will feed her and sustain her and keep her healthy and balanced. Heroin addict parallels. Seeking out the sunshine. Vitamin D. She loves vitamin D and goes to the tanning bed regularly. Can you tan in a healthy rhythm?
* Possibly a long struggle with anxiety connected to her gut. The wave coming over her in the morning. The poor sleep. Not wanting to go to bed at night because she will feel bad in the morning.
* Her partner is a school photographer and throughout a lot of the year has to keep a super early to bed, early to rise schedule. There are stretches in the week when they will be ghosts, hardly seeing each other except for a few boozy hours before her partner drifts off to sleep, passing out on the floor doing yoga.
* Her partner drinks too much and smokes weed. But also jogs and does yoga and is active and full of vigor and life and ideas. Disciplined. OCD. Meticulous. Painting. Photography. Music Collection. Vintage toys and trinkets. Puzzles. Books. Hard cover pulp mysteries with primary color spines stacked one on top of the other.
* The SNEEZE 喷嚏

**CONCEPT**

* + Communication
  + Chinese semiotics
    - Characters
    - Radicals
    - Stroke order (top to bottom, left to right)
    - Pinyin, Wade-Giles, Taiwan (Chinese, Mandarin, Putonghua, Guoyu, Huayu, Zhongwen, Beijinghua, Sichuanese, Shanghaiese, Hakka, Cantonese)
    - People writing characters on their hand to clarify which homonym then are referring to.
  + Difference between
    - Recognizing pinyin
    - Recognizing meaning
    - Knowing how to type
    - Knowing how to write by hand
  + What percentage of Chinese people cannot write sneeze spontaneously.
  + Sneeze
    - Allergy: Pollen, Animals
    - Sensitivity to light
    - Orgasmic tension and release
    - Sickness
    - Immune response

**ELEMENTS**

* + Looping video of native Chinese speakers struggling or not to write sneeze in a variety of ways.

**At the loft**

* The out of towners weren’t planning on staying for family dinner, which was good because we didn’t have much food, nor did we have much weed or beer. So of course they stayed and we had a good time and they bought a bunch of groceries and they had really good weed and were super gracious guests and we felt bad for being so weird about assuming that they were just going to scab off of us.
* But you know they were middle class graphitti artists and poets, and a writer and a performance artist and a novelist and somebody that would go on to be an Anestesiologist. And someone else had a gun. And that other girl was killed by that semi truck on Damen. And who told me about that guy riding his motor cycle down damen and then hitting that car and just fucking flying through the air.

**The happy Spanish guy who shows up and just loves the shit out of the bizarre loft world. His wonder and audience makes the whole thing possible. The happy audience that is just bored and wants to be entertained and maybe sort of edified in some sort of way. I.e. improve his language.**

**Significant other…**

**Daniel Black**

Daniel’s nihilistic beauty. The deeper it goes the less real it is—we all have to surface sometime.

**Curators don’t pick up tabs, but they do keep tabs. Gatekeepers. Tastemakers. Marketers. Bullshitters. Visionaries. Culturalists.**

**10/19/2021**

How do you respect people’s work and give them the life affirming acknowledgement they deserve without coming off as a manic sycophant.

We were old friends which meant that most of our conversations now revolved around things we had purchased recently.

He caught wind of a revolution

Pulled out a red velvet cloth and began to polish his smudgy brand.

He said, “Lads, I think its time we got the band back together.”

03/16/2022

He was a clown with a sad story.

The woodshop had clearly been the donor’s priority. He’d had them rush construction to finish the building before he died.

***The Onion***

Couple

Male is presumably learning computers/coding

Female suspects that he is smoking pot.

Male elaborately tries to hide the pot smoking.

Also is not coding, but is writing.

What he is writing through is excellent.

She falls into a deep depression and is paralyzed from engaging in her normal activities.

Male cuts back on writing and coding and smokes more pot to deal with staying up on taking car of his girls and the house work as his wife has a mental health crisis.

The idea here is that the perspective would change and potentially change the readers impressions of the characters and their relationship. Telling a compellingly tortuously plotted domestic “thriller”/”drama”

**Death Wish (Fate Book)**

* Death Wish- images that he does all these really risky things, but really he just spends all of his time thinking about death and standing outside of cemeteries and writing letters to people he knows who has died and making plans for his own funeral and thinking about the funerals of his loved ones and friends and thn making files on each loved one and friend whose funeral arrangements were lain on his heart, including details about the music and the refreshments that would be the best way to remember that person. And then he expand these files to include questions that he wanted to ask these people before they died and things he wanted to do with and enjoy with them before one of them should die. And he wrote a program to track all of things goals and thoughts and future fodder for interaction and conversation. I should make a question section to my projects Questions that can catalyze conversation and propel future research and intuitive development of the project. People begin to die and he realizes that his death book has become his handbook for life.
* Incorporate writing about and memories of the events that we hosted at Cuyler. The Characterizes. Characterizations of the amature actors. Assorted weirdos and in and our characters. Talking about diamonds and law and the abstract plot and people’s reactions, tring not to fall intom the tropes of the prank pulling theater click trying to impress the popular kids who aren’t thinking about or organizing much, but are just getting out there are having fun. Hannah and that who funny dynamic. The unpredictability of a crowd and its dynamic and the vibe that is being projected from the speaking to the audience. That tension or openness. The attack or invitation. That comfort or repulsion.

**TRAILER**

Main characters meet through younger sister of John.

Matt is a cynical, tech developer that sold a patent, has a bunch of money and is trying to live as cheaply as possible and in hiding until he figures out what he is doing next. He reads. He codes. He researches. He smokes pot that John supplies him with. They initially meet when Sue visits Matt’s trailer to offer him a chance to order Girl Scout Cookies. Matt orders like a hundred boxes then hits John up to see if he can get Matt some weed which John can. Is John already kind of a stoner? He has recently graduated from school. His father has died? Is absent? Is away working? Something happened to their house and they came to live in this trailer park and then they just stayed. Maybe they moved into a trailer next to a beloved Aunt and then the Aunt dies and Matt moves into her trailer.

Interdimensional Dime store

What other things could I record from my dad. Stuff that he was nostalgic for.

Pawn Shop Portal

* How long is it open for?
* What kinds of lands/places does it take one to?
* How does the pawn shop stuff come into play.
* Brings a keyboard. Often entertains the people that they meet.
* Apocalyptic sounding hip-hop music combined with a kind of Nordic metal

Orchestral vibe. Landscape focused. Dreams. The Night. Ever expanding surfaces.

**MOMENTS**

North of Newberry, Grandma Dyer’s:

Cold, clear, cedar, pine, sand needles, brown dry.

Dusty service road, dusty logging road. Sand from the big glacier that sheered the whole plain flat. Cut through for cinnamon rolls.

Hershey’s chocolate gone all white on a barroom shelf. First candy bar I didn’t exactly enjoy finishing.

Scoop the kids up, hold them like a Heisman. Sweet young boys in athletic team themed blue pajamas. Laughing in the holiday barroom well after bedtime.

We called her cranberry because of her red hair and wrinkly knees.

09/16/2021

Very tall lifeguard. Spinning a red and white umbrella.

Woman in easter pastel segmented dress. Purple wig, Patel blue better. Mask– shimmering in the sun.

Golden highlights backlighting the people by the fountain. Sun heading east.

Sitting at the square.

Biking around Lincoln Square and North center.

Describe the dishonesty, the anxiety…

Laughing with the Caribbean woman about the bubbles. The Asian woman about which side of the bridge to cross on.

Is she okay? Are you okay? Am I okay?

She’s thinking about legacy.

Anything can happen at any moment.

Back strain.

Desperation to launch a craft.

Writing craft. Translation craft.

Pencils of various colors spilled on the floor around a pop top metal pencil box. The cord of the heating blanket. My bad back. Sour at the waist dead on in the center of my back when I try to bend forward. My left hip tight as hell. Seemed to respond well earlier to rolling. Need to do more of that.

My feet smelling in the small room. The ambient and sinister throbbing of the silent air.

A sparse wodd seen from far off at dusk I the winter when the depth of the field collapses into the white of the snow and you see the cabin like houses cozily set back from the from. The was a good one ast the top of a hill. Where the land broke and there was a church there at the top of the hill before the road ran down again on away up and down to Lake Superior which looms large like an ocean looms large and blows much colder than your tropical sea. She’s deep and harbors long winters in her vintner belly. Always well fed, never gives up her dead. Cicada seeds sewn beneath the blow of the windego’s horn, ashen footsteps from camp away. Tongues of fire. Bales of hay. Forests drawn by lightening black. Walls of flames carry out but never back, volcanic waves to change the land unremembered, causal age casually christening and dismembering members-- the tres authentic and the pretender’s great heat, the falcon flies toward the ever invisible hand-- rise and fall on the eddies of air. Man’s fleshly passion, fleshly worth, offers a canyon yet to cross and such…

**Vidar Mo**

维达默 wéidámò

Vidar- in Norse Mythology is “The Silent God”, Brother of Thor? Son of???

He’s a kicking god. Avenges his father.

Need to write a more cohesive introduction to Vidar Mo.

12/23/2020

Alter Ego Vidar Mo.

Greater distance

More dispassionate

Bigger picture

Vidar Mo is better at concentrating and screwing down on things than Aaron Whitmer.

Imaginations are powerful.

Pathways to self-actualization

09/17/2021

Really clear inspiration of Vidar Mo as this sort of other worldly character ala The Little Prince, The Man who Fell to Earth, magical, has a calligraphy brush for a wand and draws characters to sort of cast spells gaining entry to portals and resources and so forth. You can jump dimensions, but you can also get lost and trapped in dimensions and you only have so many chances to get back.

* Name: Vidar Mo
* Street: 111 Victory Lane
* City: Everywhere
* State: Nowhere
* Zipcode: 99999

Some bit about Vidar on the phone, you know made for the eventual film trailer-- close up of the principle’s hand and mouth drawing on a cigarette. A phone rings. Principle answers. Vidar Mo. 111 Victory Lane? Why yes. Everywhere. Indeed. Nowhere. Yes. And yes. All nines.

The Man himself

Home

Given to Roam

The hollowness of the centerless existence

All nines-- good fortune, gratefulness, trying to pay attention-- trying to listen.

Connected to the spirits of Irving Park Road and the cemeteries and Wudgie, Mudgie and Pugie.

*Wudgie, Mugie and Pudgie’s* Pinyin Primer.

A lot of the signage and some of the dialogue is in characters. Fun. Gentle, but substantive. Get a good story in front of the child and they will do the rest.

**Wannabe Jesus**

Cleaned by the blood of Jesus, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, lost a dirt packed road, shuffling along in a white robe, face aged, covered in a beard, long hair, sandals, I have attempted to be, dear Jesus, I have attempted to be, tears in beard, blubbering sobs and snot in my mustache and my beard- dear Jesus, I have tried to be Lord, you know my heart, know how I have tried, dear Jesus, read my heart and see how much I’ve tried, what lengths traveled, what prayers given, mouthed incessantly on callous lips, wet with snot from sobs from my earth shattered heart.

He had refused the blood again.

Vision of a priest with impossibly coifed thatch of hair and orange spray tan.

Radiating light from his white vestements.

*This is my body broken for you*. *And it’s a good body. Some say the best. And this is my blood. Its really blood. Its really my blood, the realest blood you might ever drink. It tastes like wine which is good, you don’t want blood tasting blood, believe me. This is the real deal. It’s great blood. The purest and we drink this pure blood in remembrance of him. Because you know, we should remember him when we are drinking his actual blood. Just think of it, galloons of this stuff, real blood, being drunk all around the world. Little Christs just greedily guzzling it down. It’s beautiful. You’re beautiful. You’re very special. We love you. We’ll be back in some form. Maybe bread? Maybe wine? Maybe a TV show. Who knows? Maybe radio. Rush said I would be very good at the radio. I am very good at TV and so of course I should be very good at radio. Never did movies. They take to long. Too much time. And then you’re all big on a screen and people have to leave their homes to go see you. No, I want to be on the small screen. Bigly! The smaller the screen, the bigger I look.*

*We remember things in our blood and our body. America remembers. American memories are truly great!*

Fleshy suntan loath applied tan. This

I’ve been called, I’ve been called

Herald of the coming Lord

I’ve been called to return with him to glory.

I have wandered, I have played, I have whiled away my days,

But by the blood of Christ I ride on glory bound!

***I want to stick my finger in his wound.***

**Hell**

Having listened to your twice-told tales,

Hear tell three times of mine.

Let’s anoint ourselves in rhyme,

Flesh away our mortal days.

Seek the company of sorcerers and whores.

Besmirch the name of Christ to all who’ll hear.

Defile the cross, wear women’s lingerie.

Fornicate with strangers

And masturbate out in the hay.

Consume a sea of drugs,

And slash a score of throats,

Then raise a stout-walled castle,

Run round by a bloody moat.

But fear not, we’ll stay in touch,

Keep watch for stiff dispatches from my solitary cell,

As I while away eternity in my beloved hell.

I find that using the word “Christ” as the actualizing symbol of the external goodness in all things extremely useful. The Christ in everything makes sense to me—I can see it—and it helps me to act more compassionately with the world.

Our love is a lifeline thrown to that pure existentialness the Christ deep within us, entombed, suffering and yearning for our assistance.

Small acts of love reach down and bring succor to that annihilated spirit, the beseeching Christ so in need of rehabilitation.

* Nick Cave

**FRAGMENTS**

**HWY 41**

* Eagle Harbor
* Gladstone
* Chicago
* Miami
* Wind high in the leaves in the trees.

Ghost Story

Necessity of being different people in the same place at different times.

We believe in ghosts. We believe in the idea of them.

We believe that the past affects the present, but we cannot always fully understand that cause and affect relationship.

Ghosts -- timelines overlapping, timelines not overlapping.

Patterning -- a process, an arrangement

Universe is an energy field -- area, arena

* Gravity, magnetism
* Spectrums of light, sound, temperature, taste, vibration, wind, emotions
* Pattern-- warp and woof
* Structure of radio has nothing to do with what is coming out of the radio.
* And radio engineering tells us nothing about the message being broadcast over the radio.

The Bears of Elisha

* Old hoary prophet type, rejected by the towns folk and then as he is leaving the town—darkness and torches, he is haressed by the youth s and then curses them and calls bears from the wilderenss to maul them. He continues into the darkness with mass carnage behind him.
  + The Revenent
  + Cormac McCarthy
  + The Old Testement
  + The Kabullah
  + Tarot Cards
  + The purifying the source stories.