***[SHORTS](#SHORTS)***

***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”

**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

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.