Quote from Robert Frost

*And now, O sea, you’re lost by aeroplane.*

*Our sailors ride a bullet for a boat.*

*Our coverage of distance is so facile*

*It makes us to have had a sea in vain.*

*Our moat around us is no more a moat.*

*Our continent no more a moated castle.*

*Grind shells, O futile sea, grind empty shells*

*For all the use you are along the strand,*

*I cannot hold you innocent of fault.*

*Spring water in our mountain bosom swells*

*To our fresh rivers on you from the land.*

*Till you have lost the savor for your salt.*

* From *Does Not One a All Ever Feel This Way in the Least? ,* Rober Frost

Home (names)

家—finding home, immigrant experience, art, mode of being, body, mind, soul, stumbling, I don’t know, I don’t know…finding home… finding where language works, where yourn interfaces are not broken, where there is balance and warmth and curiosity… the battle for home has become about language. I may be a little dramatic. I may be more prone to hyperbole. Elaborate gages. Rambling context building sorties. So good to meet up and have a big free flowing conversation—limiting drinking… ending up in more mature rhythms….so good to chat and ramble and catchup proof that at leas onne interface was pandemic proof. It couldn’t tear the whole world down.

Begyle, leafy Cuyler the el and the metra screaming by the flash down pour. Walking along Ravenswood, Berry Hill, Culvers, Picnic with the Nighthawks, Cancoon, things opening up, new chapeter, always a new chapter, shifting etc…

The secret to life is enjoying the passage of time - James Taylor

Language broken… don’t know how to use it without feeling bad—Instagram, Facebook.. contexts certain things are Okay certain things are not… Do not hwave the wherewithal to negotiate the norms of a new interface. Don’t feel compelled to be daily connected to that many people. No firewall between you and society. A long way from the formality of Calling cards. We were more inaccessible, but also more present, focused, life was more digestible. Which I am not saying it should stop, slow down, but I should figure out how to better digest it all.

Work life balance—vocation and home—home language and work language…

Polishing the jewel…

Older woman sing-songy poem aout her jewel shining bright for all eternity…manic metaphors. Full of sentiment that transcends good sense or grounded logic or physical reality.

I’m not from eastern European. Poland is in central Europe.

Engrish—da bao… vs… da bian…

Identity… other people’s identities are anathema… those Muslims don’t need a holiday. Drawing lines on inside and outside. This is tricky because lines shift over time. Conservatives always lose eventually, no?

Entropy poem….

危机

人

八

入

肉

操

肏

North Center- description, settling, HOME trip… then having to consider leaving almost immediately. You realize things and then you forget them. You feel them intensely and then the feeling fades or the feeling or concern is replacedsor overshadowed by something more pressing immediate, demanding. We splinter and fragment and the crack spreads out through our mind life spider lines an impacted pane of glass.

My back porch—the collapse… *The Show Must Go On.*

Separation

Exile- Eastern European. Titles. Names. Evocative. Poetic. Smashing in information precontext. John Fahey titles…

Names of girls… Beth’s names….

Journey

Traveling

The SEA between us the LOGOS…

Language is broken…who broke language?

Salvation message—Nick Cave… humane ethic and curiosity and warmth and effort to be better. Approaching writing as a self bettering practice. A sacrifice and a capitulation. A relationship.

*I’ve been called I’ve been called…*

What about water? If it doesn’t work out.

She has no idea what I have been through the 2000 pages of notes the 10,000 lines of code the 1500 hours accruing—HTML, CSS, SASS, HTML, XML, etc..etc…MongoDB

What happened at the Pentecost?

Language is broken unless blah, blah, blah…

Begin speaking to her in Chinese. I say simple things. I say—If I speak Chinese, if I use special Chinese words can you understand me? Do you can’t so I use my brain to select words that I believe you will understand and that will hopefully not offend you. I say these things in Chinese so she hears them something like this:

Later that week I receive a note in the mail from her. It has a message fo the girls about her garden and all the things she is growing in it and a small envelope she has sealed up a message for me in which she doubles down on her evangelical position. Underscoing how much I suck by point out that—until…

A day later she texts me. Can she send me something. Some words. My goodness I think. I though maybe her absolutist position was going to break us out of the loop. She has broken me. I am completely indifferent to what she will send me. I am curious what words are going to pry me out of my closed minded narrows. She sends me a meditation on the trinty with language like--…

Everything must be heroic and awesome and epic and absolute and superlative. How are you doung??? Anything less than great!! Fantastic is either proof of intimacy or depression. Perhaps both…

*I’ve listened to your twice told tales now…*

Restorative nostalgia vs. reflective Nostalgia

Boym

* Benjamin
* Brodsky
* Nabokov

Conspiracy theories

MAGA

Emerson quote

Trump definitions

Trump Poems

The spectrum of political kindnesss… Conservatives so mad aboutnthose people wanting to change everything. Progressives livid that those people are buring their heads in the asand and refusing to be forward thinking, embracing of inevitable change, evolution, revolution, paradigm shift, twist, shimmy.

Walking down an alley after picking up thre packs of cigarettes for $10 with a free lighter included. Beccas big glass vase of colorful lights that she would unconsiocusly piller from the entire community.

Crisis

World vs. Environment (*Lost in the Cosmos)… brokenness of language.* World, Environment, Vinn diagram of interests and language. Can not politics become an earthly consolation?

Objects and Messages.

Thee and thou…

Subjects and Objects…

Correct interface. Once object can have many different interfaces.

Contexts are interfaces.

Firing messages at people you know will cause tension presumably just to grind your axe. What is this human obsession with axe grinding. As far as I can tell that is what the whole Foxnews network is predicated on. They do not seem to be taking into account the very real danger of peak grind. Just grinding it all down to too fine of a point. You’ve sacrificed so much to stay so sharp. You still sharp, but its come at the grindingly exhausting price of maintaining maximum friction.

Tarot, Achilles, IDES, U-Haul, the yellow river (process), not didactic… honestly have no idea what I am trying to say, but as I write and read and aexplore and develop my themse or cqtegories or whatever more and more questions pop up and more and more linguistic peregtinations – trails to wind along present themselves and then the momentum really starts to roll and I don’t think I could stop even if I didn’t want to.

Enter

Meat

List of names… iterations of Beth’s daughter’s

Home

End with all the names of home…

Writing to keep trake.

Writing to build skills, wherewithal.

Writing to reflect.

Writing to chck

Writing to deepen myi connection and understanding of language

Writing to explore voice and communication and interface and what can be said and what should be said and what is funny and what is not. All of this billion little judgements that go into our ever mitigated experience of being. Confronting incompleteness. Cnfronting fragmentation.

Drawibng up a big complicated story board—like one of those cork boardsd that polic detectives use to connect all the threads of their investigation, yarn lines connecting thumb tacs to ghastly crime scene photos and circled radiuses on a map. Tendrils radiating out from some central violent act. A new calvarly to runthe religion of the investigation through. The truth finding mission. The parsing of appearances and rumors and thepories and suspects and suspicious activities. The evidence, circumstantial or otherwise, predjudiced or otherwise. A recording—raw footage. A digital roarshak test to test your semiotic kneejerk. How do we collect meaning? How do we define things? What is TONE. How do you confront TONE when the TONE will not acknowledge its ugliness. Do teenages realize they sound so snotty and ungrateful and tiresomely EMO?

Been down into the mesabit range

Up in my ivory tower

All strung out and half deranged.

Lost in language. Uncertain hwere our place is. Without a place. Stretched… etc…

Armin van… Blah.. Blah.. Blah… Siri… Alexa… Ruby…Mary…

John Philip Sousa,

Karaoke—Annie, sound of music, lets go fly a kite, these boots were made for walking patesy cline, Sunny Afternoon, Subtearnean homesick blues… fragments of those songs. My mother comes to Chicago and sings the night they drove old dixie down.. which triangulate with her Nazi comments and general “big lie” warmth to the south I found kind of chilling and again was wondering about the import of the lyrics. What the hell was that all about anyway? And I hope Neil Young will remember a southern man don’t need you are anyhow.

Hallucinations of clientelling and learning about diamonds and timepieces and throwing tarot and developing my Mandarin Tarot binder…and writing poems and stories and rambling journals hiding from my family, feeling inspired or injured or just completely shattered and fragmented, completely out of control of my time, starting letters, mandarin short stories. Paul Alster book about coincidences. The Old man in the sea.

The first line in

English

German

Spanish

Chinese

Ruby

Documentary…

Reading I did twenty years ago.. trying to get a sense of what writers did and how they did and what it was and why it was important and why for me it was more important than all the other things that were tempting me with some sort of investment of time

Stocks and investing

Specific human languages

Computer languages

Any book

Any magazine

Human conversation

Reering my children.

Staying connected and up and friends and family.

Managing the ever newly found needs of my cloistered clan.

Doing language.. this longing for language… getting deeper into it… feeling it.. inchoate… I can’t entirely defend it… Kant ontological argument breaks down. I can’t sell it. So what I am now some sort of gnostic keeper of an undesirable truth.

INPUT OUTPUT

What justifies anything really?

Writing became body work… no longer competing elements. No longer forces in opposition to one another. But instead we make depositives. We make withdrawls. We stroe up strength we expend our energy, we clench and dig in and get stiff. We open and stress and turn our faces to the sun. We breath. We hold the light close, near.

Grounding writing in something physical, some process of nourishing and communicating. Pullig together thoughts. Letting settle. Leaning into something. Relaixing it. Massaging out a loop or an anecdote. Deconstructing a memory. Surrounded by texts. Easy to be overwhelmed. Awash at sea. But there is beauty in the cacophony, when you have the wherewithal to pull out and pull together a few starings. The keyboard demo flute sonaa and the breathy drone of the neighbors airconditioner unit and the birds still chirping on the perch of noon like they’ve been doing all morning since the sun came up at 5 or whenever. And the big turcks hiss brakes and rumble accelerations. Slammed door down in the Wintrust Parking lot. The enlightend and possibly ttipping smash punch sparking beverage drinker with his mirrored sunglasses and dopety grin and in the reflection of his gaudy , huge snowboard goggle massive sungklasses is a cartoon shark looking back at him and also wearing large gaudy snowboarder style glasses. Interestingly the backdrop is to my eye the same shade of hot pingk that had been the dominate color in the T-Mbile ad that had previously lorded over our northern and central located neighhood. Easyily pinned on a map at the intersection of Lincoln, Damen and Irving Park. Could connect in the North Center writing here.

I’ve been exploring voice. I’ve been exploring different themse and material. I’ve explored what happens to pop up when I write with a certain person or persons in mind. Thus my letter to the two of you gents. Full disclosure, some of the writing here is a bit boiler plate-esque meaning that I have cut and pasted it from other pieces, other themes. My process has begun to yield the pretty interesting “modular” production style. Definitely influenced by my coding and my slightly clearer thinking about general file system maintenance, structure, etc. This year has gone a long way to getting me out of the digital dislocation I had felt myrred in for a long time.

Another nice coding writing cross-over, also pretty obvious, is typing. I have always been an okay typist, but this year has really pushed me to the next level, at least for me. It is feeling more like a skill and a really valued and enjoyed tool that I have to get all sorts of tasks.

I have felt a dearth of long thoughts in my life for some time. My instinct when given the chance to try to have a long thought was to pursue it through writing. This pursuit yield a very simple and focused process that was at once also very complicated and fractorial and expanse. I didn’t understand it, but it was propelling me into doing the most divervse, varied, creative, and spontaneous writing I had ever done. Like all writers, I have speat a lot of this year agonizing about what the hell I was doing. I mean the plan was and is to upskill my coding and seek employment in the tech sector in some way shape or form. Seems like a good plan as every time I mention tech to somebody I start getting gig offers—not doing the stuff I want to do and I am training to do, but offers none the less which make me feel it’s a fertile industry despite its deep reliance on all that sand.

Rembrandt model.

But then the writing instinct shoved itself into the way. What the fuck. Am I really a self-destructive artist type, that just when I seem to have identified a particularly marketable aptitude I felt compelled to double down on the low-flame vocation I have been agonizing over for two decades now. Simaltaneously, kind of nerotically dedicate to the craft, while at the same time constantly feeling a dearth of wherewithal to actually craft and finish anything at all. My page pages are thick. At some point they began to crush me. I’ve thrown out at lot of writing just so I could be free over ever having to return to it.

And what has the writing been. I don’t know exactly how to fully characterize it. Jounraling. Travelogues. Notes on language. Notes on reading. Letters, completer or not. Sent or not. Correspondence with betsy, emails, musings, druggy scribblings, doodles, song lyrics, poems, opinions, judgements, dilemmas, prayers.

But I will admit, the idea of taking on a larger more polished project somehow just remained completely anathema to me. Looking back I realize I was incredibly blocked. I’ve since come to conceptualize this block as my Obsidian stone. It first suggested itself in the form of an enormous monolith. An imposing, bulky, shining geologic monster. I faced it on an infinitely open plane awash in pale green light. The stone was inky black and pulsed with a radioactive purple glow. I could move freely on the plane in any direction that I chose. Freely. But I could not proceed thought he stone. My was blocked on that progression.

Sometime this past September. I finally approached it. And touched. And it moved. It shifted. Easily. I took a step forward with my hand outstretched and the hulking mass advanced before me undulating with compacted light and possibility.

Obsidian model.

Obsidian. The word had just come to me. Had suggested itself as words do from time to time. As books do from time to time. I had a sense that it was black. And shiney somehow. But what. What was it? A mineral? From a volcano of something. According to the internet it is from a volcano. Its molten rock that bubbled up and smoothly slide down the side of the mountain, cooling as it spread form smooth sheets of glassy stone that can be highly polished. Aztec shaman practiced some sort of divination using highly polished obsidian mirrors. In *Game of Thrones* obsidian is the model for dragon glass.

Is that it then. All of those things that I thought I needed to just run around are really the things that I need to carry with me. My material. My baggage. My material. My self. My history. My embarrasments. My successes. My self-consciousness. My naturalness. My passions. My aversions. This is my life that I carry forward with me. It is the highly polished mirror through which I observed the world ever receding behind me as I advance forward into the unfolding future.

Francis Fitzgerald showing up in Peter O. Whitmer’s book as I read them both together. Randomly. Alan Watts showing up in *A Time of Gifts* to ground me in the reality of the story.

Quote from *The Rings of Saturn*

betsy bringing home *Under the Sign of Saturn.*

*Dedicated to Brodksy*

Quote from *A time of gifts*

Alan Watts.

The winter hill, The Germans dining…

Novel… storming the beaches of Normandy. There has to be a great attrition rate or at least a perceived one or the act just ain’t that heroic. Men have died. People have been killed. Wow. Whoa…

Josephine

Where’d you get those gadanias

How about giving one to Jesus

How about giving one me.

Tangerine.

Bittersweet like a waking dream

See me in colors on a tv screen.

Speechless with out a line to feed.

Needlessly

Seeking solace in my family tree.

Cane and Abel campout

Cool and carefree

Nothing’s trouble till its too late, I know.

Fancy free.

Living in the shadow of your high society

Lead along the narrow road of piety

Crotchety beside the sea of thee.

Wisdom tree.

All of your mediocrity

Cut up and cross examined by Socrates.

Your old roosters roaming home without their combs on.

Philating microphones to shout down homophobia.