**[People](#people)**

2021

**A stab at an introduction**

How do you write nice letters?

03/30/2021

So some of this writing is specific to this letter, this letter for you. And some of this is just boilerplate. Stuff I wrote to try to contextualize what this was without having to rewrite it over and over again and again. Though somehow it still feels like I have been doing that this last 18-24 months as I have attempt to overcome the deep, deep inertia I have faced to complete just a couple, simple personal letters.

In writing what one accumulates is not credentials, but uncertainty. Which is another name for craft.

This has not been a linear process. It has turned into an amalgamation of stretching (body work), writing/language study-- novels, short story ideas, songs, poems, personal letters, stress letters, fragments, etc, and an alphabet soup of computer languages and assorted web development technologies (.html, .css,.sass,.rb,.docx,node.js,sql,http,tcp,etc…).

09/01/2021

So it began as an attempt to organize my address book which somehow had become very weird and strange. And then it turned into an effort to try to write and send personal letters and postcards. Which finally started yielding some poem sharing and some personal letter writing, but the letters were composing themselves strangely. Not one by one, or at at one time, but all together, over time. Line by intersecting line.

I like the idea of writing as being a sort of stitching together. A connecting. Rhapsodizing on something literally means stitching this together. Or imlies stitching things together. This is what I have tried to do in these letters. I should acknowledge that this bit is boilerplate and some of the other writing later on is two, though a good chunk of it was written directly for you-- again, over time, bit by bit, weaving in and out of the other things that I was writing, all the vast and strange and good and sad things that have happened over the last year and a half.

I saw your future… you died.. I am not really sure how.. but it was you and you were definitely dead. I was dead too. This is certainly my future. Death.

Reading list:

*Surely you can’t Joking, Mr. Fynman.”* Richard Feynman

*三体* 刘慈欣

Joseph Brodsky’s Collected Poems

Patrick Leigh Fermor’s *A Time of Gifts*

Douglas Adams *The Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy*

*Selected Poems* William Butler Yeats

*The Future of Nostalgia* Svetlana Boym

*Under the Sign of Saturn*, Susan Sontag

*The Rings of Saturn*, W.G. Sebald

Alan Watts

*Journey to the West*

*Journey to the East* Hermann Hesse

*Siddhartha ,* Hermann Hesse

*The Power of Myth* Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyers

*Blood Meridian ,*  Cormac McCarthy

*The Old Testement*

*Beowolf*

*Shakespeare*

*This is Your life and other stories Ted Tsiang*

*A year off* The Browns

But then why a letter? A letter can time travel. A letter can notate—a letter can ramble. A letter can self-reflect, deconstruct, invite, endure, apply, so many things, so many functions, so many modes. Constructed over time. What goes together? Try, try again, fail again, fail better… Play. Live. Play with words. Live with words. A lot of fear associated with words. A lot of fear associated with music.

It has to be play. At some point I forgot how to play and I forgot how I like to play, how I enjoy engaging or shutting out the world. Where is the balance? Regardless— we still need play, to learn this world, to seek this world. To engage with this world.

Estrangement and liberation

The courage of not feeling like you have to say everything. Of trusting the reader. The courage that you are letting people into your madness and into your magic and they are one in the same. But you do it selectively, wihth control. You spend time with it and search out its limits, its competencies.

Now is the time to do, to create, to hope, to love, to listen, to tap the trees and true and line of assembly.

But what is writing if not advertising. If not media. If not information share. If not actionable input. Static? White noise? The stuff of confession boxes and couches checked out by the session. A tickertape of unnecessary alphabet obsession.

A way back to books. A way back to get lost in books. To make friends with books. With whimsical inquiries. Desultory digressions of curiosity. The Instincts that set me up to be completely overrun by the internet. A churning eddy, a whirlpool sucking down every flowing morsal, compelled to, just keeping its shape thanks to the torquing force of the incessant stream. What remains, or perhaps nothing remains, perhaps all is but approach, all is put this cypher openness. The washing down, this moment of being overcome and washing out the other side, emptied out and spluttering. Coming down from somewhere unsustainable, hacking out some sort of derivative Jakob’s ladder to climb and descend up and down, commuting to and from that workshop in the air that I have somehow finally found after decades of increasingly dispirited searching.

Finally finding time, taking time, investing time in following down the whining, the grinding, the intuitive, the obvious, the inobvious, the systematic, the unsystematic. The reactionary. The considered. The tested. The reframed. The avoided. The captured. The let go. I can’t quite explain it, but I have finally surrounded to this process. I have finally committed to this process. I have finally been overcome by this process and just like marriage, for this to flourish, I have to be all in. Without complete commitment it just doesn’t work, it just doesn’t have the necessary rocket fuel to push past all over your other inchoate dreams and phantom commitments. This process is incredibly inefficient and in some ways embarrassing and selfish, but it is my simple commitment to this approach, this life, this way of being that is making all of the difference for me.

The only thing I have to fear is not giving myself the chance of doing this sober and settled and with complete confidence that I am progressing in the right direction. I am pursuing something that other people do no see. I am purusing something that I can decide how to explain. I am pursuing something that I alone am accountable for. I am pursuing my own life and seeking to accept the responsibility and challenge of it. I can do this with very limited alcohol and marijuana. I can enhance my concentration and my stamina. I can keep my stress low and actions spontaneous.

This process has been a little scarey. My main question at times has been—am I in control? Have I let this get out of control? Have I taken on too much? Can I gain this knowledge in a timely fashion. Can I really become a professional writer. Can I learn to write ina way that feels nourishing and , not simply like I am scraping the flesh and sinew from my bones every time I try to cobble together a personal letter.

Summarizing one’s life forces one to really confront it and rteflect upon it. Even if the darker stuff doesn’t get published or sent along in the letter, it at least has to be acknowledged, taken stock of. You flip over the needle work and are given full access to the strengths and weakness of your life, the orderly bits and the complete shit shows, you know where parts were intended and which others were just happy accidents. People give you credit for things you did not do anything to achieve. People are blind to how fucking hard you have had to work to sail from that little shitty island to this one.

Indonesia is a land of 10,000 islands. What if life was simply an activity of jumping island to island in search of a better setup. Location is important, but also resources, space, neighbors, status, does this place—this island, this development, this neighborhood have a good name—

Mount Pleasant, East Lansing, Mount Clemens, Marquette, Gladstone, Albany Park, Oxford, Grand Marais, Wicker Park, Orlando, Miami, Princelauerberg, Berlin, Juhuayuan, Xi’an, Grand Marais, Xela, Edgewater, Shuguanghuayuan, Beijing, Dongcheng, Beijing, Urkranian Village/Noble Square, West Logan Square, North Center.

Seeking for home in language… naming that place… finding the just right name for it. The just right feeling. The word that is really just a feeling.. the feeling that is just an idea… a meaning that astonishes with wardobe season to season to season ever changing and rearranging. Does all of this flux terrify us.. it should, our death is in there.. our ceasing to be.. or if we would like to conveniently abstract it—our glorious ever after, which I don’t care how reconciled you are, it should be something that terrifies you. What ever happened to the terror aspect of meeting one’s maker. This makes sense to me. That extreme humility to terror, being overwhelmed, your weakness and inability to achieve resolution completely revealed, laid bare. All is clear—exposed, released. There is nothing left to hide, there is nothing left to try, there is only release and process and an *American Standard* near by to soak up all the excess. Stay with it. Be patient. Wonder and beauty and cuteness and challenge are not one dimensional things. How do we approach things in their multi-facetedness—carefully, with effort, with engagement, humbly, with preparation, with intention, with kindness, with awareness, with anticipation, bated breath, thrill, curiosity, passion, vitality, vivacity, veracity, capacity,…

But then, yes, feeling sacred, be scared, feel that thrill. That compulsion, that maic, gambling instinct to be, doubling down, writing without judgement and without limits. – still believing that this is the foundation of your being, the bases of your vocation, despite all the fragmented, fruitless years, despite the inchoate road ahead and the year’s wrestled tension between writing and coding and exercise. Those these disparate efforts have all seemingly melded into one. I have capitulated. I have released. Despite these fruitless years, these fallow years, these years where I have slowly been building my capacity to work, my capacity to be. Learning to map out the arch of your thoughts. Chase trajectories whose destination you have but assumed or spit-balled, or haven’t even really considered. You’ve spent a year systematically attempting to become a more spontaneous and intuitive persona dn you are no standing at the threshold or fully falling into this transformation with finalized completeness. You simply need to release. Let go. Cease to be.

Having accepted the fall there was nothing left to do, but fall. Whirling through space—down goes the carpenter down, down, down goes the good youth, tongue still smarting from where he clamped his teeth down on it. Finding that mode, that zero resistance point—around, around, up the wall and around. Awkward, left to themselves, pulling other’s at ease, we are out of sync with al all? Are you all peace?

How’s it going—return from the intense to the deeply human. Small, warm, good. My warm wet tears, cried because I have achieved that all or athe location of the all is just right there ad all I have to do is step forward and it is mine. The relief at this realization. The great relief at this realization as I dwell on it and cry warm, soft, wet tears and think abou the clouds and Gehrhardt Richter and the morning doves on the wire on the new wires on the new pole that just went in with the workers in their buckets three stories up off the ground, and the empty coach house where Freddy lived and he would laugh like a maniac in the summer =, the same flat, full body laugh, I always imagined that he was watching old black and white slapstick—Lkaruela nd Hardy, The trhree stoogies, one step down the fine entertainment lineage line from Vaudville. Freeddy Freelaoder, wailing and laughing in the night, fat eand entertained in the greasy, close convenient American night.

What ever happened to just being kind and meaningful and thoughtful and welcoming and effusive and generous. What is wrong with those things.

The idea is to write a big blocky scrap of words, freeze it and then take a chain saw our and sculpt some sort of letter out of it.

Sour grapes alchemically transforming day by day into a passible repast.

Something akin to prison wine, a companion to do time with, something to share amongst sojourners.

But truly, what to do with this creative, but potentially no productive impulses. And is it largely all flowing out of the THC, or could we take the same lion roaring approach to the process stone sober and stretched out and excited?

How you you stone sober role the die towards where you necessarily need to focus your attention. Attention becomes a cruel denier. Daddy is working. Close the door. Bar the door. Don noise cancelling headphones—away to Faery with you—if you must go—just fucking go, don’t linger in the way ambivalently, wringing your hands over the journey that is your life’s great longing. The one adventure and obsession that you just can’t seem to shake. And then at last connecting the two. At last accepting the one and the many, the many and the one as necessary. And your old insight that religion is exactly how one lives their lives (consumers, moves, approaches, interacts, learns, does or does not, pays attention to, neglects, specializes in, generalizes in, fantasizes about, conspires with, grieves, seeks goodness from, inspiration from and all of this against the ecstatically vital backdrop of the ever unfolding day.

Recreate the Northwoods reflection of my grandmother—her nectar seeking hummingbirds and affectionate seed necking parakeets, my parent’s starter home on Spruce Street where I’d walk up the hill to attend first and second grade at Parkview elementary, and ramble around the town to the movie theater and party store and comic shop and further afield parks and beaches and parking lots and construction sites. With friends around and birthday invitations coming in. Bowling and Pizza Hut and Rollerskating. Hamming it up for the girls by ordering anchovies on my Pizza and willfully enjoying the super weird intense saltiness and fishiness of the topping. And then moving away from freidns and openness and good playgrounds and big loving audience of friendships built over time, everything instead fragmented, decentralized, circumscribed by greater distances and less connectivity and involvement. Having to reset just when I was getting established. Feeling anxious about this. Having pooping issues. Holding in poos until they sneak out and stain my underwear. Hiding the underwear in my drawer until my dad finds them and pulls them out, disgusted, not making the connection that this is a relatively serious psychological issue that has resulted from the stress I feel having my whole fucking world thrown up in the air and rebooted. Uprooted and condemned to a morning and afternoon commute to and from the Bay de Noc community Christian school. It s tiny school and my cohort has like 5 kids. Jeremy, Nicky, Charlie, his sister, the Godfires. Multiple grades are overseen by the same teacher. Mr. Rose.

We moved from Mt. Pleasant to the little Bay of the Bear. Mr. Rose was my teacher. He was a bear of a man and made me hyperventalte once when I couldn’t figure out some math he was getting frustrated with explaining to me. I was sounding insolent perhaps. I’ll admit that like most children, I had the ability to sound insolent even when I was not necessarily trying to be insolent. I think this is a self-preservation thing for kids, living as they do in this necessarily neutral kind of mindset—they are adaptable if they can accept orders and programs and assignments, if occasionally one bristles at being perpetually stuck in this neutral mode, can you really blame them.

As an adult I would occasionally feel this same swelling of self-preserving insolence when visiting my in-laws and idling myself into my best behavoir sort of mentality. Roll my ego under until annoyed and put upon it suddenly bubbles up to snap at someone or caustically club them with a quip or something.

My sense of ultimately floating dislocation was completed with 5 and 6th grade at Cameron and 7th and 8th grade in middle school and then finally finding some consistency in 4 years at the same high school—I left Gladstone rootless—finding some false need to performatively miss and long for my rural homeland—trees, waters, cold, clarifying and settling peacefulness and lung soothing breezes, northern lights, wild animals, Indian lore, miners, family lore winding ack into the ever darkening past, comforting and close, or alienating and close or clear or obscured, friendly or menacing, I was not longing to return. My church gone, my parents Catholic, the high school I attended leveled, building razed. What do I return to? Family meals? Samuel Adams’ seasonal multipak, the deck, the soft grassy yard, the bay and the sky, fireball sunrises, halcyon sunset, Stonington’s steady tree line and limestone cliffs and the night, the closeness of the train cars shifting north and south in the train yard over the highway, the sudden blast of the call horn, bouncing off the South Bluff and careening over the still bay like a heart-investing horn blower in the alive cricket chorus twilight.

07/09/2021

What was Matthew McConahhey’s character Rusty all on about anyway with his *flat circle* charismatically creepy and poetic mutterings about time being a *flat circle*.

Over this past year letters finally seemed like the form of the moment. My anti-tweets if you will. Ridiculously constructed. Both personal and impersonal. Both intentional and at bit scattershot.

Movies are made like mad jigsaw puzzles. A tailor snipping out her cloth. Her knowledge, the spirit to breath dimension into the flattened fabric.

And later, on the carrion call, as the critics gather.

Don’t worry, lad, their always much kinder at your funeral.

Conspiratorial mail-order schemes.

Unassailable values.

My parents reading an anti-communist propaganda rag funded by the falun gong. Which is extremely interesting, but I think we are interested in it for very different reasons. Or find it interesting for very different reasons. I find the fatness of speak and the need for spontaneous scaffolding in turn boring and exhausting. An image can build context. A metaphor can be found. But the best ones have to be stabbed at. Snatched out of thin air. There has to be risk and repetition. There has to be editing and grinding down.

Finding something to enter into like a song. That goraws and expands and contracts organically… some draconian inner logic that demands things to be a certain way, though with zero preview about what is going to work. You can plan all the steps over the mountain. You make the intention to head up and over and that is enough, if you are willing to be present.

The past decade has felt like a lot of portage. What are we building towards. Thic oncrete goal of transitioning to a non-retail job by the time my daughter headed to regular 5 day a week school. This seemed like a very important thing. This began to seem more and more like a mythical lynchpin to pull my life together. Not to put so much pressure on a single component of your life, but you have to have goals right?

And my parents have become radicalized—Rush Limbaugh is a Secular… or not so secular saint to these people. A towering “intellectual” figure. University Reform Church, Luthern Church and school, sick bell ringering boy vomits down the back of the robed man who scoops him out of the choir, a custodian appears and spreads sawdust with some green chemicals in it to absorb the pungent sick, a

Some conservative. Some even publishable. He puke green reference from *Ulysses*. And then up north and to a Baptist Church with a baptismal pool in the sanctuary where I was baptized with my father and my mother and brother and but yet still the next year when we moved to Gladstone we attended the Evangelical Covenant Church because that was the church attended by my wife’s new medical partner. And my parent sbought into the Christian practice idea and the Christian school—a super small school with one teacher delegating to multiple grades. Not many books around. Didn’t read a 100 page book until I was in 3rd grade. Would leave out letters, switch letters, careless, lose line of strategy in chess, couldn’t quite hold the full thought, the full strategy. It was hard for you he said. You worked really hard he says in this really strange, patronizing way. Embarressed by my vocabulary. Self-conscious and awkward and anxious. Pre-teen, but active and kind, nice, but increasingly weary of niceness. I am not controversial. I bring the temperature down. Attempt to gel, meld, blend. I love the feeling in church when we sing and my voice is lifted up by the voices around me and is drawn to them and melds with their voices effortlessly, we tether together and our voices support one and another and we are nourished.

A lot of projecting out, considering others…

And he leapt up and swiveled his body off to the side—trailing his left arm, tracking the ball in his peripheral vision, his jump had spooked Carl and he jumped and pumped the ball up into the air and sensing Daryl’s out-stretched arms. Over-committed, imbalanced, pivoted his shoulders and shifted the ball to his opposite hand. A crashing guard swept in and caught a soft drop pass from Carl—then laid in in stride, Cooper was back up by two.

We move in strange symmetries. Feeling the hunger that might have already driven us mad.

Let’s mary our wounds to these brackish waters and sail to some island far off from the land.

We’ll seek a new matrix of names to project skyward on the stars and ever beyond, ever above…

Rambling… rhapsodizing…

05/26/2021

Time present and time past and time future have begun to flatten. All of these words are words that will be communicated in the future. They are future words. Future landscapes for future eyes. Fodder for thought or sounding board or simply a stimulus to react to. But how do you produce kindling for another person’s fire. Starting with paper seems like a good start. It’s flammability assures the success of the venture at least on a practical, applicable level. I would hope that in the even that you were in need of starting an actual, physical fire you would have a few other paper options around, perhaps an engorged Sunday newspaper or package the stuffing from your latest

02/10/2021

And then with the whole big bag full of quotes and thoughts and shades and hues and memories and all the battling with not good enough and the impossible order of things. The impossibly complex labryinths that we construct with our memories and our relationships and our ideas and the ideas and memories we try to avoid. Like that Tron Arcade game with the light bikes where you have to avoid getting boxed in by your opponents light lines while simultaneously trying to box them in first. Box in, shut down, neutralize.

Tiredness. Aging. Beerily watching the NBA finals feeling bloated and tired and stretched and sad. More instructive than beating the shit out of myself for feeling inappropriately happy or sad I have been doing my goddamned damnedest to try and keep things in perspective. Make that list of important things, values, buckets of necessity or whatever. Make a chart. Just like the heart allocation MATRIX that I whipped out when applying to be an RA in college. Me wearing a mint green leisure suit quickly creating a consensus among my fellow applicants on how we should weight our decision and then leading the group through the incredibly efficient process of applying our criteria. We had our list of organ recipients in a fraction of the time that it had taken the other groups and even more congenially. I stand out in my memory as one of my single sweetest moments of leadership. I was under pressure to perform and I had the perfect idea for the situation. It was such a seamless and perfect idea that no one would dream of fighting its implementation, especially if they did not have a suitable replacement idea a risk just coming off as uncoopertiave.

I realized at some point in this process that I am acting out of a deep self-interest. What is the point of letters anyway? Is the point connection, communication, understanding, expression, state-of-the-state, what condition my condition is in, and then who to tell? Frankly, there are a lot of people that I am “close” to that the “closeness” only works because we have a certain distance between us. Why is everything so fucking fraught and complicated and contingent?

Given that public speaking consistently comes up as one of the most terror inducing activities a modern human can engage in, I find it interesting that many people have such an easy time making all sorts of speech-like pronouncements via public statements on-line.

Here I am thinking about the proverbial rotton tomatoes being thrown at the Entertainer. Here you have someone’s “ACT” their “SPEECH ACT” being canceled by the mob. But the contract here is entertainment. It is seemingly a business agreement. The Entertainer has come on to the stage to provide a service, they are also occupying real estate, namely the venue where the entertainment is supposed to happen. The stage has been set for a very specific event. Thus, when an entertainer makes an attempt to entertain the audience, likely for pecuniary value or whatever people get from self-expression or whatever, and the audience deems his or her standard to be lacking, they feel well within their rights to heckle and hurl and run the unpopular message off the stage.

The entertainer, but engaging into an act of entertainment, has entered into this contract with the audience, they have subjected themselves to public opinion in a very contingent sort of way. They can be made into cultural royalty or they can be completely crushed and obliterated by critics or they can suffer the most likely and natural of fate—silence.

01/21/2021

I feel completely elate that this process is proving to be successful. The simple fact that you are reading this proves the whole process correct, exact. Rightful thought of, planned, executed, and delivered. The wild, messy organic nature of the affair, the raw Adam’s clay exhilaration of it all, the carried with me necessity of the thing, I perhaps will never know if it comes across; let’s just saw it was fun to right. Fun and hell. Fun and fun, of course—because it was life. Yes, yes, the elixir again. I’ve tapped the maples aggressively this spring. I will wring the sweetness of their life, I will sap their aching existence with the deep snows still frosting the sub-tundra earth old and lugubrious in her late spring rigidness, in her cake clay , mud-brittle dumbness, needle-pine longings, still solidly petrified in the perennially hard-thawing earth.

01/19/2021

Pariah does not bother me all that much at all. It is actually quite freeing. Considering the current climate it is absolution from a great deal of chaos that I finally realize at this point I have studiously sought to avoid. So yes, I accept your offering of pariah status, but now how do we work out a new interface to maintain it, make the new arrangement stick and so forth. I am honestly though. If I am not hurting anyone. I really don’t mind being a pariah at all. It is like Joseph Brodsky with his shake to himself and his typewriter. Thanks to our good friends who far excel us at earning and saving money we have a very affordable third floor rental with glorious light and a fenced in garden below where the girls can run around and we can hang out in the shade and where we’ve planted a little plot of Chard and hot peppers and will soon put the cucumbers in. Esme has a cracking pickle recipe and all last summer served us up garden to table quick pickles thanks to her sturdy legs that didn’t mind the three flights down and three flights up to the garden and the searching, searching, where’s a good one, I thought maybe, oh, my, up there, that one’s huge! Stretch—reach—twist—pull—lean—snap. And then two more smaller ones and pick a couple peppers for the parents and then up, up, up, back up the stairs to wash and chop the cucumbers and toss them in salt and rice vinegar from China to serve as a side that we think goes with pretty much anything, especially in the summer and especially when beer is involved.

01/15/2021

Letters compiled over time. Distilled down to a song, a poem, an *In Our Time* -esque or a *Palm of the Hand* story if you will.

01/28/2021

I need notes and support and references. I crave all of that stuff, but have sometimes been kind of overwhelmed with my desultory collection of threads and strains. How do you pull it all together. I mean, it is already all together, but how do you clip off a little bit of it and give the impression that you are dealing with the totality of reality when actually you are really only dealing with this small, cul-de-sac’d contextualized, historically framed and spawned instance of reality. It is an instance. It contains a blueprint that is its heritage and substance. But the presentation of that substance, that substance of totality appears only by ACCIDENT. PARTICULAR. Which without being the whole and the whole being infinite the instance cannot help but be anything more than just an act of random assertion. 1,000,000 chimps hacking out “Hamlet” or whatever. This framing of the literary act is actually quite liberating. The aesthetic questions and the aesthetic work remain and the value of these questions and work are certainly up for some warranted cross-examination, but I believe it is by necessity just an up or down vote as to whether or not imperfect art has value. I think part of the artistic act is finding your peace with the value of the piece. I mean in the same way that a piece of art you created suddenly become extremely valuable would probably FUCK you up way more than having your art reach either a real market value or fall through the value matrix and simply collect dust as a personal curio or a piece exchanged between friends. But I would argue, if what you creation can find its way into the economy of life then you have done your job. If your writing amounts to a letter to a friend or your culinary skills amount to a plate of cookies for your neighbor then you are contributing. You are creating.

Now I am not saying let’s all be Pollyannas and call everything amazing, but I think something with the creative act has to have that childlike naivete to it. That spark of risk, that desire for expression, maybe even almost saying too much, even just unconsciously. That tension. That atmospheric resistance that is impenetrable, until, it is not, and it breaks and the enormity of space replaces the falsely perceived limitations or prescribed totality.

I for one have my river and it is flooding up and I am trying to keep pace with it, while finding this balance advancing path towards tech employment. This could all be a disaster and that is a very real fear that I acknowledge and periodically cast a cold or hot eye on. But This feels like living. This feels proactive. This feels like movement. This feels like effort. This feels like inspiration. This feels like work and all I have ever wanted to do VOCATIONALLY has been to just figure out the kind of work that hit that sweet spot of APTITUDE and FULFILLMENT. I am still tacking this way and that to figure out the course, but we are not idling away our Pandemic Idyll. We are silver surfing and burrowing. Figuring out what is next. Building the wherewithal to keep the process progressing.

12/2/2020

Dear Friend and Sympathetic Reader,

Throughout the journey of this past year, I have written a lot. The exact amount is a bit unclear as my first drafts disappear physically into the trash as the words diffuse through my branching and dividing and combining project stream.

This includes Clockwinder which I glibly referred to as my crack at Star Wars. This glib description was an attempt to say that at essence what I am trying to knit together is a space opera with some of the backbone being supplied by the Star Wars “Hero’s Journey” archetype. Or any other “Hero’s Journey” archetype. Just realized that the writing of this book, which is so much more than putting words on paper or on a screen, is simply about living with an idea or a constellation of ideas and iterating on them. Exploring them. Expanding them. Finding a way to work with them.

Clockwinder has been kicking around for about 12 years now ever since, inspired by just having read Stephen King’s *On Writing*, I took his general story creating technique to heart and endeavored to combine this technique with a Seinfeldian chain (Write every day on the project for at least 30 minutes). This was ultimately an effective way to get a beach established for the project. Development of the project has been brutally slow as my vision for the project waxed and waned and my wherewithal for consistent, momentum building writing was scorched by a decade of Chinese study, working, and child rearing. For a good long time writing necessarily too a back seat. It settled into my metaphysical storage locker of time intensive interests and was cordoned off and regarded with turncoat suspicion. Stretched thin on time and energy and intellectual wherewithal I began to regard the books on my shelves with derision. They were not making my life easier. They were not helping me get out of my current vocational conundrum. They were supposed to be my allies, my passion, and now they lined the walls like so much dead weight. So much of my life began to feel like dead weight. Uncultivated relationship with friends and family, memories, scattered through my head and in boxes of pictures and scattered across a host of devices and computers— digital dislocation. Even my digital mass had begun to feel like a drag.

Clockwinders is a meditation of cyclical time vs. apocalyptic time.

Value: lip service, or living?

Consumption? Identity creation.

Mechanical watch vs. quartz watch?

* Main Barrel— wind; Battery— stored power
* Source of power, source of beliefs
* Archetypes / Categories

Despite my desire for a more intuitive thought process, I remain enthralled by categories (archetypes, types, generalizations).

Ultimately categories are pretty wonderful— poetic: a crack at an abstraction of the possible ways of being: A or B or C or D ….

If you can’t define exactly what something is, labels are certainly helpful for defining what they are not.

07/01/2019

* Write a letter in such a way that it is a nourishing experience for you and the recipient.

**PEOPLE**

Evan Burrows

Jeremy Wagner

Tony Jops

Dave C. – nut

Dave & Magoo – nut

Jinn & Dave – nut, entropy

Becca- nut

Stephen- entropy and nut

William Test and Amber Angel- entropy?

Johanna and Abel

Nathan and Barbara

Sky Anderson

Spring Anderson

Micah Perry

Annette Summersett- cold

Patricia Summersett

Kathryn Summerset

Jane Summerset

Uncle John

Barb and Mark- cold

Letter:

Caleb and Morgan (birth care pack?)

Adam and Beth (birth care pack?)