Projects

* [Songbook](#songbook)
* Digital Gallery
  + collection app.
  + General use for any sort of collection
  + Sort of just an empty object that can take any attributes that are meaningful to the collection in question (art, whisky, coins, books, etc…)
* [Listen through album and give a sort of stream of consciousness treatment that you did with his sketch book.](#listen)
* A thank you letter to Dan and Tricia and Owen.

05/01/2022

Dan and Tricia hated “The French Dispatch”. Thought the character development was weak and the short-format didn’t work. I told her she needed to watch it on a big screen. Watching it on a laptop seems ridiculous and impossible to really enjoy. Didn’t like her “Oh, wow, if Aaron and betsy recommended it to us…”. Also, her “you don’t know *Moon-dog* comment kind of made me not want to learn anything ever again.

12/22/2021

Tricia thinks that the Handmaidens tale is coming true

08/23/2021

Nourishing.

Apologize for foisting my manuscript on you. I was a little out of my mind. But as I have been trying to get out of my mind for a long time, I am not sorrow to have reached that state, but I am sorrow for the raw nerve awkwardness that I have been radiating—it has been something of a skiin molting ceremony. Something of a purge. An ecstatic release and pronouncement. A Trumpet call to break the pregnant silence. An alleyway kvetch I rot gut bellow to the alleyway before finally shuffling back inside for a facewash and a long overdue shave.

Dan Chainer. Telling him about the bouncing of light off a wall from a kiloeter away and producing a image of an object around the corner. I am excited about light and tracking light and data compilation and rendering. Dan says something cynical about THEY probably having it all figured aout already if we are hearing about it.

7/23/2021

Watching it burn, like the melody… the cheesiness of it.

A lot of the syth sounds were grating and too slow to develop. Not a lot of dynamics. Just kid of sounded like you were fucking around trying to learn how to use this equipment. You are intentionally being challenging. You were maybe very stoned and lost in the rhythm. You are making this music for people who are on drugs who wouldn’t mind the vapid emptiness of progression.

7/14/2021

The widening gyre. The reversing poles. The act of creation. The act of control.

The ACT of control….

6/23/2021

Jokes and poetry, suggesting more, narrative, hinting at something else, the story continuing, the history, water under the bridge. The shared context—cultural, intellectual, emotional, the visual language.

Filmmakers adding songs to soundtracks that mean a whole lot to them. Having that regard and like and passion come through the scene. A loving regard for the time—not sneering. Giving vision to something of the age, something of this existence. Entertaining. Approaching. Interfacing. Inviting reaction. Reception. Response.

Painted movie boards of Hollywood classics advertised in other markets. Empty bottles of *Coca-Cola* with its label in Arabic. Impressed at how exotic and substantial our exported artifacts are. *Made in the USA* bowling balls in a basement bowling center near the third ring road and the purple bamboo park with the pond and the rental boats and the surprisingly satisfying espresso taken at a table near the lagoon where an older man approached me to wonder in Chinese why he has studied English for 20 years and still couldn’t speak it very well. And he compliments my Chinese which has become rather fluent at responding to the 3 questions. There is much in the 10,000 that I cannot speak to. But I can speak to the three and for the other’s matter less. He doesn’t care about my Chinese or my espresso or my

Near the park a man is building a mountain on the top of a 20 story building. There must be some stories about this. Irrigation? How do you grow things up there.

The stone village and the man building the stone temple over the course of decades, always by moon light. And it is strange and esoteric, but it made a life and contributed to the culture and the history of the village and the funeral singers could be singing for him—what does traditional Hebei funeral singing sound like. The big round flower fans, something of Vegas and Peacock tailed show girls and long athletic legs synchronized for the big finish. Undulations of vibrant thighs perfected in their big show hosier.

And sketch shows, Monty Python, the openness of the form. A forming idiom. Gravity concentrating a constellation of thoughts, images, impressions. Creating a site specific, a time specific, a persona specific idiom, a voice, a style, visual and linguistic, cultural, meta-cultural, comic books, high art, philosophy, religion, economics, hope, vision, art, music, personal limitations, frustration, fear, disappointment, anxiety, humor, enthusiasm, wryness, wit, vision, perspective, framing,

Cartoon bible tracts…Big eyed marketing caricatures. Hannah-Barbara, Disney, whatever crap they were waking kids up with on Saturday morning cartoons. the world according to cartoon bible tracts warning about the dangers of this world. And there are the obvious ones, but there are also the unobvious ones. And I am not saying one is right and one is wrong, I think we can make some claims of healthier or less healthy, but any ways, just this idea of drawing a line through life—this is the Christian path, this is the path of the world. Drawing a line between those two realms—*Christendom* and the *secular world*. This is what I resist. *Christendom* is the secular world. It is a subset of the secular world, the world of man.

And I suppose that is the issue isn’t it. My mother believes she is speaking to the all, but I now believe she is speaking to a subset. It is not part of my life project to disabuse my mother of this belief. Unfortunately for me though and our relationship, she has set it as a life goal to disabuse me of my non-belief, which is a difficult task, especially when launched into in a sort of punitive campaign or crusade, especially when the message base is linguistically all muddled up with an ala mode rightwing sensibility and fervor.

This is nothing new, but this year of our Lord 2020, has certainly pushed many things to a head, exacerbated past differences, thrown into sharp relief the thread bare condition of our relationship, the brokenness of our interfaces, the lack of mutual understanding, the seeming lack of wherewithal or will to reshuffle, reapproach, transcend…

Riding these themes in great arching wanders. Seeing what pops up. Wondering at it. Trying to see where I can fit it in.

Junk sculptures growing on my site.

Not that you were really going for a *zeitgeist* thing, but you have to admit, its all a little *zeitgeisty*. Which probably just means that like everyone, you are of your times. A la mode. With a pulse if you will.

Inspired by the episodic nature of your comic book, I will really be heavily leaning into the *and NOW for something COMPLETELY different possibility of paragraphs.* They shall more or less, hypothetically all work in perfect harmony in the service of wishing you, #{ @specialNickName ? @specialNickName : @plainFirstName }, well and, you know, just say, *hey.*

The fact that my interface is super anachronistic is beside the point. Or maybe its not. In fact, yes, in fact, maybe it is the exact point. The anachronism of it is the point. The dwelling in that anachronism. Trying to find the wisdom in the way of life the could be supported by the *letter*.

06/17/2021

Going to the beach, walking all together at dusk in the heat after the sun with the grit and sand and wet on us. Walking probably too full or hungry or thirsty or gassy, or nursing a leg strain or something. The night is hot and people are in their beach attire. Beautiful people, bulbous ones. Each beautiful in his or her own way though don’t you know.

The night and the overpass at Lake Shore Drive and traffic and people carrying their beach situations. Nomads. Urban nomads returning from the wilderness. Where we all commune and bath and relax and lull and veg and indulge and peaceably enjoy the beauty of the day.

***The Beauty of the Day***

Oh, the beauty of the day—

the peak to compliment the trough.

I am glad to be here with you.

Shall we let be that which shall be?

Butter on my toast in the morning.

Bitter coffee in my mug with cream.

Chopin and a window—

a warm morning dream.

And out?

A wrangled over expanse—

a land possessed

to some degree or another

since our kind first wriggled up

from behind the horizon line.

Say, I’ve got some

cerebral centerfolds to show you—

Some real origami of the mind.

Violence ripening on the vine.

Like Solomon say—

all in good time.

**The Doctors All Agreed**

The doctors all agreed

that the Pad Thai

in the hotel restaurant was very good.

Better than passable for sure.

*I’d say special*, one doctor

had offered. The others had

nodded and gotten up and

returned to the conference rooms

for the afternoon lectures.

In the hotel lobby there was a

parrot, he was mostly green

but his wings were accented with

red and blue and yellow.

His catch phrase was

“*Knock’em dead, Cap ‘n*”

He was very popular with the doctors.

You gotta move, move, move, move, move.

You gotta, prove, prove, prove, prove, prove

That soughdough,

sure as soul

ain’t about to roll itself out.

The wit and wildlife affirming kvetching of that first track. And then an instrumental a few tracks later and Helena comes in dancing and smiling in recognition absolutely certain she is listening to some strange new version of “The Happy Birthday Song”, she smiles winningly and gives me a knowing look and says “Happy to You!” and kind of dance nods in a approval. One track starts skipping and I inadvertlanly create a new extended play looping remix of the song. This has happened to me with this CD player way too much. Most of the times I catch the skip immediately. Except when I am listening to something that is particularly groovy—i.e. *Yo la Tengo* or *The Danite’s Band*  latest offering.

This sense that real power is ever above. Technology is ever ahead. We are always just catching up. Taking the latest technological scraps that the overlords send down the shoot. Makes me think of George Saunders and the impersonal, unfulfilling bureaucratic world he paints for the workers in his stories. People who are very much not in control of their lives, people put in the position to pull the levels and arrange the things, do the procedures as the orders trickle down from on high.

Where does hope come from. Hope comes from connection. And discovery. And reveling in the beauty and the goodness of the day. Are their nefarious forces at work yes of course, are they different than they were in the past? In some was yes. Are they the same as they were in the past, yes, in some ways yes.

All my black friends are getting guns Gayle says. The police will be on their side, Gayle says. Predicting some sort of actual race war if Trump loses the election.

Working fast on something. Working from inspiration. Working these Sysiphisian angles or art and music and art music.

If you arrived in heaven and Ned and Elvis was waiting for you who would you go two. Both. I could have both, it’s heaven! Well you won’t have to chose cause Elvis will be in hell for screwing all those underaged girls.

Build a fire with the telescoping jet bellows. Say something disparaging about Elvis to your mother-in-law who was sexually abused and would listen to and idealize Elvis as the perfect man to push back against all the shitty treatment she had received by men and to preserve hope. And then he calls Elvis a pedophile and that he won’t be.

Cast some items out amongst your yard— manican with spray painted bikini, roll of barbed wire, garden beds, a long, black dildo, the erector set balconies of the surrounding three story porches and back stairways. Two ways in, two ways out. Garbage cans pulled into the yard to avoid dumping, whose dumping all their garbage? Where is all this garbage coming from?

They write a graphic novel about a young man who joins a stretching cult (based on the Falungong) during a global pandemic. The details of the story are rather tight and the time and place are very uncertain. There is little attempt to ground the reading in the specific reality of the story. Very dream like. Stretching. Beatific visions. Blue moon. Depressed through the winter. Getting fit in the spring and completing some projects. Ready to pay taxes and consolidate investments and retirement portolios and roll over 401ks and finally purchase decent life insurance. And get my GitHub page live and active so that I can look like a real live coder and not an introspective poet part-time coding hobbyist. Though I am pretty broad of my time clock and my address book/project management app.

As I keep saying, I am truly lost in this process. Really making a substantial break with weed is an absolutely great idea. And it does not even have to be that huge of a break. It will always be there. Which is the problem. Which is the necessity to get this figured out. Increase productivity. Stablity. Efficiency. Reliability. Sharpened Husbandry. Increased completion rate. Completes per week. Ooooh… I could have completes per week. I really need to read something about Agile project management and I need to read more Sandi Metz. I just need to read more and give myself time to read even thought I feel so overwhelmed most of the time lately by the thoughts in my head and the thoughts that I am trying to process from the yellow river, that has shrunken noticeably this past couple of weeks, but still seems formidable. This Yellow River is what I am chasing. I am trying to find a place where this River breaks open and some deeper connections are drawn, or at least the web is pulled together more tightly or with a more perceivable balance and intricacy. I am eager to see where this Yellow River is leading and while I am excited, I also have a sit feeling in the pit of my stomach. That maximum roller coaster height, just before the roll and the drop, the sick anticipation of the rush of what’s coming, the work to be done. The hard, slog of hard fought sobriety and patience and humility and openness and stability and strength.

Today is 5/11/2021, on 11/23/202 I noted that on 10/10/2020 I had expressed in my notebook that I had officially smoked too much pot and recognized that it had become an issue I sorely needed to address. At the Beginning of April, let’s say 3/1/2021 I was able to cut pot from my consumption patterns for exactly two weeks. Since the middle of March I have not been making a ton of forward progress with programming, but feel like I could get up and off this plateau swiftly if I could just get to some inchoate pausing point with my writing. I am trying to understand what it needs. If I know what it needs then I can better structure my time. I just need to give it more time. Cutting out weed as part of this Atman process. Pausing, would imbue the act with a sacredness. A self-sacrificial discipline to recenter yourself towards your family. Your work will be there and in greater abundance because you will not perceive a tension between your family and your work. Weed, for all of its anxiety lifting and inspiration catalyzing gusto, also makes balance and focus difficult to maintain. You become introverted. You fall into secret sleep patterns unknown to your intimates.

Hit the road, they said.

Be it the high road

or just the rural route that you’re on.

In time we too will do just as we’re told.

The blue night sings of carnival.

Let’s not break camp tonight.

Don’t be so bold, babe.

Now’s still not quite your cue.

Haven’t we been over this?

You get paid when I do.

How did we come to this?

Haven’t I been good to you?

Don’t over do it,

But be sure, to put some real feeling into it.

I’m not blind, I know sometimes the line between

whole and no-hearted is razor thin.

Sometimes losing all night is the only way to win.

Sometimes bathroom solace is better than bathroom gin.

Grinning while we wallow holding close our grieving.

Bigger hearted now and more stout.

We’ve been there and come back again,

prostrate along the ancient route.

02/08/2021

Hot dogs and French fries,

stryafoam cups full of coffee colored steam

on the counter beside a pile of paper wrappers

from non-dairy powdered creamers

Reselling rare records he found in thrift stores to pay rent in cheap motels. Sometimes selling his guitars.

Epstein-Barr and a car park

Halleilujiah just got into town

Guard rails up

Strum me homeward

Drink me down.

Drink will take its toll in time

Washing down the muddy rivers of my mind.

**Been Called (Worse)**

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.

**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.

**Major Minor**

Take note how the blokes vote.

Round up the poker chips with pistol whips,

swinging hips, snarling lips, caustic quips.

Keep in mind, loose lips sink ships.

Take note how the blokes vote.

***Salad Dressing***

**Was awoken**

**by a snarling visage—**

**Would be remiss**

**not to admit**

**that I don’t miss him.**

**But if you do**

**just happen to**

**run into**

**you know who…**

**Take a kiss for me,**

**or more explicitly—**

**my ass.**

**In fact,**

**don’t ask,**

**just grab hold of his genitals.**

**Then dive right in**

**all lecherous and gummy.**

**Thrust your Gene Simmons**

**straight down his gullet**

**just as far as it will bowl.**

**Savor the moment,**

**then let go.**

**Thank him for his service,**

**his, oh, so precious time—**

**for whipping up the miracles—**

**salad dressing from ancestral wine.**

**Listening Party**

I really enjoyed the rhythm of the coming. The jumping around. The rifts. The puns. The visual, linguistic interplay. The tone changes. The techniques for establishing tone. Genre. Register. Seriousness. Deadpan. Satirical. Sarcastic. Biting. Grating. Encouraging. Supporting. Digging. Convicting. Guilting. Teasing. Quipping. Mothering.

7,000,000,000 suns – *Black Sabbath*

Haunted by every cliché you couldn’t quite overcome, transcend, outrun.

Songbook

[Other list of songs with links](C://Users/aaron/OneDrive/Desktop/DevCurriculum/arts_and_crafts/music_index.html)

Two folders or clips. .. maybe an index…

1. [Totoro theme song](C:\\Users\\aaron\\OneDrive\\Desktop\\DevCurriculum\\Songs\\Totoro- Hey, Let's Go!.docx)
2. [Hey, Let’s Go](file:///C:\Users\aaron\OneDrive\Desktop\DevCurriculum\Songs\Totoro-%20Hey,%20Let's%20Go!.docx)
3. Mrs. Robinson
4. House on a hill?
5. Some blues tune
6. Black Bird
7. Little Girls
8. [The Ballad of Davy Crocket](file:///C:\Users\aaron\OneDrive\Desktop\DevCurriculum\Songs\Ballad%20of%20Davy%20Crocket.docx)