**WRITING**

**21-Mar-22 (shft--alt--D) is this date still current? It is.**

**Short story: 5,000 – 10,000**

**Novels: 70,000 – 120,000 (Gatsby: 47,094)**

**YA: 50,000 – 70,000**

[**Obsidian Stone**](#OBSIDIAN)

**Writers:**

* Ann Wroe (obituaries editor at *The Economist)*
* John McPhee
* Hunter S. Thompson
* Tom Wolfe
* Norman Mailer
* Stephen King
* George Saunders
* Nick Cave
* David Whyte- the poet and nourishing wordsmith
* Mary Oliver- the poet
* Joseph Brodsky
* Walter Benjamin
* Roger Angell-- the baseball writer
* Phoebe Waller-Bridge
* Clive Thompson

Seeking some sort of bulwark against the unanswerable in others.

03/18/2022

Word tree take

**3/14/2022**

Feeling reassured by the other dedicated note takers. Gatherers of ideas. Collectors of thoughts. Grains to be harvested. There is only this process. There is this process and there is nothing else. And so we work to fashion better baskets to collect the grain to bake our bread with.

Dionysius and Apollo have been on my mind.

Second brain.

Mnifest word.

Manifest universe.

02/15/2022

You want writing and more literary language to be an interface. You told Tricia this and she didn’t understand and you didn’t completely understand. It is a praxis. It is a response. It is an exploration. The only way to determine what the limits really are is to go beyond them.

I have been trying top learn how to create and work intuitively.

Make a painting. He is making a painting. Make a book. Make a poem. Crossing the desert. Crossing the river. Following the process.

02/14/2022

I am back from the desert. I am here.

02/13/2022

The INFINITY notebook gave birth to the Yellow River which game birth to Sinatra CRM/Address Book/WordTree

Writing is a nourishing source of grounding, a field of nutrients and experimentation.

It is a wonderful place and PRAXIS to gather YIN and LI energy

I just keep schlepping in the direction of the ramshackle faire collection that always seems to be sort of disparingly just there, just there over there.

Overwhelmed by data points we are left to simple choose our constellations and spend the rest of our lives practicing to live within that spere.

Overwhelmed by data points we are left to simply choose our constellations and spend the rest of our lives explaining how any of it makes any sense at all.

02/12/2022

Weaving, fabricating, braiding, entangling, patch work… Rhapsodizing-- following the flow. Honing the tools, but folling the flow.

Creative and pragmatic portals

Coding, writing, tarot, barefoot running, stretching qi gong, language, music-- these are all yogas. These are all ritualistic attempts to promote and preserve my systems unity , harmony and balance.

01/31/2022

I do not completely understand this process, but I do find it nourishing and settling and I have traveled a long way, and now I must keep going…

12/21/2021

For both my coding adventures and my writing I have been consistency using a stream of standard yellow 50 page legal pads. I refer it as the Yellow river, or the Yellow Submarine. A continuous flow of thoughts. Things known. Things to learn. Eventually A flow that says within its banks, leaves a trail to follow, review, a process contained, but with some flow—rolling curiosity, creeping momentum, amassing materials along the way.

02/18/2021

If your first draft is the best you’ve got, then maybe writing isn’t your gig.

12/10/2021

Transition from selling watches and jewelry across on counter downtown Chicago to simultaneously trying to compose a book about writing, a novel, series of short stories, memoirish sketches, journaling, process writing, recording memories and milestones of the girls, children’s stories created for or dictated by Esme, Chinese study, casually advance my Spanish and French, reading and general vocabulary expansion on top of attempting to pull together enough material and skill to be able to spontaneous recite my volume of poetry or play a few selections from my “album” all while attempting to retool my skillset and become a Web Developer by ingesting and gaining competency with an alphabet soup of internet age technologies, computer languages, protocols, standards, syntaxes, platforms while simultaneous managing the collapse of my social and extended family life a situation exacerbated by the tumultuous political situation and my parents aggressive drift to the right. I should really prepare for their visit. We should play some games. We should share some memories. We should have a series of questions to ask Mema and Papa.

12/09/2021

He could write stories now-- straight through and letters-- or at least draft them. Make a fully honest, heatful attempt to draft them. And then after the initial writing he could draft off that. He could ride in the wake of the hard work the previous draft had done. And even with the draft though there will be other climbs and their will be descents. Keep in mind when the climbing gets tough on a later draft-- you would have never even reached this mountain if not for the previous drafts to which you are burrowing and barreling behind.

He could now do the writing he had always wanted to do and do it unafraid. Working from a low water soaked spot because he had down the work to get here. Done the work to descend through the yang. Learned the loving words to speak to himself. The whispered golden joy that could sustain him in his work.

He could do the writing now that he had a straight and sober mind-- raw and in-tune and in-time.

The minimalism of a decluttered mind.

I wanted to complete work but I didn’t want to talk about it. It didn’t make sense to talk about it. It didn’t make sense to talk about it now. Talking about it now was a waste of time, we could talk about it later. We could. We would have to.

Anything that takes a shot at making the English language more beautiful and more aesthetically enjoyable to an exponentially expanding community seems worthwhile. That old cultural magnetism that reaches out each word and phrase tendril at a time-- cropping up here, there, surpisingly, bewilderingly, timely…

Shared language as atomic unit of cultural bond.

My creative and intellectual pursuits have gotten away from me-- gone beyond me and I am struggling to reign them into a sustainable optimism and balanced preserving vocation.

Is my automatic rambling psychobabble writing an emotional ballast for all the more cerebral, right-brained technical stuff I have been attempting to inculcate myself with. Leaning computer languages and DSLs -- HTML, CSS, Javascript, Ruby, Bash, git, RSpec, regexp, http, routing, config files and or course my continued lowkey love affair with Zhongwen and breezily French and Spanish. A casual dabbling, optimistically engaged in with the hope of cultivating/knitting together some deeper capabilities.

With language there needs to be a naturalness-- an unselfconscious integration of information and muscle memory.

We (humans) used to have better memories. We used to have more active perspectives-- think Plato and Aristotle and so on walking around and chatting.

Could I finally now say-- “Yes, I’ve done it, I have built some literary habits that I could settle into and cultivate sustainably?”

12/08/2021

Attempting to get keen about alchemy of being…

A desperate attempt to establish some sort of a baselines resilience.

Keep some self-confident bounce in his psyche and avoid the rhetoric of the high and mighty.

Documentation. The new scripture to lead me on my path.

Processing some more recent notebooks. I move through my November production with a Draconian efficiency. I am panning for gold. I am looking at my fear and my denial and my avoidance filibuster behavior and I am processing through it. Scooping up and sifting out that which I might be able to do something with.

Writing has been an effort to find a steady place to be.. getting over that feeling that I should be doing something else-- anything else-- housework, taking care of my children, seeking psychiatric help, trying to repair the relationship with my mother, trying to advance my tech career. I need both. I need all. I need everything.

12/08/2021

Lacking the wherewithal to get ahead on any of this I unravel into an intuitive haze.

Textured emotions are not something to be feared. They are something to be savored.

Seeking balance and calm and process and commitment. Committing to the day.

12/07/2021

Often when I get really lost in a writing burst, I forget to stretch, I get tense and stop stretching…

All those poor beggars, just trying to pull something out of nothing.

I feel compelled to write to prove that I have full control of my thoughts and that I am rounding the corner on the disorganization of my process.

coherence: a predictable view of the world which is free of threat and uncertainty.

Wonder underpins it all. Wonder and desire. Reaching out. Stretching. Expanding. Growing.

The past is gone. The future will never arrive. All that is given to you is now. And its special, which is why they call it the present.

We are serenading the mystery or trying to sing along with it. Harmonize.

Life is a mystery. A contradiction. Imbued with its mind shattering unbearable lightness.

We can chase our appetites. We can bury ourselves in our responsibilities. We can dedicate ourselves to our causes. But what is the equation that makes it all make sense. And how can you form your equation and believe in it so fully that it can sustain you through this difficult life without impinging on other people’s visions,

My mental health has not been great. I have been smoking too much weed and probably drinking too much as well. But something feels like it is shifting. I am taking on the river. I am out of the desert now. I am back from the desert. I am back.

We need to be stimulated… but not too stimulated. We are striving for consistency and balance.

12/06/2021

Working in a beautiful, order inducing and life settling way is desirable. The work must have a well-maintained flow to be beautiful. Like well a organized farm. A farm lovingly maintained. It requires discipline to keep this production under control.

What can be a ballast to the inactivity? What can be a ballast to the disorganized note taking?

Stretching-- extending, strength maintaining stretching is my answer to the inactivity and review and decisive note review and synthesis is my answer to the overwhelm of my incessant flow of notes.

Self-regulation on many different levels is necessary.

A good cultural fit produces a good deal of glide with relation to communication, engagement and collaboration.

An artist can be a culture of one if they have a rich and inviting enough interface. Interfaces spawn interfaces. Magnetism passing from creator to consumer. That spark, that spin, that phrase, incantation, reminder…

We move in strange cycles sparked in turn by physics, chemistry, psychology and economics, language, understanding, insight, luck, gratitude, envy, etc…

Good mood most of the day. Pushed through a notebook of writing and felt uplifting by processing through it. Ended up adding in Song lyrics and some additions to a few older projects. I like that I have older projects. The dream is now-- full employment in tech with a bit of time around the edges to keep writing and developing all the different tendrils that I have layed down.

11/24/2021

Trying to get closer to the metal. Improve systematic thinking. Associative thinking.

Hobbies, passions, interests, activities, contracts, investments, commitments.

I can enter into the creative sphere without coming undone. I exist in the creative sphere without coming undone.

Half undone, and half rigidly constructed to keep it all together. Half- Apollo/ Half-Dionysus

This is our nature and what allows us to endure and change and grow and evolve and persist and strive.

Feeling, singing, music, something lifting, uplifting, ascending somewhere on high.

Anxiousness in action.

Anxiousness/in action

11/22/2021

Dig my way to China. Cooley work to kill my time.

11/18/2021

Death and life, love and hate, the spectrum of cruelty and kindness.

11/17/2021

Alienated. Separated from all that has come before. Some of it will return. Some of it will not.

What one emphasizes about God does tend to say a lot.

Something in the moment-- something new and spontaneous and delightful.

Writing about writing has been an on-going theme. A way to prime the pump. Get back into it. Which begs the question though-- why do I so easily fall out of it? What am I falling out of anyway? Reading is centering. Writing is unraveling. It should really be the other way around, no? Reading is unraveling and writing is centering.

Accepting we are water, accepting we are fire, accepting we are wind, accepting we are earth.

This feeling of needing to push through, working to push through, pushing through!!!

I am open to love.

I forgive myself and others.

I love myself and all human beings.

I have an open heart.

How do you put a sure but human firewall between you and the rest of the world?  
What has sustained me is that I truly believe this is a good plan. These are good skills to develop and I have been making steady, incrememental, but consolidated progress in the basic to intermediate focuses of Web Development including languages (Ruby, Javascript), data structures, algorithms, web platforms, back and front end competencies, as well as TDD development, OOD, agile development, git version control, basic shell scripting. Along the way I have really tried to consolidate what I was learning by bolstering my personal studying and drilling and tool development with the use of sources recommended to me by current industry professionals. I have followed the advice of two of them-- one --enroll in the “DAS” courses and go through the incredible Gary Bernhardt screen casts. Ironically the friend who recommended that was a Pythonist (a Pulitzer prize winning journalism/data focused tech professional), but all the screencasts are in Ruby which made them that much more approachable to me.

More recently a friend who has been a Drupal developer for over a decade recommended that I check out some conferences. Something I had been reluctant to do because I was already overwhelmed by the million other streams I had going. Ultimately it was a great suggestion and I have found that conference talks are proving to be an essential way for me to pull a lot of disparate streams of information together-- hearing a fluent technologist discuss these things that I have been hacking at in such a fragmented way is truly a thing of beauty. My level of tech literacy has also reached the point where I can get a lot from these talks. Some of it is review, some of it is exactly where I am at, and some of it is starry invitations to a next level engagement with this field that I am so grateful to have “stumbled upon”. Navigating immersiveness.

As I started to get into it invitations to collaborate and explore various other technologies started popping up from all quarters-- learn Squarespace, learn WordPress, learn Raspberry Pi and Arduino. I was not at a sufficient level of tech savviness and literacy for these things to be fun and engaging. I had no background knowledge to plug them into. I did not have a rack to hang any of these new topics on and these new topics all threatened to muddle the process of just trying to get some competency in the Ruby world (which just to do that I was learning HTML/CSS/JS, bash, git, MVC,(Sinatra Rails), Active Record, Sql, atom, gems, data structures, algorithms, OOD,databases, servers, networking, routing, TDD testing(RSpec), debugging tools… basically everything… but once you get all of this under your belt and you have a nice shiny rake to start organizing information and you have a solid amount of background knowledge that gives you the confidence to approach the questions at hand. (copied to tech\_transition)

11/21/2021

Somehow my music is helping to build up my emotional reserve.

We all struggle. But will you define yourself by your human fear and abhorrence of the obstacle, or your, also very human, heroic effort to overcome it.

11/12/2021

Back to the river bucket by bucket-- each notebook a bucket fifty layers deep. The bookworm came feasting till the fat job’s complete and all the work has been digested-- its lessons not learned, but beat.

My freedom comes from ether, releasing substance to the spheres, seeking instead the mysterious connection between the easily accepted but infinitely infinite challenge of love.

Philip Glass found me this fall via Youtube. My Solfeggio frequencies, Radiohead, Eric Satie, Debussey, Amelie soundtrack probably primed the algorithm for this. *Glassworks* popped up, which is supposed to be one of his more accessible cycles. Glass goes Pop or something. Whatever it is I really like it. And just from the tonal space it occupies I’m sure the old boys from Radiohead like it too. Would like to do a deeper dive into Glass’s works-- they provide such a padded room and make hours of coding related tasks seem a bit more civilized.

You situation with the Blazers sounds rough…my condolences. We on the other hand are super fortunate to have a complete rebuilt roster. And it was done really well! No process needed. It was orchestrated by the same guy that built up the Denver program. I love it. Assuming there are no big injuries… which seems like a big assumption these days… probably all days really I guess, the playoffs will be really fun. Setting up a nice summer sports schedule when combined with the World Cup, which I have also been lowkey following, which is something you can do with the World Cup cause the whole qualifying process is pretty glacial and spaced out. This round is tinged with very recent memory of not qualifying for the World Cup.

Watching the three games simultaneously on the tv in the Air BNB in St. Louis after running around the what neighborhood? Describe the buildings… the boarded up buildings. The decimated parts of the city abutting historic neighbourhoods. How did it come to this? Me running in the cold, feeling old and slow. But starting to gain some steam. Lost in my p[ath in some ways. Working at Graff where I was an absolute fish out of water and without the new vision for a tech career coming together in my field of imagination yet (still six months and a trip back to China off)

I am trying to become an exceptional writer.

I am trying to fully overcome my creative block and accept my work and own my work flow as a creative and productive individual. Who feels comfortable expressing himself and recording his thoughts. And has been developing an ever shrewder judgement on how to turn these inchoate personal expressions and thoughts into something that can be nourishing and connecting to other people.

Writing and songwriting as a way to abstract the processes and challenges and get them to line up a little bit.

I have been living in a THC induced state of mania in order to be productive, in order to be creative, in order to focus.

Let go, give space, feel flow, go, unyielding into the everything ahead.

11/11/2021

This is incredibly inefficient and I should be terrified that I am burning our family resources down so low. But I am feeling hopeful in this moment. Not overwhelmed. My writing is settling before me. I need to settle into it. I cannot overcome it in an act of super human effort. Sheer athleticism and will. Family visits that leave the majority of us sick with some sort of a bug or another.

This process is dangerous. It is white water rafting. If it is not provisioned for, considered, entered into without consideration of the risks, when disaster and poor result occur, please do not be surprised.

11/04/2021

You asked for the long thoughts.

I went looking for some long thoughts.

This is an attempt to redefine how I write. This year has changed the way I eat, I walk, I use technology, I exercise, and how I write.

I am attempting to become an expert. A coding expert. A writing expert. A Chinese expert.

11/03/2021

SIMPLIFY-- consolidate your disparate pieces.

Nick Cave, Sufjan Stevens, Philip Glass, Radiohead, Gilberto Solfeggio Frequencies, John Fahey

11/01/2021

Clearly seeing the path, but then not taking it, lingering behind, greedily, scribbling mad insights about my desert sabbatical.

But what of return. And wise old Mary Oliver smiles at me bemused and tells me to get up off my knees and dust myself off, there is no reason to drag yourself through the desert she says, besides it will always be there, it never ends.

10/27/2021

Where the dark and light combine. The eddy in the river where the river meets the sea. Familiar warmth emptying into an unfamiliar sea.

We don’t know how this will end. We don’t know if we can hold it all together.

The abundance of culture.

Seinfeld was funny last night. The first season hold up.

**10/25/2021**

Focus on coding has been good. Yellow River has been nearly caught up with.

I am finding a sense of solitude.

Deeper tribal. New ways to make relationships. Outside of family connections, family trades. Writers. Cultural figures. Excperiments in living. Excitable. Creative. Queer. Starry eyed. Hungry. Aggressive. Competitive.

I have lost writing to the stars. Look away from your own face and see.

**10/24/2021**

I’ve gained some good ground. I have established distance with my family.

I think I have learned something about the authorial voice and am slowing warming up to authentically playing around with it.

Claiming the ability to compose a single page letter.

Abstracting much of the dithering, metawork, or just be in consistent enough practice that the dithering pump priming work is already down and you are able to head on into a new direction directly.

Finding the balance of pen on paper, just the right pressure, insistent, but sustainable, as you chase your dreams on and on over false horizons.

I am not fully settled yet.

Penmenship exercise. Scales and chord patterns. Algorithms and Big O notation. Toddler logic and put upon partner.

Learning to think on the page.

Learn to breath on the page.

Learn how to be on the page.

Disappear into the silence.

My writing is nourishing.

There are no timelines.

Keep stretching.

Keep learning.

In some ways deep in my own world trying to abstract the process.

Stretching, grounding, planting with the heal.

**10/21/2021**

So here in this place but I have come too where I cannot compose myself hurting feeling attempting trying to fight my way out trying to trance end fill out the solid foundation of my depths. I have attempted to do things in ways that I was not meant to do them. Should we not hold our failures close our last children the bitter school where we found the flint of our first purpose.

Fuck.\*\*\*\*.\*\*\*\*. This could be a really good way to write. I could also write like this. This could be a way. To connect. My hands. 2. Page. This could be a way to find. A good way to start.

We took our time. It felt like we had all day. The reality was different. Realizing that. Was a shock. Realizing something like that. Can really. Knock you down.

It seemed like there was just so damned much to pay attention to.

10/17/2021

Whole evoked by details. How does Japanese painting work? Or Chinese painting?

齐白石 (minimal, evocative, movement)

**08/25/2021**

The urgency of writing sex, drugs, music, money, attention, approval, acknowledgement.

Settled in self so as to be more other centered.

What I delivered to Sky on his birthday and then drafted a couple more times was less about the content and more about the process of its accumulation and narrowing and focusing. If it went off the rails and got a bit unreadable, that too was part of the point. I have to stop being afraid of doing bad work. And I just simply have to work. I can control and corral this creative impulse and that is ultimately what will make me a mature artist and not just a frustrated middle-aged hack.

I have been a bit out of my mind this year. I will also be the first to admit that. I have launched myself into this dangerous, protean state where I have truly cut tethers and disconnected from the world around me, or rather I have settled myself into a floating pattern just above the commotion of the world and have attempted to find my bearings on the undulations of the sea.

I was trying to do something new. I was trying to do something old.

I was trying to overcome my despair and fully commit in an intuitive way to the process of writing.

**08/24/2021**

I feel like I am in this moment where no one really believes in or understands my talent or my writing project and that includes me, and I am in the insane position of faith of having to push against my own ignorance and the ignorance of others, the unknowing rather and transcend that into something that has form and stu9rcutre. That makes sense. I am attempting to take the disparate and unruly and non-sensical- the non-linear, the emotional, the intuitive and depitic them in this two dimensional medium. Its tought. But I like it for some reason. And for some reason I think that I can do it without trying as long as I do enough of it. I am completely certain in my uncertainty. This is faith—a leap of faith—poetry and prayer. A secular faith. A pan-religio faith. A public faith. A human faith.

And writing being that undressing. Writing being that stripping down. That reaching for raw sanity. That tender place that is left after you have burned off the excess anxiousness. And then to be responded to with sneering. With condescension. Presuming to understand. Scoffing at progress. Stabbing attempts at wrangling something beyond its protean state. Caught up in practical beauty, artistry— flavor, taste, sensation, but what about the mind and my mind

**08/23/2021**

Stretching/ yoga is a creative, nourishing act (body, mind, soul).

The process is more important than the piece.

The life is more important than the work, at least to the artist, but they have to pretend that the work is more important, because that is what will really ultimately matter to other people.

Writing is a capitulation. A surrender.

Attempting to thread the needle between goopy psychobabble and overly-earnest didactic shit that would put even the most interested audience to sleep.

The practice must be supported. Technology supports this practice. My family supports this practice. My history supports this practice. My future supports this practice.

Be proud that you have material to navigate. Don’t feel the need to show anybody anything. I more fully lost myself in the Endgame process than ever before. The process was messy and convoluted and embarrassing and vulnerable and alienating. But there have also been breakthroughs—Becca’s encouraging words. Dave Brown’s positive offerings. There is kindness in this word. This word is surfeit with kindness.

Writing like yoga requires tension, release, working through things, breathing, flooding oxygen in to confront the strain.

Emptying out—getting to a place where you are open to new information.

Writing fragmented shit to my friend who has literary ambitions, but currently really just needs me to come and work in his restaurant.

**08/10/2021**

Wrote to write through the political and cultural turmoil of the past year.

Purging-- editing--shaping

Settling-- focusing-- accepting… dedicated to the craft

**07/09/2021**

If I can do all of this—the writing and programming and guitar strumming and stretching and parenting and partnering without edging off with pot and beer so consistently I will truly be set.

My hadnwritng the last few weeks has been atrocious.

Are you stretching?

Are you breathing?

Are you drinking?

Are you moving?

How’s your family?

How’s your health?

People are overwhelmed… how do they keep track?

**07/05/2021**

Novel, not film.

Immediate mind

Pure language sound.

Not Dolby, but being.

Personal, created at reception, at reaction

In the mad alchemy of meanings intersecting.

The inevitable insurrections

Humanity’s palsy lurches towards perfection.

Ever only needing everything at once.

And where release?

Where service?

Where jester?

Where gesture?

Why all the wanton chest measuring?

At least let’s sing in loving keys to be believed, no?

Long miles to live our lives upon.

That floating place. Free flowing and articulating. Where space allows thoughts to settle as sinew expands, healthfully stretching over bones ass you pull.

Long miles to live our lives upon.

The wandering trajectory of an incomplete sentence…an emptiness, a trailing space to spark a thousand scattered thoughts and projects, fakes and faints and mis-directions. We attempt to do what of us was expected. Keeping track of all the unruly expectations.

**06/26/2021**

How does one fully engage with life without becoming a sort of wild maniac, unhinged and isolated from everything they strive for. Handfuls of sand my only hot reminder. This though had against the backdrop of my OPPORTUNITY COST thought. What is the opportunity cost to do what you want to do in this life, sure, what do you give up not doing, but also, how much time and energy do you have to put in just to get the opportunity to do your good work, your necessary work, your nourishing, fulfilling, life sustaining, life completing, mature and generous acts of humane contribution.

Writing has its own sort of COSTS. Extracts its own sort of price. I am still trying to figure out what that is. How do you take on the distractions and challenges to your writing and coding? Do you get angry? Do you find some secret emotional reserve to express an emotional truth you hardly feel because you are tryng to maintain so many different states. Exist on so many different plans. What you are reading. Going there. What you are writing. Memories. Poetic revelries. Rhapsodizing on all the inchoate particles of our souls. Losing myself in there somewhere. Boiling down. Simmering still my roiling stew.

Caught in limbo. In purgatory. Wanting to work and being ready to work and having all the tools that I need to work, but then not being able to work because I am being distracted by my favorite people my wife, my daughters, who do not merely seek to distract me to fill some need in me (entertainment et al.) but because they need me, they need my attention and consideration and pursuit and nurturing but where is my wherewithal to do any of these things, to put out the one so that I can pursue the other? My Garmin watch with GPS went dead over night and now looks back at me with a blank reflective screen. betsy is laying on the couch because her back hurts. There is kid-pooped on bed clothes on the back porch, dad was up early smoking weed and stretching to greet the morning. When mom gets up looking slender, bed softened pads stiffly from the bedroom in search of the heating pad. The girls are in the kitchen, she heads into the opposite direction into the front room to lay on the love seat. What is my role here? Do I go out of my way to express my sympathy. I get the girls situated. I get her cofffe. Then I am off to the office to write, I am not even coding I am just writing. I am trying to get settled here, but I can’t. I look around me and there are stacks of yellow notebooks. My legal pad long march toward a more intellectual existence. I am an intellectual. I am not a very good intellectual, but I am trying. I have identified my fields of interest—language and information. I want to get behind language and get inside information. I am pursing these ends through intuitive free writing, intuitive free reading, concentrated Web Development skill building and continued pursuit of Mandarin.

The process of pursuing all of these ends gets muddled by my apparent need to consume a goodly amount of THC. I would be very interested to see what kind of flavor this project would project if the THC component was dialed back. The THC has been a direct reaction to note having an easy consistent physical or temporal working space during this whole intense, transformative year.

So this is where I need to be brave. This is where I need to be brave and boring and Dad like. Where I need to sacrifice something that seems important and necessary to me in order to get a better grip on my responsibilities, freeing myself to more adroitly manage the ambitious collection of projects that I have arranged for myself.

My life is so small, my life is so full. Though much is taken, much remains. To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

*I am feeing overwhelmed by the challenges of the day so if you could please prepare yourself to not get a full day of work in today and being available to help me that would be good.*  
 This is how madness begins which seems like an aggressive attack on my wife, but it really is not trying to be. It is attempting to state a fact. To see a contradiction. To catch a glimpse of the apparition that is haunting us, has been haunting us. The bug in the code in our emotional and linguistic makeups. She is telling me I need to be sensitive, maybe that is all I nee dot hear here. She is in pain and I need to be sensitive. But after days and days and days of this. The ambiguity. The uncertainty about time and blocks of time. The shattered expectations and fragmented intentions. A years of wildly convoluted working ways. Leading to a productivity of a sort that is difficult to characterize.

I have gone to a strange protean state. An amoral, swashbuckling, acquisitional knowledge hunt. I am the lonely hunter. I am my way in the modern labyrinth of competing visions. There have always been competing visions. What have historically been the interfaces that hold the competing visions together. That knits them into the same universe. A silence that grows beyond them all.

**06/20/2021**

Words cannot force people to understand them. Ideas cannot force people to understand them. Writing is the spiritual foundation of my life. It is the needle eye through which my being passes to stay intact, to strip down, to unencumber. To confess. To return. To escape. To withdraw. To refresh. To center. To journey. To forgive. To sing. To apologize. To craft a life. To ballast my learning.

Am I foolishly collapsing into myself or am I wisely consolidating?

**06/11/2021**

Writing as play

For some reason every time we would get a second cat, the first cat which has been the playful cat would become much less playful. The kitten would suddenly become the elder cat. Sometime coaxed into playing by the little one, though more often than not, the older cat would become more reserved, less active, less playful, less fun. More stolid and predictable perhaps, loving and willing to cuddle the younger cat and grooms it and share its food. And so despite the obvious acceptance and affection between the young cat and the old cat, the old cat just did not seem to have it in them to play.

It is difficult to contextualize just how incredible for me it has been to reorient myself to Tech. This process has taken longer because I have also been investing a lot of time into my writing. By combining my writing with a new conception of file management and project development my writing has completely taken off and provided a much needed emotional ballast over this year. It has been nice to have a bunch of material to distill down. John McPhee’s *4th draft* which I ran into last September and read three chapters of launched me on this who new process that has yield thousands of hand written pages that I am now working to funnel into a number of different projects that have begun coalescing almost unbidden. It is truly a bit surreal and I while I have no idea where it is all heading, in the terms of the computer work I have been doing, reading and writing are by far by favorite my favorite and most sanity inducing, maintaining, expanding practices. Getting a few poems “completed” as well as some personal letters have felt the perfect first steps to some of my caterwauling chicken-scratch to catch the light of day.

Perhaps since the arrival of Helena, or since COVID, or since losing my job and launching on this process of career change, drift, reboot, what-have-you, my ability to play with the girls has precipitously dwindled (decreased?). I should say I am up for it sometimes and I do in good faith try to make up for it in other ways, but sometimes with the stress I came carrying and the plates I am spinning and the never-ending struggle to carve out solid blocks of uninterrupted hours of productive concentration, I just do not posses the wherewithal to play.

* Mudgie and Wudgie.
* Little wounded deer
* Naughty Monkey stories
* The Hugo Story (repetitive story emphasizing transitions and what not)

I have really tried to come to think of my writing as just a hobby. My writing is golf. My writing is my 80s Garage Band hang time. My 26.2 decal for this existence. Just a hobby. Publish. Sure. Perhaps. At some point. When at the point of surplus perhaps. With lots of fodder to unload if some should sell. Could submit poems to journals and what not. Could read *Poetry* magazine and one day publish a short story or two. Constant acquisition. Constant expansion. Material suggesting itself in conversation, reading, living. Recording the material in a ready, easily accessible place. Cultivate pieces over time. Save material in such a way to have theme swatches or descriptive swatches at hand to direct a thought, turn a phrase. Each novel creates a mini language. Some more intentionally than others. Some seek to blow the language up, expand it, push out and beyond the bounds of its actual universal abilities… I suppose that is all language though. No language is truly universal. Music is perhaps the most universally visceral force of artifice, but its meaning is certainly guaranteed to travel with 100% fidelity to all ears. I’d wager that a big part of the appeal and enjoyment of music is its subjectivity.

**06/08/2021**

Writing is alchemy. We attempt to raise artificial, arbitrary symbols and elevate them to the essence of MIND … that shadowy interface for the SOUL itself and the body. Writing is a technology that can both model and represent and theorize on STATES of the MIND as well as even, potentially contribute the the changing of the state.

Patiently recording thoughts. Questioning them. Prodding them. Recording them. Organizing them. Combining them.

**06/06/2021**

When I began writing the *Seventeen-Year Locust* I hardly had it developed at all. I had some vague idea of a boy who had lost his mother and who was raised by his bisexual father who ran a photography studio in a small town.

Elaborate costumed productions for still photographs. Meticulous. How does he work up the ideas. He likes to do groups of people, arranging them into implied relationships. Like some nightmare composition of the real make up of the family.

Why are family portraits so awkward and kind of mournful or joyful or I don’t know what are they? You do not have to articulate. You can jot your thoughts down. There’s no rush. Let the ideas drop in layers. Fill in the grooves wash buy wash.

**06/03/2021**

And I have to write to prove my wife correct and prove my mother wrong. And exorcize my beasts and full-throated sing my social song. My cave paintings are not yet complete. There is the thing and there is the approach to the thing. I have been trying to improve my approach to the thing.

**03/31/2021**

Tarot, yoga, weed, meditation, massage, breathing, writing

No longer just playing at literature

Enamored enough to do foolish things for it.

Things are ruined by mediocrity and making it all about yourself.

It is not about you—it is about *WE*. Stay in the process.

**03/30/2021**

The land of Taquamenon is something to be seen.

Imagine yourself a warrior

Or a Jesuit voyageur

Trying to buy what can’t be sold

Trying to buy what can’t be sold.

Used to have a coffee can. I've collected a man. And they would just pile up. At row party. And have just harvest the next day if I. Yeah too. The assorted ashtrays. Before. The conscientious roommate. Try to tidy up. Before her Christian hippie parents dropped in. Half unannounced. She was from a large family. Dash. I have a feeling she was kind of neglected as a kid. Dash. And then it hit her mid 20s with little desire to be the distant. Ant that brings organization and fun to the unbuilding. Catholic Bountifulness of family gatherings. That was. The jump in person in time and it doesn't make any sense. But it does make literary sense. And that is what I'm at looking for. Quiet reduction that subtle definition hint suggestion paradox. What kind? Considered kind? Not declaring too much at declaring, but declaring enough. The iceberg tip. Important thing, the hook the what now headline connection. Marker. Definidor tile Title title, sentence. Declaration.

Statement. Declaring statement.

We can talk dash or we can stay silent. It does not matter. We can write. Or we cannot write. That makes no difference. All has been decided. Separate seasons settled arcs. Settle indications memories.

The softness of a homemade quilt.

Ragged, stuffing sneaking out.

Halloweeny-- autumnal,

Borwns and oranges oozing all together.

Impersonal thieves

Face down in my American standard-- meat no more from field to feast.

Mason jar hydrate me complete

Favorite mason jar shatters as I am trying to make turmerade.

The locusts buzz was the most incessant sound. The most all encompassing were the blue angels, shredding the blue sky and billowy cloud peacefulness of the day like crock pot chicken just before presentation in the oversided aluminum foil

Authorship and voice… shared properties between voice and author, shared characteristics, attributes.

Ovwr the course of ones life, at some point their original talent is all used up and it’s the fairweather gathering they’ve done that will see them through.

Burrowing badger work cold. The end. Sensual and multilayered. You have the material, then you apply the lens. Multiple lenses A or B? Balance interchange exchange confirm. Judge Way balance. Does indescribable skills that you have developed pursuing literature the written world? The documenting of ideas, learning sales, management, training, travel, family, karere, relationship, parenting., a good adult, sibling, music, culture. Come across culture, building a good culture.

Unified coherent messaging process.

Clear description of the management styles that I ran into.

The necessary narcissism of parenthood.

The necessary narcissism of projecthood.

Losing myself to the project while keeping balance and perspective with the rest of my life-- the importance of scheduling and being clear about what constitutes solid forward flowing progress-- a sense if not a solid deadline or formalized goal.

Process:

1. notebook

1a. Yellow notebook

1b. draft on the page

1. Computer-- transfer over, typing or dictating, editing along the way, deleting, adding, etc.
2. Edit-- on the compute screen and printed out.
3. A competed draft to invite readers into.

Bringing a reader into a project is a really sacred fucking thing. It is your Wall art. It is okay that ist is coming from a confused, sometimes scared, and scarred, sometimes manic place. You are an iterative learning and doer and creator. You sometimes have to make that mistake, go too far, say too much before the searing corrective.

Mapping systems, mapping meaning.

Splunker, deep sea exploration,

White stones strewed behind all through the black forest

What came before, another lens for now, another spot to affix the lens of now.

Doing language consciously, unconsciously, letting the self check in, letting the self check out-- riding tides and tidal waves.

Garden chores, fetching water, splitting wood, rolling lines of basrbed wire all through the acres of my daystrying to contrain the unruly head on my back forty. Losing one’self to fantasy, singing out of key, lugging along all one’s eggs in one basket, concentrating to the point of distraction , disintegration, overcome by possibility, cowed into inaction, finger to the wind-- integrity’s weathervane

Disconnected, ungluing picked apart, pulled out, striped, buggered, beaten, drained neglected, unseen, forgotten, condemned, in turn, placed, ordered, praised, scolded, chastised, laced-into, interrupted, intentionally misinterpreted, called out, called in, transmitted, didn’t tell, tattled on, came clean about, obfuscated, hit a home run, told a whopper, got shot at, go lectured about not managing the general manager by the regional manager. The most obvious problems are often the least likely to get solved.

It was an instinctive reaction-- the instinct being that of self-preservation, for the stampede of history was getting more and more audible.  
insecure openness replaced by annoyance and reserve  
replaced by alienation and distance  
replaced by detachment and confidence-- a being to be approached or not -- an open hand to be held or not.

For art does not imitate life if only for fear of its many cliches.

Seeking to refract life rather than reflecting it through the prism of an individual heart.

Virtual social media--- describing what I would have posted. The daughter counting anecdote, the pushcar called a Kalamazoo, the organized resources, the time, taking the time, Not favoring any part of the process. Lovingly committed to each stage. Giving firth. Giving oxygen, tucking away, unearthing, resurrecting.

Something to still our savageness, to sooth our rank ineffability.

A way to live, to seek a way of living, a way to engage and converse, a way to ground and express, to check and edit, a way to record and remember, a way to expand and transcend, to commit and surrender. How do live with that thin veil healthfully curtaining off the space between my family and my faery maze.

Tradition vocation. Pursuit practice patterns. Periods unfolding in folding breaking cracking. Separation removal distance disorder cold horror. Holiness indecision bedlam excrement on sheets straitjacketed flatmate crystalline dream blue garden Dream Kingdom library in Crystal suspended above the Alps. Faith pushing off from land. From shore, the sure firmament into the uncertain, the stretch the extension. The mistake? Making to set me free. To prove my freedom.

Speaking with the conviction of idiots or misfits or Mystics.

Or the religious, or the Conservatives, or the Liberals. Or the true believers. Burning candles all through the all through the night. Fasting, not aborting the unwanted soul within their womb. Reaching for the meth reaching to the drink sensing doom in the late day. Sky feeling low, missing mother without a taste for anything at all. Changing plans depending on the weather.

Not enough of the brain occupied to trigger full concentration.

Fear of distraction.

Dispersal. Losing track. Getting lossed not being able to do. Leap of space. Truly believing that you can. And having the courage and dedication to follow through.

Lost my faith in Christianity. Lost my child trust in my parents. How do you live in courage? Live in tomorrow? You believe tomorrow. Yesterday convinced me to believe in tomorrow.

Caffeine and THC. Alcohol contribute to my cycles of. Ineffectual anxiety. My goals, my process are ballasts against my well founded fears.

Over caffeinated underslept 1000 pages of notes behind an infinite number ahead. 2 year old screaming because she can't go to Trader Joe's because it is way easier without her and it is a pandemic. My blood is boiling because I can't help her or I can't help her without feeling stressed. And annoyed Zen your way through the multitude. The multiplicity, the impossibly complexed. Nuanced, contingent dependent.

I have tried to abstract. I have tried to simplify and settle this perspective, but Dustin anxiety jump up easier. Consciously vengefully hope draining confidence, bleaching, weakening stomach dropping. You will not finish this in a timely manner. Your inability to launch a career makes you Miss family gatherings, strips you of your wherewithal to connect and engage this fundamental pillar of settled life denied. What of religion blocked out of harmonious spiritual homeland? Exiled in last to the traditions of the institution. Such a common thing. A small thing, but in my ideological family who use the royal we when they are discussing theology and politics. We are the religion. We are the Conservatives. The belief of union levels, perspective martial values and faith. Irrational child fear human fear. Human feeling out outside removed lossed. Buried. Courage to love love beyond yourself.

Existential despair over vocational frustration.

Small children they are growing. And are our greatest responsibility. Enjoy. Aging. Adapting bodies stretching have changed body set. Pandemic. Politics. Ephemeral, belittling, confusing.

Being out of work. Limited funds, economic stasis wheels spinning.

Lacking of established karere tech writing, both except. Accepted and dedicated to boot Camp 2021. Begins tomorrow and will put us at a different place. By Betsy's return, see the difference from September. My writing is at a vastly different place. My coding is at a vastly different place. Reflect on this right about this.

Trading standards or trading insults ideology. Overall pragmatic to a fault up above and down below. Be aware of stresses, separate stresses, let's separate stresses, inform stress response strategy.

Chinese destroid me children destroid me, my wife destroyed me. Luxury watch is destroyed. Me technology destroyed me.

Once the walls were raised, only freedom remained.

Moving poetry from a young female African American poet proclaiming convincingly like a well kempt Whitman dignified amongst the dignitaries rhapsodizing us. Thread by thread. Into an enduring tapestry.

We have created an enduring tapestry with the opportunity. To transcend ourselves. Is an ethnic state. A vassal and Lord State a tribal state in US and then state if we are. Reading about it then they probably have invented it already. Say I don't know. Softening negative rhetoric. Giving voice to grievance. I don't know. What do I know. Add. Venetians of ignorance. Realizing your emotion has brought you to a place of in expertise, ignorance and emotion have offended your good sense. We lay down and put. Our belly up. We want to be stroked affirmed. We want to lob softballs in search of some affirming wax to write in to read something. Nourishing settling. Something else I cannot quote. I cannot quite name. Something just out of you. Just out of mind, but they're just there, no there. Now where was it? What was it? Oh, wait here now, is that it coming? Now hush SH, listen. This soft presence. The settling the subtle hints and mentions it's good to see you. You too.

Oh, she's so tall.

Yeah, she's a COVID baby.

What?

I said she's a COVID baby. She's grown up during the pandemic.

So be clear about one thing. some of this is boiler in some of this I have composed specifically for you.

3/27/2021

POV can be played with. Toyed with. Zoomed in, zoomed out. Multi-lensed and patterned like a kalidescope-- organizing information-- moving information around the structure of the piece.

Building beats can be disorientingly randomn.

Hitting the beat by reusing language-- variable, function.

Asking the question. Saying the praying, taking it for a walk, a test drive. I want to draem again. An earnest effort to achieve something beyond yourself. Discipline, learning, consistency, habit, style, breath, diet, patterns of movement, patterns of rest, how emotions are processed, stoned, how pain is approached and gauged-- how we metabolize food. No zero sum, no pergect health-- no perfect routine, no perfect set of habits.

Adaptibility, genius, playfulness, intuitive drive to connect the regulation and management of the body, mind an dspirt. That holy conversation between the three-- all whispering and screaming thoughout your existence. , souls, voices, interfaces, season, the balance of taking charge and letting go, declaring victory by admitting defeat, ceasignt to strive even as you stride on ahead excellerating in wisdom as the days and onths and years race by in receeding collection of memories and impressions furtively suffered into the insentient felkst of my stone, m

**3/26/2021**

“A true vocation calls us out beyond ourselves, breaks our hearts in the process and then humbles, simplifies and enlightens us about the hidden core nature of the work that enticed us in the 1st place (Whyte 9).”

“We found that, all along, we had what we needed from the beginning and that in the end we have returned to its essence, an essence we could not have understood until we had experienced the actual heartbreak of the journey (Whyte 9).”

“But a calling is a conversation between our physical bodies, our work, our intellects and imaginations, and a new world that is itself the territory that we seek (Whyte 10).”

“A vocation always includes the specific heartrending way we will fail at our attempt to live fully. A true vocation always metamorphoses ambition and failure into compassion and understanding (Whyte 10).”

Vocation—gravitational field around us; breathing from atmosphere of possibility itself.

No path—an ocean crossing; only a heading, a direction, in conversation with the elements.

Arrival at generosity => delight in the hopes of the young; core activity => giving it away.

Sheer privilege:

* Having found a road
* A way to follow
* Allowed to walk
* Often with others
* Witness to and full participant in the conversation

Giving self to the process—believing the intimations; being silent— listening.

Committed to the process

Dedicated to the process

Resigned to the process.

Consigned to the process

Beating a path is easy

Beating myself to stay on the path has been the hard part.

Beat your self into submission

Self-discipline

Self-creation

Elevate by beating down.

The path to contentment is birthed in discontent.

The seeds of our destruction are sewn into our own creation.

Unnecessarily dwelling on some things in the past.

Projecting false, unconfirmed, imagined narratives into the future.

Awful, but in some ways, these corrosive loops can be a boon.

Return and catch something you might have missed.

Return and inhale the cooked chicken smell and the dust.

Warming broth in winter stalls

Kinetic goodness to raise the nations up.

Great levers of hope.

Great levers of history this homey, nourishing odors,

Lurching us vertical, then horizontal in time.

Grounded in culture.

Attempting to ground in culture.

Connect.

Touch down.

Recreate.

Bellow forth with blood boiling.

Flames of derangement raging in my mind.

A brand on my chest, a masked man,

A marked being, salivating for a taste of distraction,

Some succor of release for the uninspiring role the world

Has conspired to cast me in.

My myopic mind,

Bucket hauling drudgery—

The yellow submarine, yellow stream, yellow river, the Process, the journey of Elijah, the Ides Stoically unfolding the calendar before me, the thumb tacks of action and inaction,

All punch up there just to keep the calendar flaps from flipping back—

Keep my trajectory in time

Solidly forward moving,

Acknowledging the past

And celebrating it—

Not just sentimentalizing it—

Though perhaps just a bit.

Memory abstracts. Simplifies. Idealizes. Demonizes Compromises.

Eventually gives in to every rising tide of the very status conscious quo.

But all of this just a big fat part of what makes us humans so goddamn robust.

We have sentimental muscle for miles. Kneejerk smiles cultivated by repeated million dollars buys at prime time. Is this how we propose to build our City on a Hill sublime? One gimickey prequel at a time?

Hey, don’t get me wrong its fine work if you can talk yourself into it.

**05/01/2021 (the end of the 60 days of consolidation)**

**04/09/2021**

And we have crossed the desert and arrived at the source.

The truth has to be nurtured. This is valuable. You’re going to have to work at it.

**04/07/2021**

Nobody asked you. Ask questions. Don’t just flood opinions. Depict. Describe. Make come alive. Place very carefully. Clearly.

And all this process was ever meant to do was to catch those revolving thoughts. Having fun, reaching out, collecting, organizing, crafting, expressing, breathing, drinking, grounding, settling, staying active.

Air- breathing, sitting, stretching, studying, thinking, household maintenance

Water- good hydration: not too much alcohol, not too much caffeine.

Earth- stretching, diet, balance

Fire- active, connectedness, laughing, crying, emotion, writing, sex…

Breath, drink, ground, act

Sending my mind to faery, entering in the dark chambered room-- entering in the skeleton cupboard, digging a new well from the sediment of our undone existence. Ebb and flow-- water-- home-- being-- needs-- breath-- breath-- ground-- move…

Inward with

“common wit” (common sense)

“imagination”

“fantasy”

“estimation” (instinct)

“memory”

Sensible -- reasonable-- imaginative (memory / intelligence)

Phatasia: imagine Alexandria (fictitious), imagine Carthage (real)

De Anima faculties of the soul

I’ve gone away. I’ve gone away. I’ve follow the Ides to the end of the line. I’ve gone away and come back dry.

Sober-- do you think I could knock the shit out of my notebooks.

**04/06/2021**

Sci-fi cycle, Luce county, Gladstoned, China, Chicago, Europe, Mother!, Amerika, Aesthetic, A Failed Attempt, Clockwinder, Full Retail, assorted other topics, letters, poems..

So is this one of the most productive and creative periods in my life—one of personal transformation and self-actualization or just a total fuck up and elaborate exercise in self-deception and selfishness?

Reached 1600 pages of tech notes ( 32 notebooks x 50 pages)

My body feels good.

Better than clever-- present.

Didn’t really know if it was going to work, so I knew I had to work hard to make sure it did.

He was the consummate runner-- he kept the middle miles to himself.

**04/04/2021**

Literarily playful—word generous, bursting forth, joy and expression and appreciation for learning and communicating. I have been writing long letters this year. They are my anti-tweets—anything but instantaneous—slow and on-time, something grown over time, tended, carried with me as accompaniment as I roam the newly considered digital realms. The labyrinth cut from silicon. And curved and convexed with many known unknowns and many unknown unknowns as my patchy knowledge quilt gathers shape and form over time.

The weight has become lightness, the lightness has become weight.

And will this process bear fruit? I certainly think so—I really have never stuck with a process this consistently before and with so much vision still in the tank. No individual works matters. It is the work that matters. It is the body of work that matters—the practice—the process—the act of being refined and defined through a specific contribution to society or consideration of some specialized cul-de-sac of questions.

Is it worth cataloging all of our defeats?

We have always and always and ever just wanted a process.

I fucking hate text messaging.

All the wrong assumptions. The individual insanities.

How do you delve deeply into your creative sphere without completely cracking up or just alienating yourself from other people.

Time and intention. All is but intention and time.

Standing on a chair in the middle of a well-known room.

Close your eyes and think of a color. Open them and seek the color.

Close your eyes and catalogue the layers of sound you hear.

You don’t need WRITER on your business card to engage with literature—to be literate, to write, to do lanauge, to seek art, to seek settling, to consolidate your good emotions and your bad ones, to try and gain perspective, to try and change perspective, to stir up old coals, to warm and roast some new endeavors, to add new kindling to deeply smoldering coals—building a fire – collecting the small stuff, the kindling—a cord or two or wood, some gas… craft is another name.

15 minutes of writing—felt incredibly nourishing, settling, focusing, calming

I really do try to think and reach conclusions that have not been premeditated. The old man at a desk. Peter cruxified upside down, Mama Cass choking on a chicken bone, Kobe Bryant crashing in Helicopter, Rush Limbaugh Dying of lung cancer, RBG, Laurel’s pastor being killed in a car accident, her crying out the glass that had been lodged under her eyelid.

Death—anoynomous, ambiguous, sudden, perspective renewing, recentering—the work and people’s interpretation and reinterptation of the work.

A repressive state makes heroes of artists of conscience, artists of individuality, artists of ideas, spontaneity, individuality, self, culturally transcendent. You cannot transcend the state. You cannot transcend the institution that I am representing.

There is definitely this level that you pass where your subject begins to be both a subject and a tool and your learning and your doing begin to feed one another in a virtuous cycle of feedback and reinforcement. But to reach this point a certain level of literacy must be achieved. A certain technical and conceptual sophistication—ways of thinking built up over time from lower level concepts to higher level ones or higher level to lower/level. An openness to the unknown is key. An openness to your own ignorance. Attempting to bring in the fold of previous knowledge, integrate new information.

Flow—changes, facilitates, augments, synthesizes, orchestrates.

Committed to building the infrastructure and acquiring the requisite skills, the practices.

Committed: BODY, MIND, SPIRIT

Language—rhetoric, lies, logical fallacies, logic machines, constructed filters to extract the favored data.

**04/03/2021**

Judgement—mulling, applying, working, giving, iterative….

Learning to be open, learning to be closed.

Like water—never encumbered, always ahead, back to the source and beyond.

What if I could chose a lesser god? Mary wanted to remain a small god.

I make this leap, this decisive movement away from what I had been trying to maintain—dragging forth all the spiritual and emotional baggage—the alienating distance—the flattening and thickening of middle age—the horizon line is sagging at the edges, inviting us towards her in an invitation of slumber and infinite relaxation—cessation of issues—resolution—absolution.

I just distilled myself to the core—eating well, sleeping well, staying calm, staying high a lot of the time, but not drinking, not having coffee—today some THC and a cup of black tea. Then later a pot of green tea, lots of writing, though no coding, praying that my surrender is in earnest on all fronts—surrender to wife, subjects, body, habits, relationships, intimacies, hospitality, childishness

**04/02/2021**

I am just trying to pay attention…

Free not to write.. but the bank is always open for deposits. And the light is always on. My good friend,

And then the loops through coffee and weed and alcohol and sleep, sometimes early on the couch, nose straight up at the ceiling, book or magazine splayed on his chest.

He opens his eyes. You going to bed she says as she changes from on pair of black pants into another. He blinks— yes. And then he gets up and brushes his teeth— mentally measuring his eye bags— takes note of their hue, their shade. He’s tired. He’s been asleep. Should drink some water. He drinks a mason jar full of water and urinates and then goes to bed.

She’s stretching on the back roller watching a bake off. Did he say goodnight or did he just walk through. I probably waved he thinks. I waved and she was just watching her show and didn’t see me wave he rationalizes. A wave can be really intimate—especially if you catch someone’s eye with it. But she’s wrapped up in the pastry drama and her own self-defeating loops starting at her 40+ years and ending at her hating feeling 70.

I am drunk and stoned and 42 and have been out of a job for two months now— my days are an intentional haze and my evening are a blurring and chemical curtain drawn around the day.

The writing can be uneven—

I think that is the point of a first draft— you let the good energetic writing and the salient ideas and connection design the narrative structure. I don’t know how to tell a story exactly— so I gather my material and get to know it and sort it and distill it and allow the material to suggest some sort of form or flow or structure. This is basically McPhee— which I need to read again— I find the idea exhilarating—completely liberating.

Dionysious and Apollo in dialogue with one another. Cane and Abel.

*The Future of Nostalgia*—Walter Benjamin, Joseph Brodsky, W.G. Sebald—nostalgia, memory, Alan Watts, memory, existence, *A Time of Gifts*, *Journey to the East*, unclear on the Genre of a Time of Gifts, Alan Watts, W.G. Sebald, had a plug from Susan Sontag, then Susan Sontag book shows up in a free box. It’s a collection of Susan Sontag Essay’s from the 70s. It has an essay on Walter Benjamin and the entire book is dedicated to Joseph Brodsky. Ordered Brodsky’s collected poems and a collection of Essay’s by him.

Estrangement and liberation

Slow-cooker style

Frames

* Drags on a cigarette, a joint
* Innings of a baseball game
* Seasons of a year
* Days of a weak
* Periods of a day
* Now and then

I have a poet’s taste for essences, but the general tastes of an ascetic.

The arrogance of a writer. The quiet, stealthy extravagance, the patience, the vision… everyone wastes my time… especially me.

Stretching has changed my life. It has connected my body to my intellect—my body to my mind.

A manically focused state of self-transformation.

The process-- The magnitude of it. The all encompassingness of its nature. The effortless magnitude of it. But the proof is in the pudding. The proof is in the process. The penmenship. The consistency. The practice. The effort. The miles put in. The achievement. The realization. The specializing. The concentration. The discipline. The saliency. The paper killed. The organization. The wherewithal. The settled feeling. The right silence. The Swiss Chateau. The blue Garden. The polished and radiating Obsidian Stone. The Yellow River daily lined by the diligently contributed to— the fear that all this is for naught— self-destruction, self-distraction, fragmentation—quiet, harping, inchoate, ambitions for some access and ability that I cant quite articulate so I pray to do. I pray that this writing, this stretching will help me to continue breathing well AIR, consuming well WATER, receiving nourishment and balance EARTH, and staying active FIRE—active, balanced engagement, passion, curiosity, creativity. Make space for God and seek peace— at peace with my intuition, my intellect, my heart— no longer ashamed by my exhile, but eager for it— desiring inspiration and engagement. Taking notes. Embracing the day. Seeking connection and remembrance. Jotting down the qualities of the day. Making sense of this instinct I have to engage with language and to engage with the world through language.

This process has been about building up my judgement. Building up my eye for detail. My desire to record and connect and remember. Finding a balance between pushing the world out and drawing it near.

Connecting with the magic eight ball of my subconscious.

Shooting a laser around the corner and 1.5km away into our subconscious and then trying to get an impression of what exactly is going oin in there. Are our subconsiouses much less interesting to us when we are not doing drugs?

A telescoping funnel that can concentrate blown arm to a more concentrated point of pure oxygen, allowing the fire to process it more efficiently and therefore produce a larger more voracious flame.

**04/01/2021**

Learning how to write is what this is all about. Learning how to write and engage our conscious and unconscious mind honestly and intentionally—connecting wholeheartedly and with energy with the material at hand, the material at heart, channeling the spirit that connects you to this existence that makes you crave your place in the choreography of it all— in short, I am trying to focus. I am trying to sharpen that mode of deep focus and concentration that will allow me to articulate a thought to its full, nuanced conclusion, as well as facilitate the notetaking that seems to be my talent (my curse?). At any rate—perhaps, the key to unlocking or, at least, marshalling my talent.

The Tarot Phase

The Ruby Phase

Bootcamp prep phase— HTML, CSS

The Yellow River Bursts its Damn

Turning the tide

Rounding corner in to mature, sustainable, creative period.

Discipline makes the future sustainable, or not.

I used to bitch and moan about the process, overlooking the simple matter that the process was the point.

Would you sacrifice your literary ambitions, or at least significantly diminish them for your family? Likewise— could you cut down on your consumption of marijuana and beer in order to be a more resilient *on-the-ball­* parent.

Nothing has changed. Nothing has remained the same.

It’s not a change of habit— it’s a change of being. The accidental will attempt to depict the essence, the substance, and fail or not depending on the read’s various frequencies.

Long thoughts- getting beyond distraction.

**03/31/2021**

Without yet a firm grasp on my reading and my writing. Stagnate after college. Without a full vision of what I wanted to be doing at any given moment. Awaiting the whisper of some long anticipated theme. And nothing more dramatic than life itself occurred—its tidal trends and lunar mandates. World without end. Bumbling in our sunken humanity. Humiliated by our wooden agility.

And somehow I still cannot enter directly. And so I wait and listen. I need to be a better listener and a better questioner. I need to be secure in myself and my practices. I need to be focused in my path and my doings. I can change I swear. I can change I swear.

When you can’t quite put your finger on something, perhaps you should try pulling your finger out of your ear and gathering a bit more information first.

All of these endeavors have only and ever been just about concentration.

I am not against form, I just haven’t found my yet.

03/29/2021

Judgement--- right timing, tone, larger message, avoiding getting off target.

The whole shebang is just a really, really complicated text of sorts.

**03/27/2021**

Did not realize how deeply I was going to be owned by this process. Just running logistics here. Facilitating the possible.

Writing to be. Writing to exist. Writing to grow and change. Writing as a religious devotion. Writing as a steadfast companion. Writing as a threat. Writing as a treat. Writing as the Balm of Gilead. Writing as the key to unlock your mind. I took the key from beneath my mother’s pillow and I have been running about the forest with the Woodman and the Wildman ever since.

Winter dreams and longings kept close and safe and sacred.

*Every hung up person in the whole wide universe.*

*All heard the chimes of freedom flashing.*

**03/24/2021**

**This… that… the 10,000 things…Been meaning to write… used to look to Hemingway… and then I try to set up and write…then the Helena bit.. writing for hom… tracing the logos for that good place of home. Mushroom trip… Ruby.. my tech home… the 10,000 homes…**

And this is the right silence—buried and unburied by the process. Faith helps me keep pace. Faith sets my pace. Listen to the river. Listen to the river. All the many messages. The lone message. Many and one. One and many. All of the thisness flowing through. Sometimes right through, directly, sometimes lingering, remaining, leaving something behind. An impression. A flavor. A sense. We are tainted, changed, altered. Without necessarily our full consent awareness, reflection, consciousness of what we are echoing back, reflecting, all our unconscious conclusions, our lived in architecture. THIS lashed to THAT, THAT lashed to THIS. Our stories. Our myths.

Reclaiming place of belonging—which is everywhere—deeper understanding and conviction of economic skills, realignment and calibration of economic skills, wherewithal, temperament, self-actualizing through tech and my acceptance of my writing and music and physical wellness as being integral components / practices that I must be commit to incrementally cultivate over time. Taking this, my small plot, and making a life out of it. Making a life out of this small, simple plot.

Order, focus, retrieval, articulation, judgement, consideration, a place to foster one’s values, and lick one’s wounds, stock up projects, make a mockery of art, writing, linguistics, programming, songwriting, thought collaging, personal letter writing, essays, discussions, efforts external to return to the mortal sphere, driving the heat and coal of inchoate thoughts and emotions can improve one’s gatekeeping and butlering and hosting all in turn. Our way of being is far from earthy—technological, theorehtical, relational, skills based, talent, concentration, focus, creativity, dedication, devotion.

Craft—understanding CRAFT

Stop working so hard to write correctly—just write in the right silence.

The right silence—that isle out in the water where the pressure and the power and the path all align in just the right flow, the correct escapement, its amplitude humming true, stable, sustainable, accurate.

**03/17/2021**

Writing undeniably grounds me.

**03/11/2021**

And how to you include and some of unnaturally compress together all of the disparate highs and lows without coming off as some sort of manic depressive.

“We live unconsciously measuring the inverse distances of our proximity.”

**02/28/2021**

Empathy—projecting yourself into a work of art, world of experience and feeling other than your own… turning confusion, complexity and the uncertainty of life into something beautiful and lasting—something that harmonizes the disquietude and dissonance of life.

Was inspired by the lower Japanese tables to try writing on the floor cross legged.

**02/26/2021**

We can pursue these themes, we can explore these themes, building a voice from a subtly polyphonic collection of letters and pieces and journaling.

Eschewing materialism is a great cost-cutting measure.

I bought an Acer to learn how to code.

A Huawei phone and a 2005 Toyota Camry which I say is grey, but my wife says is brown. It has cloth upholstery and a tape deck. We rent an apartment for under market value from friends. We send our child to public school. She tested into the gifted track. OI am pursing a “free” education on-line learning web development while writing within the context of an honest to god actionable and momentum building process. I am open to change. I am all change.

People’s are in flux and to promote integration, engagement, interaction you need the margins, the extremes, the exiles, the vanguards, the bored elites, the dropout plebs, the dissonants, the poets and observers, the witnesses, the combatants, the preachers, the bullhorn blowers, the meter maids, the immensity of this existence does not fit easily in my head—but if I empy myself out—exhale, clear, cleanse, settle, open, awake…

I am forming an intention that will promote the growth and development of this process.

Visualizations can lead to intuitive solutions.

Something about this whole cluster fuck is just that, hey--- its okay to be subjective—objectively is a myth, an impossibility, a MacGuffian. You have to draw you own conclusions. You have to commit to your own version of events, find your peace with that, your sanity, and proceed in faith and hope and love cause that’s the best advice we’ve received thus far.

My writing is setup: 60 days of consolidation…

**02/25/2021**

Writing finally feels good again! Much less conflicted about the basic questions of WHY—everyone has to answer that for themselves—I mean, honestly, why do anything? In my case, continually answering this question seems at times to be a pretty major plank in my nascent writing platform, at other times it feels like a completely superfluous and distracting non-issue. Like wasting breath on explaining why you need to breath.

That said, taking as your main theme- “Why I write” strikes me as a tad bit too intensely self-reflective process.

Relfective Nostalgia—Svetlana Boym

**02/24/2021**

Like marriage, this is something that works only with complete commitment and without. Doubt, lack of faith, desire to explore different paths. All of these indiscretions are pills of poison all.

This will completely work with absolute commitment and without, not at all.

**Writing, Chinese, Web Development, Guitar, Yoga**

I have come to a simple conclusion—despite my promiscuous symbol weaving and rambling interpretive dance. I have reached a concise and sort of self-fulfilling conclusion. Figure out how to internalize and balance and vocation flow between and among these five disciplines while at the same time maintaining my wherewithal to be a present and engaged and nurturing member and leader of my family

**Writing Drafting Process:**

* **1st: writing, sketching, noting, quoting**
* **Augmenting, adding, copying, combining, moving around**
* **Definitive shape, structure, train of elements**
* **Smoothing out, connecting, consistently structured, consistently styled.**

I am in pursuit of my unknowing and you can call that arrogance or complacency or humanity or whatever, but what ever you call it, those will be your words which you will be responsible for tending to. Your words build up your framework, not mine—freedom is being at liberty to make one’s own mistakes.

“Am I making a mistake, Mom? Tell me I’m making a mistake. Tell me!!”

“You’re making a mistake.”

“I am making a mistake.”

“You’re making a mistake.”

“I am. I am making a mistake.”

“What I am saying son, in my own way, not directly, but in a way that you are free to interpret if your lived experience and intellectual development has brought you to a certain place—son, you are free, you are free son, you are free!!”

How many times in the last year have I told people that I am not trying to entrap them.

This relationship is uncomfortable because I feel like I need to give my parents love and respect, but they do not show me love and respect. They do not see me. They do not understand me and I do not know how to explain myself to them.

What is it, when you come to an UNDERSTANDING. You come to some agreement. You have been able to put your issues aside for the common good based on some stated or unstated compromise. But how do two divergent parties work their way back from lack of UNDERSTANDING to having some semblance of understanding.

I am comparing two different things here. I am looking at our country which is a diverse and complicated whole through the prism of my singular lived experience. Through my family. Through the national divide that has played out over the last two decades as the differences between my family and I have now at last fully solidified and I find myself hemmed in to a relationship that has deteriorated to the point of being mostly negative as my father and I have grown distant and he shows little will for bringing me into the fold on equal terms. To bring me into the fold on equal terms would somehow be a capitulation of all that they believe to be true. My existence and the way I live my life challenges their truth. My existence has become an affront to their truth and they will not let me forget it, nor will they allow our relationship to develop past this irreconcilable difference. And this feels cruel and unlucky and has put me in a position to sort of start grieving the death of my parents. They have passed on into Transparent Obi-won Kenobi territory. They are AVATARS of themselves. I communion with them and hold up their loving ideal, the one that they have communicated to me *look at your girls sleeping in their beds, that love in your heart for them is what I feel for you, I want you to know that, I want you to feel that, I want to communicate that to you.*

A healthy stream never basks, a healthy stream never wallows.

**02/23/2021**

I am writing because I have to write and because I have to everything is going to ultimately be okay because I have to write and perhaps one day I will just sit down and write something out—stat to finish—until then, I will keep employing my guerilla tactics to keep pieces together Pieces, framing and framing fragments, combining and recombing bits.

***English*** and Education, ***Mandarin*** and Sales, ***Ruby***and the deep Tech Sea…

Language and communication have always been my strong suits. I need to get some writing out there so that I can reference that as a professional skill. I suppose I can reference as a professional skill, could figure out what word count per minute is and what now. It is very fluid. Maybe I could just say that. My writing is very fluid, everyone.

Good writing came from being in shape. Having put the miles in. Peaking at just the right time, performance, the pagentry of the race day. Personal best records, splits, statistics, notebooks, history, goals, my father ran, diligiently all through the year. I ran off and on almost always feeling the urge to run in mid-February when cabin fever has me crawling up the walls and the snow and ice filled streets suddenly seem inviting. Layer myself in cotton and sythetics, off to chase the Windego in the deep blue of the night.

Broken by the process. Thrown under the bus of the process. Suddenly with so much to write. So much to code, decode, so much music to make, pictures to take, poses to strike, my multitudes take flight.

Listen to the recoding I made in the bathroom. Helena giggles, Esme vamps and splashes—I peck away on my classical guitar—I want to be playing, but instead I am writing. I should be coding.

My pandemic-proof vision for this life. I need a clearer mind and a deeper reserve of energy—I am. I am returning from sacred space more attuned to rhythm and tone, stronger in my sense of self and stability.

My guitar playing is slowly becoming more intuitive, not playing by the incomplete roadmap of my fragments of theory, but by the feeling of the sound, the intervals, the rhythm, the aspects of the music that I can instantly connect to with limited self-conscious technique. The technique is unconscious, the music is simply flowing, a cross patch of rhythm and tone and emotion and expression, humorous or funeral. How to get it all to line up though. How to balance the internal with the external. The inside with the outside. Finding that balance between the light and the dark. The realist and the creative. The pragmatist and the dreamer. The observer and the interpreter.

But I do, I feel like I am finally beginning to PLAY the guitar. Getting over my limitations. Not feeling shamed by them. Not feeling their incompleteness as a damnation, but rather as an invitation for improvement, expansion, extension, leaning ahead, forward, leaving the weakness and limitations and inadequate framings of the past behind. The pigeon-holing, the reacting and hustling, the scrimping and saving and debt paying, the discipline and the distance. The isolation and the alienation and the renewal and pushing, ahead, ahead, ever on.

The American Songbook is an interface that could sustain my family.

Tech wants to serve the writing; writing wants to serve the tech.

Writing is the closest I get to spirit. The closest I get to flight.

You are moving and you are still. You are still with your breath and moving with your thoughts. Your yellow notepad heartbreakingly earnest in its yellow attempt at vibrancy, its stabbing slap at being regal, delicately striped vertical red lines rule the left margin of my legal pads. Smart and snappy like the pant leg of a second lieutenant.

Culture collected in bank notes: 5 and 10 and 20 dollar bills.

Lashing wind, eroding culture. The alienated artist in exile. A free flowing interchange. The river. Mazes running out and away as far as far as the mind can be.

Always up to something. Always up against something. Some prepackaged messaging , some pre-paid postage to get the word out. A Gideon in every lion pit and a handgun in every motel night stand table because it is our right to be safe. I’ll have my rights, my rum, my gun, my worthy mien, my flickering tongue.

And the cancer calling

Toast to dry before my eyes.

You cry in the shower for your dead friend and you cry and feel close to him and you start trying to think of ways for him to sneak into the Deercamp invasion story. He could be the friend that is sit and then leaves earth with the aliens. The aliens like his sarcasm. He has seen the worst. He isn’t afraid of anything. He is like a burnt out and cantankerous old man. And we are kids with a beautiful and unconscious connection and support for one another which is easy because we see each other everyday.

Ever new, protean, weather-like, amorphous, hardened, then suddenly soft, sunlight in cold, cool breeze in heat.

I can either despair at all of these expanding projects or I can celebrate the continued ambition and expansion of my soul.

How do you write well and compellingly without giving people the creepy sense that you are trying to foist your own very personal guiding metaphor onto their lives.

Playing with language. Shadow puppets—impressions carried forward—a red barn, a golden slant of sunshine, racing cloud shadows across a thriving field of grain.

The sensations are unyielding. Morning breath and evening death, middle-aged stiffness, zombie-headed cocktail reactions. Sodium chloride carpet bombing up and down the desiccated topography of my tongue. Feel the softness of your skull, the shakiness and smallness of your thoughts. Your mortal limitations. Your economic unease.

They say death is a kind of sleep.

Death is a kind of sleep they say.

**02/21/2021**

There is a truthy feeling that I have pursued through all of these years. And it is the flow I have sought and will continue to seek. The silence and the stillness. The silence enveloping the bodies, enveloping the lives. Change is the one constant. What are your values? What do you prize? Name your undoing, undo, and then retire.

What are your messages? What messages do you respond to, what messages do you send? People as objects—we are coded in certain ways to send messages and we are coded in certain ways to received messages. Understanding these messages—awareness of which ones you respond to, which ones you want to seek, which ones you want to protect yourself against.

**02/15/2021**

I don’t need to be out in front, or out somewhere on the hunt. My hunch is that I can do my best work just like this. I can find my flow in ideas and stories—memories and storage—databases of the soul.

In the information age, the A.I. Sage has a lot of relevant cache to play with.

**02/14/2021**

Just worked on writing for 2.5 hours and it was wonderful—productive, challenging calming, expanding settling focusing.

This *wasted time* this waste land to cross to get to work is my becoming. My process of accepting my subjective idealism, my limitations, my ultimate death.

Feeling like something bad is coming and of course it is…

A sinking towards sublime.

Nervousness in belly and chest. Lethargy. Reticence.

Smash it… piece it back together.

The uneasiness goes away as I write. As I read. As I think, teasing like taffy every longer thoughts as I write and read and seek the silence of my mind. My neutral state is one of cypher, one of emptiness, silence.

Learner’s mind.

Reboot, adapt, reform, collaborate with… harmonize, amplify, inspire, uplift.

**02/13/2021**

Ann Wroe – obituaries editor of the Economist

**02/13/2021**

Crossover between feeling focused and feeling depressed.

* Focus / depressed
  + Limited wherewithal for extra responsibilities or extra communication
  + Constant feeling of “stress” whether it is a sense of purpose / urgency or just unproductive anxiousness.
  + Smallness of world. Movements limited. Dynamics of life inhibited.
  + Lose of interest in many things (or a desire to do these things exists, but you feel too conflicted about taking the time to engage in them or give them the requisite headspace. It has been a kind of judgement day of wherewithal.)
    - Beer
    - Sports
    - Movies
    - Television shows
    - Sporadically reading

On no account allow a Vogon to read poetry at you.

**02/12/2021**

Cipher at the gates:

* Constructed meaning
* Aesthetically, epistemological
* Good citizenship, good family member
* Traditions, forms
* The Market
* Religion

**02/04/2021**

Writing is this stabbing.

Writing is this letting go.

Writing is this lasting practice I do not contend to fully comprehend, but it is something that I cannot exist without. There is only madness with out it. There is only solitary confinement from myself and pure otherness. I am learning to be brave and settle and sit. Disciplining my mind and my body. To breath. To believe. To be.

**02/03/2021**

Writing is yoga, yoga is writing.

Rhapsodizing.

**02/01/2021**

Chasing pages to find my voice.

Ad nauseum until the novelty of writing has worn off.

Fomo, focus shattered, pulled in many directions, blocked in many directions, lacking interfaces, broken down by interfaces, overwhelmed by interfaces, spread so thin, nothing left over to stew. Starving for things slow cooked.

**1/30/2021**

Telling me my writing is good is like telling an obsessive compulsive that their hand hygiene is admirable.

A little advice? -- stop asking for advice. Just take it. Notice this. In others. In yourself. In the world. Anything I know I probably learned because I had it wrong once and then got it corrected. Or I had no idea about it and then I did.

**1/29/2021**

Writing can be an incredible morass and shouldn’t be wondered into lightly.

**1/21/2021:**

22 notes books (1100 pages). Add to this what has come since 1/21/2021 and you’ll have a rough count of the total number of notebooks in this process. Didn’t really start going through the notebooks until January 2021 so a lot of the bursting forth of production and pulling things together, or at least selecting themes and funneling material to them has only really bee going on for about 4 months or so. Wow! That is really encouraging. I am writing this on 6/1/2021 by the way, but that is really encouraging to think that the current expansive and explosive and frankly kind of overwhelming scope of the writing project portfolio is at a point in the process that has really only been going on for about four months. This is still a young process and we are committed to seeing it through to the end.

It began with *Winter Dreams* reading it and finishing it and feeling like I had absolutely no idea what I had just read, like there was a filter on my brain that was not letting the images created by the story through. And then I read it again and it was like Dorothy arriving in the Technicolor world of Oz. I felt the story. I saw it. I understood it. I wanted to be able to communicate like that. Conjore up those feelings, that cozy settled or unsettled relam of emotion and thought and reflection. Dictionary definitions have always appealed to me. So straight and flat and clear and shapr. Unconcerned with superfluous style, bored with it, doesn’t even have a conversation at the table. Style is clarity. Directness. Perciseness. Perhaps supported by common, elucidating and impactful examples.

I began writing poems. And then in college I finally finished aa few short stories for a class. The did not feel like they were coming from a placa of abundance. I could get them into decent shape, but they felt thin to me as they were not coming from some place of grand vision or deeply convicted aesthetic impulse, or even necessary story telling. I was a naïve and willing apprentice, but without too much if a clue over the direction I should head or even the steps I should take to develop my writing outside of WRITE as much as you can and EXPERIENCE a few more things. Write what exactly I did not know. Experience what exactly, I also did not know.

So I went to Europe and wrote travel logs in my various notebooks. When I settled back into the US I began to work on a novel. My source was rich, but seemed thin and artificial and way off. There was this strange block between my life and my writing. Was I protecting my writing because I didn’t know how to talk about it. Because it worried me how important it was, but it also perplexed me, because its importance seemed disporprtionate with the benefits it was providing me with both materially and personally and relationally.

Is this activity improving your life MATERIALLY?

Is this activity improving your life PERSONALLY?

Is this activity improving your life RELATIONALLY?

When I began this first novel I was very insecure and had apparently learned nothing in college about the importance of sketching out or outlining a project before trying to build a first draft. I think I had this Beatnick idea that I just needed to get enough forward momentum, what ever could provide that ambiguous commodity and or physical/inspirational force.

They post a mawkish video of an elderly women reciting a singsong poem about suffering polishing ones diamond so that it shines even brighter for all eternity. My mind takes this several places.

1. Flashback to the culture of mindless enthusiasm at Razny. Cultural Team Spirit!!
   1. Go get ‘em! Kill ‘em! Fight like hell!
2. The problematic metaphor of arguing that polishing a jewel will make it brighter

b. Jewels reflect the most light when the are carefully and intentionally cut and stay the shiniest over time if they are well-protected to avoid scratches, wear and cleaving, and kept clean and fresh with regular washing and maintenance.

My struggle to find my way into writing has ultimately made me a better writer. I became a better writer while struggling to become a better writer. I became a faster typist, a more versatile brainstormer, a more organized project planner, a bolder and more intrepid scatterer of thought, a better and more dedicated editor (accepting that this editing capacity is truly the majority partner in this endeavor. The creator is a third world country blessed and cursed with the raw material. The editor has to come in and exstract it and try to make it work commercially without the natives revolting and collapsing any effort to get the material to market at all.

**01/16/2021**

Accepting and embracing the good ground work and collecting that necessarily informs my writing style has made all the difference. I do not have to be a prescriptive fount of imperatives or some purely intuitive weaver of alphabet music and metaphors. These effects are built over time. The more time the more intricate. The more development, the more refined. I think I have had this instinct to collect for a while, but I somehow lacked the organizational inspiration for pushing it to the next step of development. Consistency is important to building momentum. Having a sense or a vision of what you are building towards is incredibly important.

Previous you conceived as writing as being something that lived and died by some big idea. Some big inspiration for a book. Lacking that fully formed conception you doubted your ability to even hold a longer work all in your head. As it turns out though, thanks to modern word processing and file management, you do not have to have the whole work in your head. You can find ways to coax inchoate ideas into being much clearer, shaped formless ideas into something that can be help, approached, queried, engaged with.

The stretching-writing continuum has been the key to the transformation of my approach.

**01/15/2021**

Its less about the image and more about the frame. As an artist I prefer the image, even if it is ambiguous, perhaps, especially if it is ambiguous and yet still emotive, engaging, intriguing, vivid, coursing, seething, roiling… the critics and the audience can knock themselves out debating the proper way to frame the damn thing.

Cause even the framing of the thing is an act of creation. The reader is intimately involved in this framing. The writer must have a sense of where the reader could be, or provide the reader with points of entry into the text. Approaches. They can decide if it is all in earnest or satirical. How does it make them feel? What does it make them think about? Does the text reach beyond itself? Point beyond itself. Transcend itself. Allow the reader to transcend themselves. Allow the writer to transcend themselves. The writer becomes the reader. The reader becomes the writer. They engage in a deep “virtual” but also very real conversation via the “Inner net”. Writing is a medium through which one can transmit something of their “Inner net” to another individual’s “Inner Net”.

**12/23/2020**

Tension over writing-coding-taking care of girls. Betsy feels put upon caring for these kids in such tight quarters.

I feel intense. Crabby. But that intensity is partially why I am good at learning things, no? I am growly and sulky and spit out something about how hard I am working.

Nicholas, Balahnik, Fryzenski, Dooley, Arneson: language unlocking, information and meaning expanding, the compacted world. All learning is a kind of literacy

I am not blaming, I am looking for symptoms to trace back—I am looking for rivulets to follow towards the sea. Lines through the labyrinth, slightly sloping floors, steadily descending towards the source.

**03/06/2020**

At 40 I was finally able to clarify my obsessions and accept them and push toward them in a more balanced way. We all have to live within ourselves and that is fine. Life is about accepting gifts, but it is also about accepting limitations. Accepting cause and effect. Accepting the fact that we have limited energy and limited emotional wherewithal. Accepting that we need the sun and we need rest. We need our daily bread and we need the love of other people around us. We are all in a plot of land. More herbal than we would like to admit- with our have roots will travel devil can care attitude. I am not afraid of this Geek Sublime. I am not afraid of wasting my life. I have wasted half of it, I am almost there. Almost to the finish line. We all die. What a gift to live and die. What bliss this existence can obtain by being temporal. By being fleeting. The radiating moment. That moment may never return. We are the stories we tell. We are the stories we live. We are traveling through a deep ocean breathing and believing that we should believe what we believe. I am not afraid of the night. I am not afraid of the night. I am running my way into the night. I am running my way into the night. We are not alone in the twilight of our night.

**06/13/2016**

Blame my problems on the fermentation process.

A page piling up with things to do and yet I simply sit at a computer screen and stare at my keyboard. What am I looking for? I am looking for the freedom that comes from context. I am looking for the discipline found in a prison cell. I am looking for the control discovered by limitation. I must accept my limitations and these limitations more often than not are my values. My priorities.

What are my priorites. Well, first of all and foremost, foremost, foremost- my family. I want to be emotionally and physically connected to them. Here and now. I want to give them safety and security. A place to flourish. This is the secret garden, the peach orchard. I want to provide that place and I can do so by providing financial and material security, but also by being sound and secure in my own physical and emotional well-being. So for me, as I am 37 and should have at least a partial understanding of who and what I am.

Where’s my trusty thesaurus?

And why shouldn’t’ I write and read and live in languages.

Write things down and memorize them. Write things down and categorize them. Living and learning are insepearable. Learning and living are inseparable. There are books upon your shelf. There are books inside your head. There are books you have yet to write. Books are nothing more than long thoughts.

And why shouldn’t I work to have order in my life.

And if I am writing and if I am living in language and if I am present for my wife , for my daughter, and if I am writing letters to be present to my friends whom I no longer am close to. Then good. Then life. Then solid. Then you are living your life are you not? Not apologizing for that which you cannot control. What about the idea of writing a short story for yourself. Writing something big and bloated and ambitions and then cutting the crap out of it for fun. Cutting the crap out of it because that is part of how you live in language. And you don’t have to worry about wasting money because you have

OBSIDIAN STONE

A whirlpool retains its shape but all is flowing through.

Illios flucus rupes ut vasta refundit, et varias circum latrantes dissipate undas Molesua

“As a mighty rock, by its very mass withstands the lashing waves, pouring them back and breaking up the waters raging round it.”

My perspective, my experience, my conscious and unconscious interpretation of all that I have experienced and all I have not. My rock, plowing the way ahead for me. My dark lens

Zhuang zi: The perfect man employs his mind as a mirror. It grasps nothing. It refuses nothing. It receives but does not keep.

Fear will pass before your mind like a black mirror. Like a black cloud through space. Like stars pass and do not leave trails in the space.

The VOID is the most real thing that is, but no one can conceive it.

9/11/2020-

Referred to Obsidian stone as being my block in a journal entry.

Obsidian stone, black oily, solid imposing, monolithic, mercurial, amorphous. Avoided. Run from- all my emotions and unprocessed experiences. Insecurities, disappointments. No more bullets. Love. Kisses. Kind words. Now is not the time for action. Things have gotten back, but things have not completely come undone.

She said it was my ego.

Rembrandts Chiasmic interrupted by an Obsidian Stone:

{ o (||) o }

Background Painter Obsidian stone Painter’s image Background’s image

Mirror or block?

Rembrandts Chiasmic:

{ o || o }

Background Painter Mirror Painter’s image Background’s image

Apologise,

Pull out his eyes,

Pull out his eyes,

Apologise.

Blocked by Black Obsidian

My prophetic mirror shimmers

With white woman rage,

Polished by self-righteous tears.

Nordic berserk,

Rage brewed in Christ’s own cauldron of Satanic pain,

spikes through flesh,

cross-strung for the ages.

Last human sacrifice we’d ever need.

Last strange capitulation to our fading ancient ways,

Here’s Jacob’s ladder, climb to heaven.

Baby born; an independent gone.

While they all witnessed this rebirth, this shift.

Some of them still just see the king of thieves

All alone in a room, broken, entombed

right at home with his minor keys.

9/17/2020

Black obsidian rock

Tears of Mary

----------------------------------------------

A white tent in a green field—

Brown dirt turned up to reveal—

wriggling topsoil dwellers,

Bo Radley pale,

desperate to return their appointed depths.

Back to their forever task

of chomping through and churning out

each and every bit by bit.

Before we go to table,

we must go to seed.

Clear and cultivate.

Plant and tend.

Watch and wait.

Cycle the arc’s incessant press,

forever ahead, forever behind,

a winging ellipse,

round and round

the beaming mien

of our lemon drop sun.

10/10/2020

Not trying to prove anything— writing for the feeling. Writing for the joy and for faith and because the effort settles my mind. My mind is knotted and there are many things I have forgotten.

My writing has often unraveled into a script of inchoate rhymes and prismatic themes (stereoscopic themes that somehow cover everything and nothing at all.

Obsidian stone, Obsidian stone, my oh, my, how you have grown.

Obsidian stone here is a poem

I don’t mind however far you roam

You’ll always have a home.

Obsidian stone.m

10/23/2020:

Like a thickass book filled with whack rhymes

Obsidian stone

Polished mirrors.

Visions.

Moons.

Mother

Luna

Lunes

Loon call

11/02/2020

The obsidian stone mirrors all— it feeds on shit and joy, the rightly ordered and the right fucked. It knows the mise-en-scene of hell and its been beyond the pearly gates. It stores all, cached away like an impacted colon full past lives’ digestion. Everything passes on and passes away, only the obsidian stone remains, she will not forsake you. She will not abandon you to the fire. It remains. To be seen. Dream mirror of my everything. Dark matter catch all for my cypher soul. I hold nothing, but am attended in full. Newton’s apple, Amundsen’s pole. Seeker of secret handshakes. Ponce de Leon’s pool boy.

We do no act that often jest and laugh;

‘Tis old, but true, “Still swine eat all the draught.”

“Still Swine” -> a cunning and selfish man; one wise in his own interest; one who avoids talking at meals that he may enjoy his food the better.

Send a sow to Minerva: to teach your grandmother how to suck eggs.

11/02/2020

Back on 9/11/2020 referred to block. Getting caught in the unproductive loop of just writing about writing or writing about frustrations with not having the proper time or wherewithal to write. Which were all true things.

Time has always been a problem and will always be a challenge, but I may have recently rounded the corner on the time question. I’ve touch the eternal just a bit. This conflicted feelings that I had to unknot, untangle were my way into the Logos. My way into the River.

Passably package portfolio of practical magic. Nothing brilliant. Nothing tragic. A belly full of ballast and a lusty lass to laugh with passion at me good ones.

**Wind**- breath/renew

**Water**- drink/enliven

**Earth**- stand/nourish

**Fire**- activate/engage

11/22/2020

Diamond dog, manic hog distraction.

Look away my stonewall son.

Your petrified stone

Is your stalwart striker.

12/23/2020

Jesus in his wisdom in your ear. And this knotty source material—this unreal obsidian stone—this black lava glass boiled in your belly and bled line by line as this volcanic process progresses.

And the stone was the source—the right interface – the right silence.

01/13/2021:

Obsidian stone comes back. An incubus upon my chest. Twining with my spine. Sanpping tendrils braid with the sinews in my neck. I am a G.I. Joe figurine, my rubber band too tight, pulling straight through the core meridian of my body. I am being pulled apart (this was actually a couple of days ago. I have been feeling progressively better over the last tree days.)

Today I feel good. My Obsidian stone is known to me

Its moved into the middle of my chest. My voice box. I’m unblocked, but stoill burning with my heart chakra opening and my left hip straining, pag

Obsidian stone, Obsidian stone

My oh my how you have grown.

Butter molasses in a can

Butter molasses in my hand

Butter molasses in and right back out again.

Melting tar.,

Emotional pitch.

Magic eight ball shaking me instead of me shaking it.

02/26/2021

Mother on the phone blaming Biden for my cousin’s wife being denied a second maternity leave for her Irish Twin surprise birth. Somehow Aldi’s lack of generosity is immediately ascribed to the incoming liberal administration. They claim to care so much… they end up caring a lot and more than making up for Aldi’s lack of generosity with direct payments. But in her emotional attack of the administration my mother doesn’t even break down why my cousin’s wife was denied this 2nd maternity leave. The pooor are often unlucky. Things that could break one of two ways, always seem to break the wrong way for him. Falling into the pattern of unsubstantiated attacks with the ever humble back step to “I don’t know…”

That is longing. This incomplete understanding, this unknowing that elicits fear, that pulls an emotional response from us. Our shadow-play soliloquies casting dark forms of the ideas and images with shards and shades of understanding, all those phantoms flittering about inside of our obsidian crammed skull-holes.

The fire comes up and cools into smooth sheets of black stone that can be polished into mirrors of divination.

10/24/2020

Be not afraid to live in words

10/13/2020

Oh, oh, obsidian stone

My, oh, my how you have grown

Partially a wound, partially a poem

Oh, oh, obsidian stone.

10/19/2020

Output blocked.

No output blocked.

Wrong orientation of the stone blocked.

Not cultivating process.

Not cultivating practice.

Its like I could only write from the top of my head

My writing is now descending, down down into my bone cage, down into my organs, down into my spleen and my good joints and my riblets and my pelvis ligaments and my tailbone

The political turths of vogue of any particular ear. Embarrassing. Wht about the next thing and the next and the one after that? Here, here is a simple theological assertion: the proof is in the pudding— I am drinking markedly less, I am smoking less pot, writing much, much more reading way more, playing a fair amount of guitar and for the first time in my long old life finding some wherewithal to start approaching the musical system of the guitar a little more fully and a little closer. I think my conflicted relationship to music has somehow been moved past. My mother always embued new learning ventures with a lot of anxiety— blasting herself for her clumsiness, for her lack of talent or whatever— this was compounded by disorganized, over committed parents battling with three rather unmotivated music students. We are moving past this tension and apprehension now. Doing scales , doing drills , enjoying the process. My mother for her part is nearing retirement whicn will be very good for her. Less stress should allow her to feel less anxious I would hope! She has had a long and loving and dedicated career serving the health needs of a rural, poorly educated community.

I got to hear about all the weird foreign doctors that would come through our backwater town. I got to hear about the black kids showing up in Escanaba, probably selling drugs. And then one of her white colleague’s wife is selling drugs. Should read up on that. That was like some crazy breakig bad stuff. Only small time and sadder some how. So sensless. You are in prison now, but just before that when you were dealing drugs. Was that the better life you sought. I can’t breath. No, duh, dummy. I got to hear about how my mother told the ernstwhile instrument shop worker who very lpossibly could have been Jewish that she didn’t want to get “Jewed” in the purchasing of this violin. She was purchasing the biolin from a friend by the way. To help them out… just so long as she didn’t get “Jewed”. She was Christian after all. And then rabidly snarling about Governor Nazi. A little linguistic trick where she dropped our surname and replaced it with the word Nazi.

10/21/2020

You turned away from your obsidian stone and cursed it for blocking your way. And then you turned back to it and looked into it- deep into it and you touched it and it was cool and you pushed it and it moved and in fact you could even lift it up- in fact, you could even shake it. And its swirling inky surface undulated and oozed until unexpectantly out of the primordial midnight haze of the stone appeared letters and a period floating and slowly twisting: “Again.” And I was transfixed and so I shook it again and it said Father and then Alcohol, body, music, family, vocation, writing, vision, future

Don’t be driven by guilt.

Don’t be driven by guilt.

Drive guilt away by approaching it,

Facing it, Obsidian stone.

Obsidian => volcanic glass formed as an extrusived igneous rock, felsic lava extruded from a volcano.

Obsidian is hard, brittle and amorphous.

Used by ancient cultures to create tools, mirrors, decorative objects.

Lava (emotion, experience) flows up from below and cools.

In Mesoamerica- Macuaheutl: Obsidian blade with ragged serrated weapon mounted on a wooden body.

Also, the basis for Dragonglass from “Game of Throwns”

Aztec Priest used obsidian mirrors to conjure visions and make prophesies.

Tezcatlipoca => god of obsidian and sorcery: Smoking mirrors

This info is fascinating after having the “eight ball” vision yeserdayt and then reading about Aztec priets using it in the exact same way: “smoking mirror”

11/02/2020

The block— obsidian, shining. She meets me on the moon and lets me fumblingly caress her, though never undress her. She’s my confessor, a well to drop dry bones down. And how the light plays at the end of days— religious crimson, tempestuous vermillion. Blood on her lips— my incubus. She deals in diamonds and time and commodifies all values. Adorn yourself in gold and platinum. An Oystercase to surround your palpitating heart. Make thyself resistant to any depth. She reflects and I reflect on her reflection— let be be finale of seem is what she seems to mean.

11/19/2020

An Obsidian stone dangling above my head, polished and roped and straining.

And I suspend in awe of its dear density. We have a propensity to fear that which we cannot crush.

12/01/2020

Obsidian stone, obsidian stone

My, oh my, how you have grown.

Gonna sit right down and write you a poem.

My, oh my, obsidian stone.

Poem, grown, sewn, thrown, moan, flown, blown, tone, bone, cone, don’t, phone, zone, your own.

Sugar oh sugar, so damn sweet, honey oh honey, just the what I need to be.

12/02/2020

The Obsidian Stone was blocking me and my food returned without having nourished me. Was anything getting through? 10% for the 100% too much weed?

Chinese, writing, Tarot, reading, coding, tap dancing in to assist with the girls.

01/07/2020

Settling into myself, my obsidian stone. Looking at it and watching it squirm, squirming with it.

01/29/2021

Black Mirror – Arcade Fire, BBC television show

02/12/2021

The Obsidian stone spoke of the mountain, the river, the sea.

The source is coming to the mountain. Which is everywhere. Is the river bringing the mountain to the sea or the sea to the mountain. Writing is Yoga. Yoga is writing. Ones and zeros. Characters. Letters.

03/05/2021

And at night the stone expands, stretching beyond my mind, beyond my body, beyond my home to encompass the entirety of the world. The entirety of the universe. We are wrapped, encapsulated. Consciousness pried from my skull, my death grip on vision and decision fleeing from my

10/13/2021

16th century courtier John Dee, a scientific advisor to Queen Elizabeth I-- obsidian mirror from the Aztec empire

Pachuca, Mexico-- popular source of obsidian for Aztec people.

A purple crystal on a chain Dee claimed had been given to him by the archangel Uriel

Diameter: 7.2 inches (18.5 cm)

Thickness: .5 inches (13 mm)

Weight: 31 ounces (882 grams)

A perforated square tab at the top of the mirror measures about 1.3 inches (33 mm) long-- may have served as a handle

Scrying-- peering into the future, religious rituals

Tezcatlipoca(“smoking mirror”)-- often depicted with a severed left foot and an obsidian mirror in place of his left foot. Sometimes the mirrors appear on his chest or on his head.

5/1/2016

And to be in this mode where I am chatty in writing and I can know things. I spend a lot of time talking to people in this flat fucking boring ass way. And I can hold it together, but as soon as I start trying to write myself into existence, by the time that I try to truthfully make an account of who the fuck I am I fall apart. And can’t get on track with where I want to go. I write these emails and they have very specific goals and I can’t get through to the other side. And I can’t get through to where we are coming from. And by necessity it needs to be a process and that is not something to fear. What we fear is giving up. What we fear is throwing in the towel. I don’t want to throw in the towel. I don’t want to fall apart. I want to fly and to express myself in a structured way. And I want to listen and mimic. And unself-consciously sing, But there is an anxiety that caps off these experiences. And I find that the act of trying to tell something, the act of trying to explain something just leaves me feeling sort of paralyzed.

And is this my mind. Broken. Can’t pin something down.

11/01/2013

Primordial thoughts rob us of continuity.  A one-man army of inconsistency.  Oh to be simple and happy.  Oh to be simple and sad.  He could not claim to be complex.  He could not claim to be nuanced, because the complexity and nuance, that which existed (could possibly exist) were inarticulable.  Was this proof of his complexity.  And if so what worth did this have.  What worth would this ever have.

Seeking some sort of bulwark against the unanswerable in others.

**02/27/2021**

Not just passively learning but actively building.

Not afraid to learn. Not afraid to build.

Not just mindlessly memorizing but creating connections.

Not afraid to memorize. Not afraid to create.

Have now finished a few songs--

* All the Geese Have Flown
* Down Below In the Valley
* Move the Needle

And a number of settled poems

* Entropy
* Salad Dressing
* Nutcracker
* Cold

Learning to perform.. getting over yourself… finding yourself… taking control… letting go…preparing … following your intuition…

BLOCK OBSIDIAN STONE… the drain to the shower… can’t shower. Shouldn’t really shower though until tomorrow. Had a procedure. Now I am blocked. I have selfishly firmly severed my genetic contributions to the human genome. I’m genetically out. Peace! Substance over substances.

EXERCISE… Barefoot running, light body weight training, stretching, qi gong rooting, something like a follow body lightening fist, except you’re not really tensing, more strongly settling into your legs and the floor. Rooting down, sending your roots into the soil, clear down through the tree root and mycelium networks where the honest earth worm does her good work. Acupressure balls, releasing tension in my feet and ankles and my hips and all the way up into my neck and back. What does this mean releasing energy? Should read more about what acupressure is doing…

DIET… Vegetarian diet. Betsy’s contributions to our collective health through her varied and imaginative cooking

DIGITAL DISLOCATION.. chasing web development through a messing, stress, challenging process whose hard gardening has ultimately born the fruit of a new career path

2/22/2022

Libraries

Workshops

Laboratories

Living rooms

Cafes

Research Centers

Offices

Salons

**02/12/2022**

Coding, writing, tarot, barefoot running, stretching qi gong, language, music-- these are all yogas. These are all ritualistic attempts to promote and preserve my systems unity , harmony and balance.

Beauty and the pain that informs it and the process for wrangling…weaving…rhapsodizing it all together.

**12/06/2021**

Trying to get back to a productive flow.

Attempting to tap into our creative flow.

This transition has involved physical, mental and spiritual stretching-- yoga, writing, creating, coding, Chinese.

I was trying to ping the universe in an effort to get some kind of response-- the silence was deafening.

I know I am not well, I am aware of the vulnerabilities of my situation. The limitations. The dead ends.

Why are we so closed to one another-- closed even to wife-- no sex, not much touch or intimacy, manically distant.

Close to the metal,

Overwhelmed,

Overcome

There is peace in surrender and a danger

Becoming, how does one actively accept a role?

Pop, click, deeper sinew stretch, tissue stretch, tissue squash, tissue shift.

Stretching, barefoot running, meditation, vegetarianism, computer science, linguistics (language, design, culture), writing, guitar and music, cultures, interfaces

Stretching has gone well.

Guitar has gone well.

Coding has gone well.

Now writing is at last going well as well

* Finished some poems (memorized some poems)
* Finished a song!
* Finished some letters-- quickly efficiently-- effectively dug back into files and came back with relevant writing to pull together a new letter.

**04/02/2021**

A secret process, an interior awareness.

Estrangement and liberation

Common addict or man with a golden pipe—yellow brick road, yellow submarine, yellow river, infinite notebook

Slow-cooker style

1. Committing to writing
2. Writing long hand on yellow legal notepads
3. Editing from notepads
   1. Destroy
   2. To another notepad (back in the river)
   3. To an existing file (adding)
   4. To a created file branching
4. Drafting files
   1. Adding
   2. Shifting / combining
   3. Next level (take whole or part of file to next level)

03/29/2021

In a sea of possibility it is incumbent on us to decide and then to try.