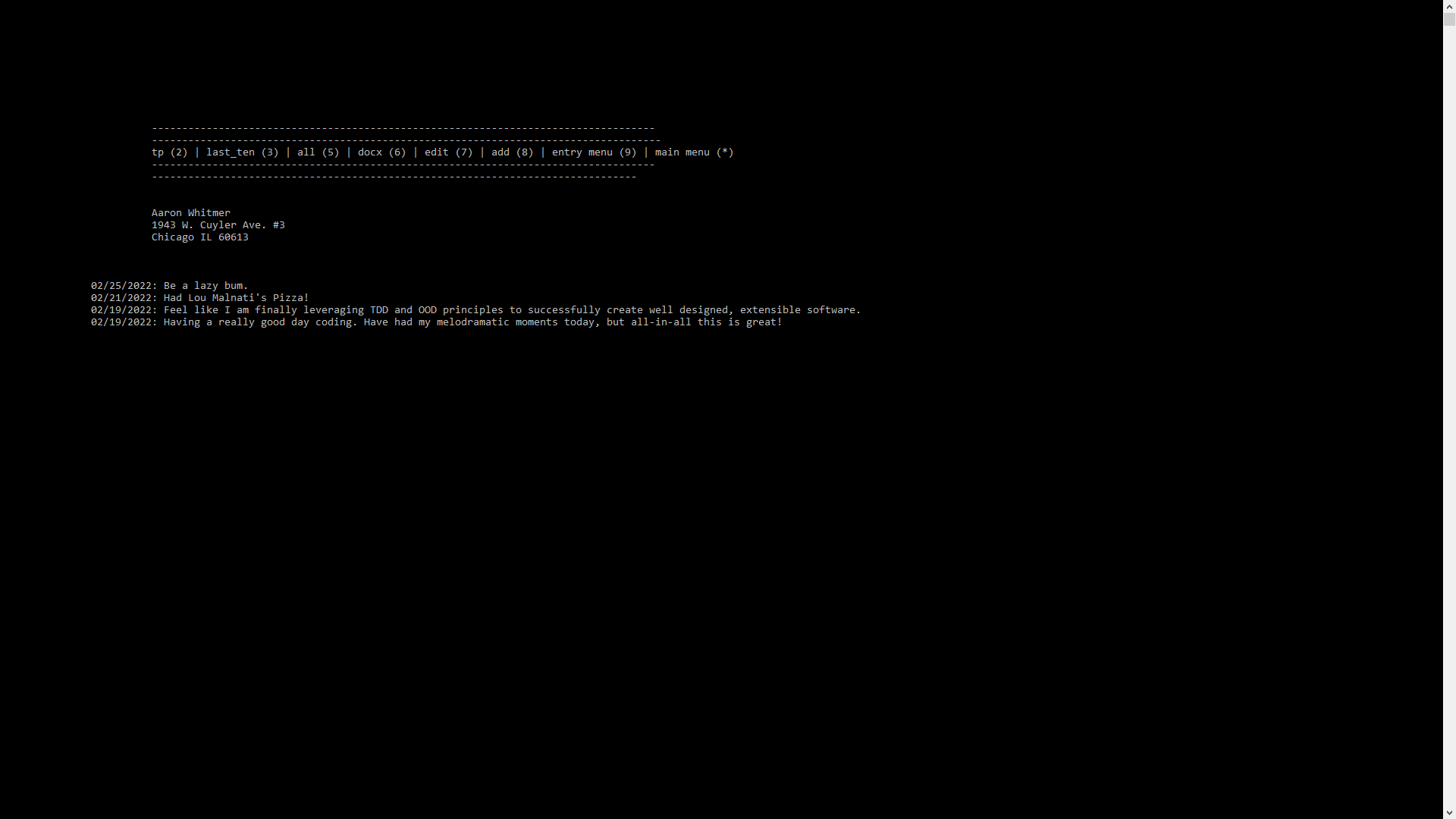
[Second brain](#secondbrain) |



Head Quarters Main Menu Options

* tp -- search an index of all notes
* add -- an entry(person) or a project/topic
* points -- lists all notes and displays menu for displaying them
* contacts -- displays all entry’s (people and projects)
* open -- open a specific entry or project
* exit -- exit the program



Entry / Project Menu

* tp -- search index of individual notes
* last\_ten -- list last ten notes in descending order
* all -- list all notes
* docx -- open entry / project associate Word document
* edit -- edit that entry or project info
* add -- add a note to the entry / project
* entry menu -- return to entry menu view
* main menu -- return to the main menu

Second Brain

I didn’t care until I did, until I couldn’t find a creative groove with working full time at a job that cut grindingly against my grain while continuing to pursue my off the clock professional development obsession while continuing to write-- journaling and sketching out poems and story ideas and other fragments having waxed and waned over the years, though never fully developing and never fully tapering off, resulting in at least a meter of old notebooks, and untold miles of text stowed away in the psychically inaccessible warren of my computer’s hard drive.

The Chinese word for computer is electric brain 电脑。 In a very real way I feel that my current writing high tide is deeply, deepllyg connectin to my overcoming my digital dislocation and finally finding ways to leverage the vast quantity and extremely powerful information technologies.

With regards to my writing, the process that I have evlved over the last decade and which has attained its maost mature and polioshed and productive form this past calendar year is something that had to grow naturally and gradually into its current form. I am more free to experience because I have difficulty sticking at things consistently over long periods of time, or at least sticking with certain approaches over a long period of time-- at times, in the past this inconsistency, this failing try and fail or try and lose interest or move on to the next thing, frustracted me, maing me feel as if the ephemeral and the tangible dense and dropped and unmoveable dance between these two ballasts-- the one that would lift me up and the one that would drive me down.