

**The Two Week Book**

*An Alt Lit Original*

by Chris Gentes

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*A quote that might seem more relevant than it actually is.*

—Someone



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## **Preface**

I finished writing my first book a few months ago. I published it myself. I physically made it myself too. Designed everything and then bound it by hand. I made about forty of them and gave them to my friends. I might make some more if I ever fix those last few typos I found. That was a test to see if I could make a book.

Those few of you who may have read it already know that writing it came somewhat easy for me. The revising and editing process, however, was a hellish experience. Basically I had to read through the book about five times to find and correct all the mistakes I had made when writing the thing in the first place. There were spelling mistakes. I had to catch those. There were grammar errors. I had to rewrite those sentences. There were confusing passages. I had to reword those sections. This task was a lot more difficult than generating the original content had been. If you're interested in discovering more about that process I suggest reading my first book, *The Birds of Mars Reader*. It's all in there.

Finally, once the editing and revising process was completed I was so relieved and glad it was

over, that I didn't ever want to think about writing again. Even though I also have four complete first drafts of other books already typed out just waiting for revision, that was the last thing I wanted to do. Especially now that I was aware of how much of a laborious time-consuming chore it actually is. In my mind it seemed that it would be easier to just write a new book. This time I would slowly and consciously take my time and carefully write out each sentence and paragraph as methodically as possible. This way I wouldn't have to go back and do any revision. I would do all the revising as I typed.

I already know the range of how many words I can type in an hour. Typing quickly just to type quickly doesn't seem to be worth it in the long run. Any time saved in the typing process is erased when it comes time to revise. Revision takes longer. Why? Because you have to read, with attention, each sentence. You have to be very focused. You have to catch typos. You have to read as if you are interested in comprehending what is there, and in doing so, see if it makes any sense. The way I was writing before I was typing too quickly, leaving all of the mistakes and typos as I



went. I didn't bother to stop and reread a paragraph after I had written it. I was just off to the races. All that mattered to me was word count. Word count is important—you can't have a book without a certain number of words, so you have to count them at some point. But word count isn't so important that one ignores making sure the words are strung together properly so that the writing is neat and concise. That is part of the picture.

I am writing this out now to get it into my head what I am going to have to accomplish over the next few weeks. I want to publish a book a month. 70,000 words. Since I am making the books by hand and not putting any of the text online anywhere, that means I have to take into account the time it will take to make the physical books. I would like to make an initial run of fifty books. That seems like enough to give some to friends, and to sell a few to recover my expenses.

I just got back from trying to get my computer fixed. It felt like they were scamming me even though there was no charge and they kind of fixed it. It still felt like a scam for some reason. How they made me wait and how they... Whoa, just as I was writing about how it felt like they

were scamming me somehow the letter a on the keypad started double-typing. I started getting double aas. There's one. It also just happened three other times. Sure, just a coincidence. Readers of my manuscript *Welcome to Synchro City* know all about the synchronicities which have at times confounded me. Fortunately now when I see one happening I just go along with it. Whether the reader believes in synchronicities, conspiracies, coincidences or none of the above really doesn't matter. The fact is that whatever the 'cause' or 'no cause' of these unusual events is, they are, nonetheless, happening. They happen. That much is certain. They exist somehow.

It did seem like some kind of entry into some trickster world going to get this laptop fixed. But it is probably just an unfortunate byproduct of an emerging technology. Not everything is a scam. How would going to get this computer fixed be a scam? How one interprets things can lead to a paranoid state. Keep an open mind and entertain all possibilities and see how one could have different conclusions, emotions, reactions, etcetera. Then see how you yourself react and why. Maybe I'm the one misinterpreting how

events unfold. Still, isn't it odd that just as I write about them 'fixing' the computer a new problem begins? At the exact moment I'm typing that sentence.

So I am typing this out here in the preface just to make a note of it. I want to see what else happens along these lines. Who knows what else this book will become. Hopefully not about the laptop breaking down, because I try to avoid ruminating on events like these when they occur. Partly because it would be exhausting since they occur constantly.

No sooner did everything seem fine than I checked to see if there were any double-spaces, and sure enough in the past twenty minutes of typing there were seven. So the problem *isn't* fixed. Well, I was getting comfortable being able to type, and now I am unable to devote as much attention to crafting these words, because in the back of my mind I know that I now have the additional chore of checking for double-spaces and fixing them. Or worse, having to take this computer back to the mall. I really would prefer not to do that. Yeah, there were just four more in the last few sentences. So whatever they did to fix it didn't really do

anything. Well, this really dampens my spirit. I guess I should just keep typing away and not worry about it. God, I just noticed the previous sentence had two double-spaces. Yeah, they didn't fix this at all. Well, I can still type and then do the double-space search and replace thing. That is probably the best bet. Just type away, and then search and replace and then revise. Maybe me mentioning it and being more aware of it will cause it to stop happening. That would be cool. Either way it will be interesting to see what happens.

So if I am going to publish a book a month that means I have to write one a month. I'd like to write for two weeks and then have two weeks of not having to write. That seems like a good plan. At least for now and for this project of writing a new book each month. That leaves me two weeks to physically make the books. And as mentioned, the revising will be part of the writing. For instance, right now I am at 1926 words, and have already read through it twice. When I read through I fix things, clarify thoughts, add new sections, catch typos and generally revise the whole thing. The idea is that upon completing the

writing of the book, to have a manuscript which is as free and clear of typos and grammar problems as possible. That is the plan—to have it all lit ready. It seems comfortable to have a week to read through a test copy and make corrections. Then another full week to make fifty books. That seems comfortable.

Even though that was the plan, what I'm discovering is that I still have to read through the whole thing a few times. This is my third time reading through the first section. I did a full readthrough yesterday, and starting another one now. Plus I did a readthrough when I first finished writing the first part. Now I'm reading through again because I'm not positive that there aren't still a lot of things to correct. I don't want to red line it too quickly.

So that just leaves the question of how many words a day will I have to write in order to have written 70,000 words in two weeks. Simple math tells me I will need to write and revise 5000 words a day for fourteen days in a row in order to accomplish this task. Realistically, I need at least four hours to write 5000 words. Four hours a day. Twenty-eight hours a week. That is like a part-

time job. A chapter a day. A 5000 word chapter a day. Might as well make this as simple to comprehend for myself as possible. It is all arbitrary anyway. Might as well make it easy to think of what is going to happen. A daily task of writing a 5000 word chapter. A short story length chapter. Maybe it will end up being a series of short stories. A new short story each day. Today's short story would be about going to the mall to get the laptop fixed and then starting this book. It would be about my refrigerator breaking down and playing long boring games of chess. It would be about thinking of the near lucid dreams I almost had last night. Conscious in a dream, but not conscious one is dreaming. It would be about me thinking about all of the music things I am working on. All the music theory I have to learn. It would be about me typing this while watching double space after double space even though I am only hitting the space bar once. That is what this chapter would be about. That seems like a pretty boring short story to me.

Look, I get it. Not all alt lit is worth reading. Try typing 5000 words a day for two weeks and see what it is like. Lol, there is a double a. I only

hit the a key once. Yep, that key is broken too. I'm going to leave all of the double aas in here as a document to this leaky technology. I might leave all the double spaces in here too just to demonstrate that 2020 isn't all it's cracked up to be. It used to be you could buy a laptop and the keyboard would never malfunction like this one is now. The technological future isn't all that great. It is pretty much the same world as it used to be, worse in a lot of ways. Anyway, I'm just pointing these things out. I'm not complaining about it. People think I'm always complaining, but I'm really not. I'm just pointing things out. The next time you think someone is complaining, really listen to what they are saying and think about it. They might be complaining, but they also might just be pointing things out. I'm mostly just observing what happens as I type out this chapter.

I'm adding this paragraph after having written the whole book already. I'm revising right now, and something weird just happened. There was a double-space where there shouldn't have been one. It was in the preface. I've found and replaced double-spaces probably twenty times since I wrote that part. There's no reason a

double-space should have still been there. It jumped out at me. So I checked. Yep, it was a double space. So I put the cursor between the two words to delete one of the spaces. I was thinking, “That shouldn’t be there,” and when I went to hit the delete button the whole screen turned black and the laptop shut off. Just pointing out how this weird stuff happens all the time.

If this truly is to be considered an alt lit work of literature, then I should probably leave all of the double spaces in here. I’m not sure what I am going to do yet. I suppose a lot of it depends on how the book looks. Do the double spaces make it unreadable? If that is the case then I will remove them.

Someone might be rolling their eyes right about now wondering why I just don’t replace the double spaces. Find and replace them all at once. It takes the same amount of time whether it is one double space or one-hundred. Why even consider anything else? Double spaces? Get rid of them. Sure, that is one way to look at it, but I also like my line of thinking regarding how leaving them in is somehow a documentation of this less than perfect technology. Still, it is hard to find anything



to complain about regarding this technology. The ability to write and print a book by oneself is amazing.

I feel that now I am getting a good sense about what this book will be about. It will be about what happens to me each day as I write this book. Maybe I can also try and make it into short stories and things like that. There will be fourteen chapters. This is one of those chapters. I could pencil in the other chapters. If I get an idea I could write it out as a germ for that chapter. Well, I'm closing in on 3000 words and already I feel as if this book has gotten completely out of hand. It has been thirty minutes since I went through and revised anything. I'm not checking for typos in that time. I'm just typing away, germinating words. I'm not thinking about double-spaces or grammar. I'm not thinking about anything much other than typing to get a word count. And that being the case I have to pause for a moment and ask myself if this is even worth doing? What is the point of typing away like this just to type away? Well, I am not going to worry about answering this question right now. It is a legitimate question to think about. I could do nothing at all. Hopefully

the book won't end up being just me writing about writing.

The other thing I have to think about is whether 70,000 words is the proper number of words I should have in one of these books. I could make them shorter. Hang on, I'm going to go do some research. Be right back.

Ok, I just did a little research about the length of a novel. The minimum is 50,000 words. I could make these books 50,000 words and it wouldn't really make any difference at all as far as whether it is considered a book or not. I already know that since this is alt lit it won't be taken seriously even it was 100,000 words, so why knock myself out? I could write a whole chapter about that.

50,000 words would only be 3500 words a day for two weeks instead of 5000 a day. That might not seem like much of a difference but it is. It would be easier for me. I could then spend more time crafting and revising and editing. It would make for a better read. For instance, I started writing this about three hours ago. I'm at about 3200 words—just 300 more until I get to 3500. Heck, I could probably start revising at 3000

words and add another 500 words without even thinking about it—just by clarifying what I'd already written.

70,000 words is closer to what one might expect for a novel. But 70,000 is just an arbitrary number I decided upon a year ago. I could have decided to make my books 67,000 words, or 52,000 words, or 98,000 words. A few of my unpublished manuscripts—*Writing About Writing* and *More Writing About Writing*—have a lot of passages about how I began writing. I'm really thinking now that maybe I will make the new books 50,000 words instead of 70,000. It will make a better more enjoyable book in my opinion. It will be more digestible.

The other reason why this may be a good idea is related to the way I physically make the books—that is to say, how they look. The words on the page and the margins, the size of the fonts and all of those stylistic things. Fewer words will give me greater artistic control. Truth be told, 70,000 word books are fine and well, but that many words is really pushing the upper limits of how many pages I can physically include in the book—in the style that I am making them.

I've just decided something right now as I type this sentence. For this book the word count will be 50,000. I will decide future word counts for future books once this book has been completed and constructed. So it is now 10:24 p.m. on the first day of starting this new book. I'm at 4500 words, 1000 more than planned. That is good. I have come to the realization that I should think of the 3500 words as a guide. But, by all means write more if it is easy and natural. I should think of the two weeks as the window of time when I will be writing. 50,000 words in two weeks. 25,000 words a week. That seems very reasonable. I wrote 16,000 words in a day once. It was arduous. I don't recommend it. When writing a 70,000 word book, 16,000 words seems to hardly put a dent in it. But when writing a 50,000 word book, 16,000 words is just about one third of the way to completion. That is something to think about. I could conceivably write one of these books in three days. So giving myself a two week window of time to write and revise seems more than reasonable.

Also, since it is a natural tendency to go back and re-read things over and over, it will be a

lot easier to manage the task of revising if there are only 50,000 words as opposed to 70,000. Well, we shall find out soon enough. This book is an experiment as well. An experiment to find the sweet spot regarding word count and time spent writing.

## 2020

As the year 2020 approached I knew that I would return to writing. I decided that on New Year's Day I would begin a new book. So I sat down and started typing, and quickly remembered that my laptop had a problem with the space bar. Sometimes it would register two spaces instead of one when I pressed it. That is some annoying bull. So I knew I would have to go to the mall and have the thing fixed. I did that this morning and now here I am typing away. Getting back in the flow of it all.

My goal is to publish a book a month. A book of the month club—but all by the same author. Right now I have four first draft manuscripts at 70,000 words each. The working titles are *Welcome to Synchro City*, *Writing About Writing*, *Dreams*, and *More Writing About Writing*.

These all need revision, and that isn't something I am looking forward to having to do.

Readers of the *Birds of Mars Reader* know that I write in the alt lit style. This is basically just a word I invented to use to counter any arguments that anyone might have about my writing. If there are typos or grammar errors I can basically just say, "This is alt lit! Deal with it." Some people think all of that grammar stuff is important, and maybe it is, but it probably isn't and never was.

So, if I'm going to write a book a month, there may be passages of imperfect writing. That is just how it is. As the writer I've decided to be the one who decides how perfect the writing is or isn't (within my capabilities of creating perfect writing). That is another idea for a chapter. What does perfect mean? In my mind, good enough is good enough, but good enough isn't perfect. Perfect is perfect. Perfect is rare. Good enough isn't perfect. Good enough is common. If the reader gets the gist of it, then that is all that matters. I'm not going to agonize over writing this.

Funny thing about alt lit is that I decided to wear that cloak because I thought I could use that as an excuse to not have to go through and revise

everything. Just leave it as is. But, when I started reading through some of what I'd written, I found that even with the alt lit label there was something rather vulgar about having to read something which contains a lot of typos and grammar errors. I felt obliged to clean it up.

And that is when I began to realize the special horror of revising 70,000 words. But that nightmare of having to revise outweighed the realization of the unfairness in asking someone to read a book speckled with typos and grammar errors. Now I know better. But not soon enough to avoid having to go through the above mentioned manuscripts if I ever decide to publish those, but soon enough to avoid having to do this in the future when I write new prose.

I am not so concerned anymore about typing quickly. I am more concerned about typing just once. My personal range of typing speed maxes out at around 3000 words an hour. It is kind of hard for me not to write 1500 words an hour. So I will just accept this fate, and type slower, making sure that there are no typos. I imagine that this may involve typing for an hour, and then going back and reading through and

revising on the go—not saving it all up for after all the words in the book have been typed. It just means getting in the flow of this new strategy. Patience.

I've also got a few other works in progress. *Coffee* is at 32,000 words. The last time I worked on that book was back in June 2019. *Coffee* is about how I stopped drinking coffee. But once I stopped drinking it I didn't have anything to write about anymore, so I stopped writing that book too. Well, since then I started drinking coffee again, so I have something to write about now, and will complete that book at some point. The only problem is that that book is supposed to be about me stopping drinking coffee, and I'm not planning to stop drinking coffee anytime soon, so I wouldn't have anything to write about. When I decide to quit coffee again I'll finish that book.

Another book I plan to finish writing at some point is called *Personality Research*. This one is currently at 30,000 words. I discovered a lot of disturbing information doing the research for that book. I will tackle that one at some future date.

I'm not sure what *this* book is going to be about. I need some ideas. It might be about music.



Maybe it will be about paranormal experiences that people have had. I'm really not sure. It might even end up being a work of fiction. I really don't want to write fiction, simply because I am not interested in it. But, I've learned to never say never. Fiction just seems like a lot of bother to me. Inventing characters and plots, and then interactions and motivations and all that seems pointless to me. Not so much the actual writing of it, but the expectation that someone will have to read it. I don't understand why people would want to read made-up stories. I don't get it. Life itself is your own personal made-up story. To me reading fiction rather than not reading anything and just living, would be like going to see a Pink Floyd concert, but staying in the car in the parking lot listening to Pink Floyd cassettes. Don't read fiction, be fiction. But some people seem to enjoy reading fiction, so maybe in the future I will attempt to write some fiction to see if those folks like it.

Some say truth is stranger than fiction. I say truth is fiction.

So now it is January 3, 2020. I got the laptop kind of fixed, and I am slowly typing this

book. The two month break from writing did me some good. I have proven to myself that I can get a book made. I know how to do it. I know what this takes. I'm a maker. I've done it. Once you know how to do something, there is just the actual time it will take to do it again.

It looks like I'll work on this book More once I figure out what it is about. I can also spend a little bit of time each day revising the other manuscripts. I've been working on this preface for about an hour and already I'm at 1300 words. I've read through once and only had to make a few corrections. This may just be the way to go to make this an enjoyable process. I would like to be able to say, on February 1, 2020, that over the past month I have written a new book (this one) and revised four other manuscripts (the ones mentioned above). That way I would have four in the hopper, and publish one a month. By June I'll have published six books.

I'm just going to add this little paragraph here. It is later in the day on January 16. I finished typing the book earlier today and I'm doing my first complete readthrough on the laptop. It kind of seemed like the 2020 chapter so far was just a

repeating of the preface. There was even a sentence in the 2020 chapter which was at one time part of the preface. I'm not sure why that is all intermingled like that. I know I should fix that, but I'm just going to leave it how it is. Ok, back to the stuff I wrote two weeks ago.

I've decided to make each chapter 3500 words. There will be fourteen chapters. The total word count will be 50,000 words. This will allow me to make the books more interesting to read with less filler. It will also give me greater freedom to design the books so that they have an increased aesthetic appeal as well.

I am going to end this chapter by checking to see how many double-spaces there are now. I've been typing away for about an hour and haven't checked in all that time. Hang on a second.

There were only seven. About how many I thought. Right after I stop paying attention to it, it stopped happening. But right before I decided to stop paying attention to it, there were multiple double spaces showing up in each sentence. It is funny how these things work out. And oh yeah, there were no double aas since then either.

## **A New Chapter**

This begins the third chapter. I just realized that one of my books in progress, *Coffee*, is at 32,000 words. With my new intention of having these books be 50,000 words, *Coffee* is now almost done! Only 18,000 words to go. That is just five days at 3500 words a day. I could quit coffee for a week to have something to write about so I could finish that book. If I was sticking to the old plan of making these books 70,000 words it wouldn't even be half way done, and at 5000 words a day it would take me over aaaa week to finish. Yeah, I'm really liking the idea of making these books 50,000 words. I've got a lot of other things I am working on other than just writing, and I want to find a balance between writing and those other things.

Just to recap the plan. Write 3500 words a day for two weeks. Revise as I go. When I'm done writing, print a test copy and read/edit it (red pen) over the course of a week. Then update the file and work on the final layout design and cover artwork and design. All the fun stuff. Picking the paper and all that design aesthetic stuff. Being creative and treating these books like they are

record albums. In a way a book kind of is like an album in that it might take about the same amount of time to make as an album takes to record. The mixing is the revising. And the book cover is like the album cover. Actually they are basically the same thing. A work of art with a picture on it to draw the viewer in. Something for people to consume.

*The Birds of Mars Reader* at 70,000 words is 270 pages with a 10 pt font. A 10 point font for this book, at 50,000 words, would be 182 pages. If I change the font to an 11 point then the book will be 242 pages. That is going to be good for the design. That is the beauty of making one of these each month—each one will become a little bit better until an optimum design is reached. Well, whatever it ends up being will be because that is how I think it looks best, not just some arbitrary reason.

I just woke up. Made some coffee and played some piano for a half hour. Then I started typing this. Drinking some coffee now. No dreams that I remember. It is raining and kind of cold. I'm playing sax with a trio in four hours. Things seem very still. When it rains and the road is wet

the cars sound louder when they drive by. Maybe all that moisture everywhere makes sound travel easier or in a manner in which sound is louder. Everything is mostly water anyway. How many times have I heard that throughout my life—we're 98% water and the chemicals in our body are worth \$3. So what.

I'm not much in the mood right now for typing. Trying to get something going, but it just isn't happening. I'm trying to think of something to write about, but whatever pops into my mind seems trivial. Or it seems like just something maybe interesting to put in a diary, but not in an actual book. Well, at least I'm writing. Two weeks of typing, then two weeks of making the books. This book still hasn't really formulated in my mind as to what it will be yet. There are no guarantees that this will even get finished. I might start a new book, or move everything I've written so far into the coda of another book. I just make it up as I go along. This is a form of art. The 50,000 words two week book.

That is weird, I was just typing and the word week had a red line under it. The computer didn't know that week was a word. So when I left

clicked the word ‘week’, it suggested the word weak instead. Oh, my god, now it doesn’t think weak is a word. That is underlined in red. Weird. Especially since I was just writing about ‘red lining’ the book. That’s when I read through a printed copy and make corrections with a red pen. Weird that those red line correction errors just happened right after I typed about ‘red lining’. Weird.

Let me try to explain this properly. I typed the word week and it was underlined in red. I checked the word and the computer suggested the word weak instead. I told the computer that no, I wanted the word week, not weak. I added it to the dictionary—that is an option when a word is underlined in red. Then when typing out the explanation above, the word weak was now underlined in red. Huh? Adding the word week deleted the word weak from the dictionary associated with this word program? Why’d it do that? And why did it happen just as I was typing about red lines. Little things like that happen all the time around me. It is as if something wanted me to take notice of something. But what and why?

Oh, that's probably just a computer virus you picked up someone might be thinking. Yeah, but the only time I used this computer online was to update the sound library on the music program that came with the laptop. I purposefully never went online, surfed the net or otherwise with this computer. Then the day after I brought this to one of the geniuses I have this weird virus. How should I interpret this? How could it have happened? Sure, it's just one of those weird coincidences that sometimes happen. Or it's a trickster that wants me to think that, and not that it's a trickster at work.

Plus, I was just writing about not having anything to type about and now suddenly I have something to write about. About the computer messing up. Just a coincidence, yeah, I get it. How is it though, that it keeps happening. What is the explanation?

Also, it is weird how it happened in real time as I was typing, and how I typed my reactions as it occurred. Very strange. Well, the alt lit attitude is that 500 words are 500 words. I suppose there is truth in that.



Well, now it is 5:15 p.m and I haven't done any typing today other than a little bit this morning. To keep on target for 3500 words a day I need to type 1300 words before I fall asleep. I just had a flash of inspiration about what to call this book. I'm thinking *I Wrote This Book In Two Weeks*. Yeah, I like that title. It tells it like it is, as well as what it's about. Plus it really sums up the whole alt lit scene. Writing books quickly. Not worrying about it. Doing. Doing again. Keep doing. That is what really appeals to me about the alt lit scene. Doers. We may gather to discuss the finer points of writing, but we don't gather at the expense of writing. Writing comes first. When we gather we don't talk about writing problems, we talk about what we just wrote. And we don't talk about motivation because we need none. Once we identify ourselves as alt lit writers, and we recognize that alt lit writers need no motivation, we sit down and start writing. What motivation does one need when the time of the day arrives when one is to write? Motivation to sit down and open the laptop and start thinking and moving the fingers on the keys to record what is being

thought? That seems rather absurd to the alt lit writer.

Sure, if you want to say something meaningful and thought out and specific you may need some extra time. You may need to be in the right mood. But you don't need motivation necessarily to actually write. It should just happen by itself. That is how I feel about it. If you need to go to motivation workshops to get into a special mindset to just get going with typing, then maybe writing isn't for you. It should be like gravity. It is either present or it isn't present. A ball doesn't need motivation to roll down a hill. It just needs to be on top of the hill without restraint. Gravity does the rest. An alt lit writer doesn't need a reason to write. Just the time and the equipment, and a tall hill. It should just happen. This is what it means to write for an alt lit writer. For other kinds of writers it might be something different—I don't know because I'm not that type of writer. It seems to involve going to workshops and retreats. It seems kind of fun. There isn't much fun about being an alt lit writer. A few chuckles here and there, but mostly just typing long hours every day.

Since this is now going to be a book about me writing this book, I thought it's be fun to do a little experiment.

In true alt lit style, I am going to see what I can write in thirty minutes. I am not going to edit or correct or change anything once the thirty minutes is up. I might revise during that thirty minutes, but after the time is up, that is it. So here is a test to see what an alt lit writer might produce in thirty minutes. The writing below will be complete and published as it was created in the following thirty minutes. Starting . . .

### **Thirty Minutes Of Writing**

... now.

I put on some music and set a timer. I'm not sure yet if I am going to go back and revise what I've written after I've written everything (within the thirty minutes I've given myself to work on this chapter). I think I might just spot check what I've written after every couple of sentences. So far so good. Another way to do it would be to write for ten minutes and then go back and revise. But isn't the main point of alt lit that one doesn't want to have to go back and revise and edit. One wants

the writing to come out just as intended the first time around. That is what I think of when I think of alt lit. Not just writers that can write quickly, but writers that can write quickly and concisely and without deviation from the intended points they'd like to make. That is my main thought as an alt lit writer. Just let it flow and don't make a big deal out of it. Just do it. I don't know how it is for other writers, but that's how it is for me. Just sit down and start doing it. Start typing. Type anything. Don't worry about whether it is good or bad.

Don't worry. That is a point I would like to make in this chapter. Don't worry about whether or not your writing is good or bad. Good or bad for whom? Other people. Ok, here is a secret. To some people it is good and to some it is bad—already before you even wrote anything. There are so many people and they each have an opinion. Some will like it and some will hate it. Whatever you are worrying about will happen. It is a self-fulfilling prophesy.

Let's say you are worrying about writing something that people won't like. Guess what. People already don't like it even before you started

writing it. That is just the way it is. So if you are worrying about something that is going to happen anyway, then in your mind you will have had good reason to worry in the first place. It is a loser proposition from the beginning. There are other facets to this such as what is good and what is bad. By what definition and under what circumstances?

Let's say, on the other hand, that you are writing something that you hope people will like. Congratulations, there are going to be a lot of people who really like what you've written. Once again, before you've even written it. That is just the way of the world. Both results and you haven't done anything. That is just how it is. Some people who read this will love this chapter. Others will hate it.

So worrying about what other people think is silly. And if someone likes it, what difference is it if it is good or bad. As long as they like it that should be good enough.

True, there are actual criteria of aesthetics that one can use to determine whether something is good or bad, but even these are still theoretical depending on many things.

Well, I've been typing for about eighteen minutes and I'm at 550 words. I went back and revised a little bit already. Mostly it seems like good writing to me. It is interesting and clear to me. But then again, that is probably because I wrote it. It is going to make total sense to me, because when I read it I'll remember the nuances of my thoughts relating to this topic as I typed. I'll fill in my own details. To anyone else who reads this it may not have the same effect as it did to me. They will read it through the filter of their self—a self created through the experiences they have had in their life. It is kind of like everything is a placeholder for something else. Meaning is lost before it can be expressed.

So now I am just waiting for the final seven minutes of this writing experiment to end. I made all the points I wanted to make. I only have seven minutes left and I don't want to start delving into some new topics at this time, because I might not have time to complete those lines of thought. Instead I'll talk a little about alt lit.

To an alt lit writer, writing alt lit is no different than breathing. Do you think about breathing when you are breathing? No. Usually

not. Does an alt lit writer think about writing when they are writing? No. Usually not. Not if they're good at it. I'm happy to say that I'm not thinking at all right now. The words are flowing and I'm watching them coming and going.

Only four minutes left. I am going to try and now write some catchy sentences about alt lit. I can't think of any actually so I'm not going to do that. Hang on. Here come some. Alt lit. Finally a literary movement for those of us who hate literary movements. Finally a book you can talk about at parties without having to pretend you read it. Here is the talk about alt lit at a book club:

Did you get a copy of the new alt lit?

Yes, I've got mine. You?

Yes, picked one up last week.

Did you read it yet?

Hell no, I don't read that crap.

Just checking. Yeah, I haven't read any of them. I've got them all, but am proud to say I haven't read any of them.

Yeah, I wish I could say that, but I made the mistake of reading a little bit of *The Birds of Mars Reader* before I knew any better.

I feel for you. You might as well read the rest of them. I'm going to remain an alt lit virgin if I can help it.

Time's up!

997 words exactly and the three words in the chapter title gives me 1000 words in thirty minutes!

Plus now I'm over 7000 words in the book, which is two days at 3500 words each day.

So I'm done typing until tomorrow.

Oh, one last thought. 1000 words (completely edited and revised and proofed) in thirty minutes is the equivalent of a 50,000 word book (which this is) in twenty-five hours.

Whoa, I just realized the ultimate alt lit challenge. A 50,000 word book in twenty-four hours. Perhaps my next book will be called *I Wrote This Book In One Day*.

### **The All Of Me Synchronicity**

4:37 p.m. This chapter is a demonstration chapter of what 3500 words looks like, and what it is like to write that many words in one sitting. That is what I've decided to do for this chapter. By the way, that idea of specifically writing fourteen



chapters with 3500 words in each one, well, I've dropped that. If it happens great, but I'm not going to worry about making it happen. Too restrictive. Alt lit is freedom. All I'm really setting up for myself as 'rules'—and they're more guidelines than anything else—is that I'd like these books to be 50,000 words, and I'd like to type 3500 a day for the first two weeks of each month. If I can do that much, then everything else should fall into place. So here I go again. Listening to some Neil Young and relaxing. The night is approaching. The sun has set, the pink clouds have turned grey, and things are getting darker by the minute.

Here is a synchronicity. This morning I decided to work on some chord progression analysis on that old popular song *All Of Me*. I wrote out the progression using a system of roman numerals for the chord types. Once I wrote those out, I played the song in the key of C using the numerals as a guide for playing the right chords. It went pretty good. I worked on that for about half an hour, and then later on I thought that it would be good to play through this form in all the keys,

using the numbers as a guide. So that is what I plan to do after typing this chapter.

That isn't the synchronicity. Here it comes. So, later in the day I was driving to the store and I was flipping through the radio dial and suddenly I heard *All Of Me* on the radio. I recognized the chord progression, and remembered the progression while I was listening to the song. I followed along in my mind as I listened to the song. So that was a cool synchronicity.

First of all there was the decision I made to do that exercise. Then there was the decision I made to pick that song out of all other songs. Then there was the actual time spent working on the song for all that time. Then there was the decision to drive to the store at the time when that song would be playing on the radio. And then there was the decision to not listen to a CD, which is what I usually do, but to the radio, and to be flipping through the dial just at that moment when the song was being played. Then of course, I had to recognize that it was that song.

There's more. Somewhere a radio engineer who produced that show made the decision to use that particular song. Someone at the radio station

had to decide to broadcast that show at that time as well. All these decisions that were made by different people to coincide in that moment.

Strange how that all worked out.

Somebody might say something like, “That’s the universe talking to you.”

I suppose.

Things like that happen all the time. Another synchronicity that happened was on Friday. I was driving and I thought I drove past my friend. Later that night at the jazz jam he showed up. I almost didn’t even go, but there I was and there he was. So I said, “Hey, were you at such and such a place today at such and such a time?”

He wasn’t really too sure if he was or not.

It probably wasn’t him I saw earlier in the day. That didn’t seem to matter. What seemed to matter is that I thought about him at that time, and then later that day there he was. Maybe that was the moment he decided to go to the jazz jam and that was a thought form which entered my mind at that moment. Maybe I created an image of him in my mind which was superimposed over the real world as him driving a car.

Now how can we explain all of this in scientific terms? Because it happened there must be an explanation for how it happened.

What we know is that the synchronicity occurred. The radio show was already recorded (it was one of those syndicated shows, and the tune was used as one of those background melodies when they come out of a commercial break.) It already existed and was going to be broadcast at that time all along. No matter what I did, that was going to happen. It was, what I am going to call, a potential synchronicity. The song *All Of Me* will be playing at this time on this radio station for this many seconds. That was a potential synchronicity waiting to happen. In order for that to be an actual synchronicity someone would need to be listening to that radio station at that time, and also have that song be relevant to them somehow.

Let's say it was the universe talking to me. That means the universe would have had to have known that that song would be playing on that station at that time. The universe would have to have me either in a car playing that radio station, or someplace where there is a radio and that was

playing, like a cafe or somewhere. It couldn't happen here because I don't have a radio.

Now we know that the universe was successful in getting me in the car driving and listening to that radio station at that time. Good work universe!

Someone reading this might say, "Hey, you were in your car driving for forty minutes flipping through the radio dial that whole time, so how come there weren't more synchronicities with all of those songs."

I would reply by saying, "I don't know. All I know is what happened seemed to be a pretty interesting coincidence. Maybe all of those other songs were synchronicities too, but I just didn't make the connection to what they were synchronistic about. Maybe when one of the songs was playing there was something about the person driving the car next to me, and if I had looked over, it would have been obvious as a synchronicity."

I would also point out that I don't look for synchronicities anymore. I used to, but I stopped doing so. Why? Because it can drive you crazy. The synchronicities are so unlikely, that one is left

with the impression that they would have had to have been staged, and the only way they could be staged is by other people. That seems unlikely in this case. First of all, I got the idea to work on the song and the progression by myself. Nobody was planting that suggestion in my head. I haven't talked to anyone all day.

For laughs, let's say that somebody somewhere has a technology or a method or way to have caused this synchronicity to occur. What would that look like from their end?

This person, who I will call Ed, is sitting around and decides to create a synchronicity in my life. Somehow he has a giant array of data which includes all of the possible things I could do—my possible futures. Ed wants it to be a synchronicity involving music, because Ed knows that I've been working on piano every day diligently for the past month. I've been working on a lot of different things. Ed thinks, "Hey, I know. Wouldn't it be cool if Chris worked on a song this morning, and then later on in the day, he was driving and flipping through the radio dial and then he heard that song. Wouldn't that be cool. He could listen to it and see if he remembered the

chord progressions he was working on earlier in the day. It would be cool.”

So Ed set about figuring out how to make the synchronicity occur. Ed has at his disposal some kind of matrix-like array of all the songs that would be playing on all the radio stations that day. He would have a list of every song. He would look at that list of potential songs and find the one which I could work on earlier that day. At this point we can eliminate the radio engineer and their choice of using this song as part of the synchronicity. It didn't matter what song they used. Ed was finding a song that already existed in the then futuristic array of songs on radio stations. Ed was working with a 'known quantity'.

Now, it may be that there were no relevant songs in that array of possible songs. Ed could have then gone back in time and put the idea in the radio engineer's mind to use that song for the commercial break outro. This is possible, but only if Ed exists outside of time somehow. This is probably another chapter.

Ok, for now let's assume that Ed knew that the song *All of Me* was going to be playing at such and such a time. And Ed also knew that the jazz

trio I play with sometimes plays *All of Me*, and that it is the first song in my book of songs we play.

[I just want to point out that I've been typing for fifty minutes and suddenly the laptop is acting up. Lots of double spaces and double aas and weird spelling corrections for common words that have suddenly disappeared from the computer dictionary. This is another kind of synchronicity. But this one isn't the universe talking to me, this one is a gremlin messing with me. Little irritating things that distract me from untangling the riddles of synchronicities. I call them the gremlins or tricksters. Whenever a big commotion occurs around you that seems unusual or out of place, think about what you were just thinking or talking about. It is likely important and the tricksters want to remove it from your mind. These are synchronicities that distract one from examining synchronicities or having deep profound realizations.]

Anyway, back to Ed. So Ed knows that the first song in my practice book is going to be played on the radio at such and such a time. First Ed has to get me to work on that song so that it will be fresh in my mind. Ed accomplished this. I'm not



sure how, but I worked on that song and I worked on it in a way that I haven't often worked on songs before—by reducing it to its numeric form, and practicing in all keys. Ed accomplished this somehow. How? Let's just assume that because Ed is the universe Ed has figured out how to plant an idea in someone's head and leave it at that.

Now Ed has to get me into my car and driving, and not listening to a CD, but listening to the radio. Not just listening to the radio, but flipping through the dial at the right moment. Ed accomplished that too. How? Who knows. This is what synchronicity research is like. You experience one, you try to figure it out. You can't. You try and make a reasonable logical explanation. You can't. You end up realizing that something is at play, but it is not something that can be defined. Then more synchronicities happen.

5:37 p.m. 1765 words in one hour.

I just finished typing for an hour. I was typing at a leisurely pace. I was engaged. I wasn't thinking about time. Once in the flow of typing and thinking about what I'm writing about, it flows naturally. It is all a question of getting in that headspace. I am now going to go back and revise

and edit back to this point to see how long that takes.

It took ten minutes to read through this chapter to this point and correct all the typos—except the aas. I'm halfway to 3500 words and I have text that is revised and ready to print. Now I am going to take a break knowing that I will have to get the 'motivation' to come back and do this again today for an hour to hit my target of 3500 words. It is now dark out, the only light coming from the screen of my laptop.

6:02 p.m.

I'm going to leave in the times if anyone wants to compare this half of the chapter with the first half of the previous chapter. I'm not sure why someone would want to do that. I hope nobody wants to do that.

Before I return to the topic of the synchronicity regarding the song *All Of Me*, I'd like to reflect a little bit on what writing is. There are words. There are languages. This is English. It is the language I learned as a child. It is something agreed upon between people. It helps us have a functioning society. I'll come back to this—or maybe put this in the coda. I was just lost in a

train of thought. Seven minutes and I'm only at 114 words. You see, this is what I'm trying to avoid. Once I start thinking about what I'm writing, a certain part of my brain sometimes gets in the way, and then the writing doesn't happen. The stories creep into the mind. The negative associations are remembered, and also remembered are the associated neural pathways which contain stored memories of pain. So if one has a task at hand that can be accomplished in no other way than by simply doing it, and the realization of this task has associated negative memories, then the actual ease of accomplishing the task at hand may be forgotten. In its place will be the negativity. These negative thoughts and associations may cause the individual to avoid the task.

In summary, there are tasks which are relatively simple to do, but require a duration of time to accomplish. Writing is such a task. Unlike a mindless repetitive task like working a simple machine in a factory, writing requires an internal mental process of some kind from which the end result is words on a page which can be read and understood by others as the author intended.

Because there is an intention on the part of the author to convey meaning of some type, then a certain amount of effort must be expended to make sure that this happens.

Wow, I'm really crafting this part of the chapter. Twenty minutes and only 335 words. But they are good words. I've really been struggling to convey the thoughts in my head. I'm feeling that neurological burn. I feel as if I made the point I wanted to make. Let me conclude by reinforcing the notion that negative associations with writing, at least for me, are real, but can be easily overcome by just writing. I just start writing and things work themselves out. It gets easier.

Back to Ed. On my break there I was thinking that maybe the synchronicity unfolded in a different way. Maybe Ed does have access to that big matrix-like database of all the songs on all the radio stations, but that he can only access that data five minutes in advance. Ed still wants me to have a synchronicity. That is what the universe does. Ed wants to generate synchronicities. So if Ed only has a five minute window into the future to see all possible short-term futures, he would have been able to see me in my car driving to the

store. Ed would know that one thing I could do is turn on the radio and flip through the dial. Ed looks into the matrix and sees that in three minutes *All Of Me* will be playing on the radio. Ed is delighted. “How cool will it be if Chris hears that song when it comes on the radio,” Ed thinks. This of course is because he knows that I was working on that song in the morning. So now Ed, also known as the universe, has to figure out how to get me flipping through the dials in just the right way so that I flip past that station just at the right moment, but not too fast, to hear and recognize the song and stop and have a nice time following along with the chords. Ed was helping me learn.

Now we’re talking about something other than just coincidence, but actually influencing a person to do something at a certain time without their direct knowledge. Ed may have somehow taken hold of my body and mind, and had me flipping through the radio stations in such a way that I was sure to hear the song *All Of Me*. I really hope that this isn’t the case, but what do we really know about anything?

From Ed's point of view he might say something like, "I saw how you were working on music this morning, and then when I noticed you driving your car I realized that that tune you were working on was going to be on the radio, and I was thought it would be helpful and cool if you heard it. I thought you wouldn't mind if I guided you in that direction."

That is a heavy thing to have to consider whether something like that might be part of the cause of a synchronicity.

What is a synchronicity? Some say a meaningful coincidence, sure. Yes. That is what it is. But why is it? What does a synchronicity make you do? It makes you pay attention for a moment to something weird or cool. Something different. A moment among many other moments that is somehow different. That seems to be the end result of a synchronicity, irregardless of how it came about. Pay attention. That is what a synchronicity seems to say. Pay attention to me. I am weird and cool. Notice this happening. Think about it. Notice now.

It seems to be less about the actual synchronistic parts—they are just there to

announce that such a thing as a synchronicity is possible. The importance of synchronicities lies not in the synchronicity itself, but in that they can exist as a possibility. It is not that they happen in and of themselves, but that in their happening you pay attention.

But pay attention to what? And why? Why is it important to know that something unusual can happen? Is it just a byproduct of life? A possibility that could occur so it does?

A synchronicity could be thought of as an unlikely, but possible occurrence. An improbable possibility. Synchronicities are possible, we know this. No matter how cool or weird they are, the fact that they happened should convince everyone reading this of the simple fact that synchronicities are possible. If they weren't possible, then we wouldn't have them at all. Synchronicities are possible. What is interesting about them is how improbable they are. They are very unlikely based on regular status quo existence. For most people, most of the time, there is no day to day talk of synchronicities. They are not a common topic of polite conversation between strangers like the weather is. Synchronicities aren't on most people's

minds ever. And as such remain an improbable thing.

But some people, like me, are aware of them as they unfold. The key is to not worry about how they happen. They happen because within the universe we are in they could happen. There is the possibility that they could have happened. It is the old ‘even a stopped clock is right twice a day’ scenario. They happen because they could happen. Why they happen is another consideration. Is there an intelligence out there causing them to happen? Is there an Ed out there doing something that causes them to happen a little bit easier? What if there are benevolent Eds and helpful Eds, but also trickster Eds too?

Writing this chapter about the *All Of Me* synchronicity has helped me get a clearer understanding underlying the deeper nature of these improbable possibilities that are weird and cool.

I am listening to a recording of *All Of Me* now, a backing track I have. I played it on purpose so it isn't a synchronicity. I am listening to it, and I realize that the way to think of songs when improvising on them is in the roman numeral



notation. For instance, this tune is rolling along at a nice pace. The chords are two bars each for the most part. Maybe two seconds for each chord. While just now listening to it, I was remembering the roman numeral notation for the chords and was thinking of them, and while thinking of that superimposing the correct chords based on the key I was thinking of. I can't do this for all keys yet. I was just now doing it for the key of C. But that does seem to be the way to construct an internal image of a song—at least for me at this time. Once I have that, then as long as I have the associated scales with those chord symbols, and know them in that key, then everything else should unfold from there. But as I was just doing it in my mind, I will be able to translate that to the saxophone. Otherwise it is just guessing or reacting to sounds and following along. I also really understand the idea that to be a good improviser, one would just be doing it all the time. All day with other musicians. Just playing and playing. Then you get used to it. If you know the playbook then it moves from not knowing or speaking the language, into not only knowing, but speaking, and hopefully communicating.

Well, this chapter is now at 3500 words and the time is 7:24 p.m. This half of the chapter took longer to write. Twenty minutes longer.

Total write time working on this chapter was two hours and fifty minutes. 3578 words. I kind of revised the second half as I went. I took a break for fifteen minutes. It really does seem like 3 hours is the amount of time one will need to set aside each day to write a 50,000 word book in two weeks. This is the third day I've been working on this book and I'm already at 10,870 words. My three day goal was 10,500 words. Right on target. I will have to say that I am glad to be done typing today. I'm not especially looking forward to having to sit down to type for three hours a day for the next eleven days.

### **Theosophy Experiment**

I would like to start this chapter out by stating that I am not a Theosophist. This chapter is just some reflections on what Theosophy seems to be.

What is Theosophy? From what I've read and what I've experienced, Theosophy seems to me to be an attempt at explaining what is going

on. It can be looked at as an explanation, and it can also be experienced first hand. In the ordinary world there is little mention of the experiences that people have in those realms which Theosophy describes. But to those whom have travelled into these realms and have had some unusual experiences, Theosophy seems to be the best explanation at understanding what those experiences were. Life itself is one of those experiences. This moment contains the same essence that any other moment contains. Theosophy is a road map, but it is the individual and their personal experiences which are at the heart of the matter. It is a road map that individuals who had these experiences have created in an attempt to explain what happened. Those experiences were not separate from this experience in that there is a link between the realms.

So how would I explain Theosophy to someone who knows nothing about it? I will explain it in the following manner. First I will mention how others explain it—things I've learned about by reading and by watching lectures. But these explanations will also be

tempered with my own personal experiences in the realms.

What everyone always says, and it is perhaps not said often enough, is that it is important to be wary of any and everything one encounters in these realms. There are trickster agents who will stop at nothing to undermine you at any moment—and why? Well, just because. Once their game is discovered one sees in simple clear terms that they are powerless. It is important to remember to remember that they only appear to have power. Remember that your own individual will is the governing agent for you in those realms.

The realm of the mind. Is the mind in the brain or does it extend beyond the brain? What is an individuated self? What is a soul? What is a unique entity? What is mind?

One of the things about Theosophy is that it makes an attempt to explain the realms that one can visit with the mind. The realm of dreams is part of this. Places where what is thought manifests instantaneously. A place such as this requires a mind which can function impervious to what one sees appearing before it. In a dream this

is often seen as a fear test. Certain things are shown to you to gauge your reaction. If you are able to stand up to all challenging dream situations and entities, and move past the fear, then you can begin to move about in those realms. Fear is a gatekeeper in a dream. It shows you where you are at in terms of being able to experience a dream and beyond. There are other physical peculiarities that are encountered, the dimensional explanations, and other related topics.

The first step to understanding Theosophy is to learn to control your own mind and thoughts. To be able to focus for long periods of time without wavering. To have patience. To be content to do nothing. Also, recognizing patterns is essential. They will manifest in different ways, but the core elements are the same. As one opens one's eyes in these realms, the realm manifests. It is like you push into and then are born into another realm. Awareness without words. Recognition of symbols and situations. Multiple coexisting states.

Anyone who reads the Theosophy literature should take everything in with a healthy dose of

skepticism. Firsthand experience is the key. Personal validation is essential. But keep in mind that firsthand experience could be tainted by the tricksters in the astral realms. It seems that once you get into the mind realm the tricks don't work, because all is revealed in those spheres. The card tricks don't work when you can see through the cards. So those realms are something to look forward to. A place where you can truly relax. A place where you can rest. Like the Elf kingdom in the *Lord of the Rings*. A place where all is revealed and all is in harmony.

Here, on Earth, there is much trickery. Most of it is trickery. Most is deception. Others are waiting to take advantage of you. Treachery at every turn. One has to be on guard at all times. And also how you are interpreting all of these things may be tinged with misinterpretations you yourself made. Your own lens may be skewed.

What one quickly realizes in reading the Theosophy literature is that an individual's soul or essence—a form of consciousness—can exist and function beyond the body. Those realms can be accessed at will by those who make the decision to do so. Those realms are happening here now,

around us and within us, in different scales of sizes and distributions of consciousnesses. It requires a certain amount of discipline and intention to unveil these realms. A focusing of the mind. A dissolution of belief systems.

Doing all of this isn't necessary though. You can live your whole life without thinking about such things. There isn't much advantage to knowing about these things in day to day physical existence. Other than giving you a certain peace of mind knowing that all is fine. People do it in different ways. You're running your own show. You can do it how you want. This is how I am running my show. I am questioning everything.

One of the things that is often mentioned in the Theosophy literature is how after most people die—leave the body—they find themselves in a place which is similar to Earth. They don't even know they're dead yet. They think they're still alive. They are living in a simulation of their life on Earth as they believe it still to be. They don't realize they are dead yet. The old life keeps going on.

This brings an interesting thought to my mind. How do I know that I am not currently in

that situation? How do I know that I'm not dead now? How do I know that at some point I was alive, and then I died somehow and ended up here, not knowing I died—thinking I'm still alive?

How would I know?

Well, let's say for laughs that this is the case. I died and don't know it. Well where am I then? I'm not in the world I used to be in. I died. I'm somewhere else. I think I'm still where I used to be when I was alive, but in fact, I'm not. I'm somewhere else. That means that the entire world around me is not what it once was. It might be a fabrication of my own mind. How can I tell? Where is this happening? How is this happening? How can I test the situation?

If I am 'dead' then who are the people in this world? Are they dead too? Or are they just manifestations of some type that I've created because I think I'm still alive? What can I do to test the situation?

This requires the creation of a new field of science. A new kind of scientist. A scientist who devises tests to see if they are alive or dead. Someone who delves into the psychic—the psi arena. A 'psientist'. That is what I am going to



become. A psientist. I will devise tests to see if I am in a world where others are 'alive' like me. Or if they are just fragments of my own self somehow. How could one do this?

How would one know one is dead? Well, the fact of the matter is that if someone is contemplating whether they are dead or not, they obviously aren't dead. If they were dead they wouldn't exist, so they couldn't contemplate this question. Contemplating this question means that they still exist. Existence. So the definitions are wrong. Death wouldn't be an annihilation of an individual's consciousness. It would appear that the self exists after death. It is still 'me'. That is some good news. Fear of death is unwarranted. We live forever. It is just in a different place and in a different form. What we once were is gone. We are something new. Assuming we existed before now, it is merely a question of remembering who we were and are.

Well, first one would need to understand the physics of the place we're at now. We have to understand our self and self-determination. We would need to understand our own body and what that means and what choices we have. We would

have to understand what thought is. How thought originates. How we originate a thought in our own mind. We would need to understand what is important and what isn't important. We would need to examine the society we live in—the organization of the souls and the bodies, and the interactions. The status quo, the big belief systems of a culture and people. We would need to look at all of it and then ask why? Why this and not that? Why? In doing this you will likely discover that there aren't many people who want to travel down that road. You are alone in your journey. That is the nature of the journey.

According to Theosophy there are realms where whatever you think manifests instantly. Maybe the afterlife is such a place, and having just lived a whole life (before we died) we have become so ritualized into habitual patterns of thought and action, that even though we are dead we continue along thinking all is the same. We are instantly manifesting the old world we came from and don't realize it. We have created a simulation world that is held together loosely at the seams by our own personal assumptions—assumptions that are factually incorrect. Well, if this is the case, then

how could we know, and how could we change things for the better? How can we test this hypothesis? What are some of the signs of being dead?

And what about the tricksters? What if others have this knowledge about our situation and like to mess with us? Those are the tricksters. Others know we have died and are messing about with the world we have unknowingly created based on our own memories. What if we don't know the truth about our situation, but some other entity does know. They can see us inside and out and know everything about how we think, what we think, who we are, what we believe, why we believe it, when our opinions were formed, and why we continue to hold them as truths. What if they know all this about us? What if this trickster entity is aware but doesn't care about us as an individuated self? What if they are never going to tell us this? What if they are using our delusion about the situation for their own personal benefit—but at our expense? What if they are perpetrating the myth of our perception of still being alive? If so, we are being victimized by that trickster entity. We are less than our potential.

Then what?

I just showed this to a friend and they asked me who I am writing this book for if I am dead and everyone is a creation of my own mind. I replied that I have to devise some experiments and test them out.

So the test I came up with was to go over to the cafe, with all of this in mind, and pay attention to what happens. If I'm dead and generating this world somehow based on my memories, then paying attention to this while in the cafe should reveal some inconsistencies. When I got to the cafe I sat down and there are two people next to me talking about 'story-lines, actors, original stories' and the such.

Also on the way over as I walked there were people saying things, that if I wasn't aware of the fact that I might be dead, I would not have realized were designed to keep me from realizing that I was dead (the trickster elements). And everyone was doing things, ordinary life things, but they were over-exaggerated. Like how computer generated people might look in a simulation that wasn't very good. They were clunky. They kept announcing what they were

doing. They kept saying what they were doing as they did it. Things like, “I’m putting money in the meter. I’m getting quarters and putting them in the meter.” I mean who does this other than a computer generated bot?

So an experiment in figuring out that I was dead would not just include proving this, but would involve discovering why I didn’t realize this sooner. With a positive result to the experiment the trickster element would be revealed.

So at the cafe there was nowhere to sit and eventually I found a space to sit which involved talking off all my winter ...

As I typed the word winter the person next to me said, “that’s weird, that’s cool.” Since I had recently written about synchronicities being ‘weird and cool’ in another chapter, I stopped to listen, thinking maybe something weird and cool was going to happen regarding the experiment. I paused. Then I looked at the computer screen, and saw the last word I had typed was winter, and as I looked at that word, the person next to me said the word ‘winter’ in a sentence.

Synchronicities are weird and cool. They want you to notice them.

So this is some positive results that I am indeed dead, and that people around me are some kind of creation of the simulation. This is what being a psientist involves.

Back to the experiment. Here is some more proof, as I walked in to sit down I had to remove all my heavy winter coats and things to sit down in the small place available—the only space available. As I removed my outer coat the people were talking about stories and movies. About actors. So as I removed my clothes deliberately—as an actor—they were talking about actors. I felt like an actor testing my hypothesis, a character in a play. This is probably just me projecting on the moment, but it is how I felt in that moment.

Ok, so if this is all proof that indeed I am dead, and that I am currently in some kind of creation representing reality—the place I was when alive—but not that actual reality, then the plan now is, keep proving it. More results are needed.

So far I've been able to get proof—proof for me anyway—by paying attention, but maybe this has been just a coincidence so far.

Maybe I can focus on learning who these other entities are. What they are. If I'm dead, then the world is created around me and I am within some kind of shell. Focus, Focus.

When I type I have to dim and shrink the screen because nearby people like to read what I am typing as I type. I made the mistake of not doing this in the past. So now people are chittering and chattering. The assumption is that this is just a regular cafe of random people having random conversations, and *nothing* is pertinent to me. But if I'm dead and that in fact this is a simulation or some invention by a trickster element, then what the people around me are saying is actually designed to confound and confuse me—to keep me from believing that this is just a regular world and regular life—as everyone else seems to be believing. If so, I should be able to 'catch' the trickster as it tries to figure out how to maintain this deceptive atmosphere. It has to keep the charade going with me paying attention to every detail.

I am now going to eat while paying attention to what is happening around me, all the while focusing as intently as I can on the notion

that there is a trickster element creating all of this around me—or creating my perceptions of it to put me in a certain state of mind. I will focus all concentration on this to see what happens.

As I started to eat another person came and sat down with the two people next to me. I focused and waited.

Then they talked about three things very personal and relevant to me. All very pertinent to me—three things in a row designed to elicit a negative emotional response. You couldn't think of three other things which would bring out more emotion in me. And all three things were things I had been thinking about in the past day. All of this seems to be the simulation, or trickster, or whatever it is, trying to unhinge me emotionally, or perhaps engage me to talk to these people—of which both would mean participating in a 'real world'.

Upon overhearing anything they said it would have been very natural for me to have said, "Excuse me for interrupting, but ..."

Whoa, the person bumped something loudly while I was just typing the previous sentence and said, "Sorry."



To clarify: I heard a loud noise and the word ‘sorry’ being spoken as I typed ‘excuse me for interrupting’. That seems a good proof that something is happening here—but just what, who can tell.

I had to fix some typos and finish eating. Now I am thinking of how to continue this experiment.

Should I pay attention and look for what the trickster element is saying and what it wants me to think. Focus on everything around me as being fake. Is it all fake and the trickster element is sending messages. What are the messages and what is the intent of the trickster element? That should be the focus.

Assuming A then why B?

So, assuming I am dead and the ‘people’ in the ‘cafe’ are fictitious, then what one is left with is trying to figure out why they are saying what they are saying. In other words if this is all a trickster element, then what is the trickster trying to induce in me. What is the trickster trying to get me to feel or think? What is the trickster’s intent?

Maybe the whole thing is a shell, and the trickster element isn’t one trickster, but a bunch of

tricksters. The situation around me may be animated by different entities. The people are controlled at different times by different entities, each having a different intent. This would explain the randomness to some of the random elements of life.

Right now someone came into the cafe, and is saying things like ‘weird’ and other trigger words. Talking in a sing song way. Not real. Very staged—based on past associations. It would take too long to explain, and explaining would generate karma.

Now someone is talking about publishers. Everything is designed to trigger. It is amazing. Everything being said is relevant to my life right now. As if being said to make the fictitious society seem real. The idea is to get me to react to what is being said ‘as if real.’ By keeping cool I am able to keep the trickster from accomplishing its goal. The idea is for me to remain as neutral as possible, to not think negative thoughts, but also to not think positive thoughts. I may be dealing with an evil entity—if it wasn’t evil it would reveal itself. Since it doesn’t reveal itself for what it is, it is deceptive and perhaps evil. Or maybe it is just some kind of

force that just does what it does. Maybe it isn't good or bad, it is just how it interacts with me which gives me reason to think it may be evil. This may just, like the snake in *The Little Prince*, be its nature.

As I pay attention to what is happening around me I realize that it is all designed to put me in an uncomfortable state of being, and to cause frustration and negative thoughts.

The negative thoughts generate karma and complications. The thoughts—emotions themselves, descend into the astral and substance is created. This substance that is created is something the trickster element wants or needs. The purpose now is to be aware and not get drawn into the charade.

That seems to be one of the aims of the trickster—to distract me. Fascinating how it seems to be able to access my inner self, and then has all these characters around me expressing those internal elements. It happens very quickly.

Earlier today I was meditating. It was a kind of reverie in which thoughts and associations were flying through my mind quickly. One thought would generate a bunch of associations. This is

similar to how it is before one falls asleep. Those moments when the mind is racing in a free flow of associations, but one isn't really aware of it. One forgets it.

[Person said, "Thank you I'm glad I remembered that" as I was typing 'one forgets it'.]

But as I was meditating and the thoughts were flowing, I was able to observe or 'watch' the process. It was happening, and I could see it happening, and I was conscious of all the references, and associations. It happened quickly. In about three minutes I thought of dozens of things and associations. I was doing this meditation earlier in the day during a break from playing the piano. What I am realizing now is that a lot of what just happened around me now in the cafe—the things being said—were things that flashed through my mind earlier today when I was in that meditation. Assuming that there is a trickster element at work, then it seems to gather data from a free flow part of the mind where free associations quickly come and go. Part of the mind (or brain) where this occurs without our normal consciousness knowing about. A field or

sea of impressions based on recent life events. A subconscious region of potential memories.

Think of this chapter as field notes. Somewhere in here there may be some truths which aren't as obvious now as they eventually will be. Now I am just going to type what I hear, assuming that the trickster element is communicating something to me. I'm not going to try and figure it out, just type everything I hear. This is real. I didn't make this up. Starting below this sentence are things I heard.

\*

He writes a lot about time and virtue.

Different stories. Childhood. Old stories, you don't know what he is saying. In the later timelines he references the previous timelines.

Oh I love that. Future past, and future present.

I have to go to the bathroom.

Prayer.

Miracle.

People should be.

I couldn't hear words. I know that this comes out over here.

I didn't know. No. I started listening.

I'm definitely annoyed. Good idea. I'm nope. Not even a bit. I want sugar in it. Where's the sugar. Over there. Just kidding. I feel silly. I'm very imbalanced. Coffee. Coffee. It's so annoying. Kind of rough. Sorry. There we go. Wow. That's hard, hard to do. One of those thick ones. I had to suck really hard. It's nice to have a compostable straw.

Happy New Year's professor. How are you doing? I'm a married man. We had a good time. Thirty of our family from both sides. Outdoors. Folding chairs. Purpose. Dinner. Just recounting the wedding. We did it. I'm going to go for it anyway. Certainly. Low key. Not breaking up. Been seven years. Be back in a minute. Remember you don't want to get McDonald's. I'll look up summer camp. I was literally. Bye. I've got to teach next week already. It was so slick I couldn't, oh yeah. Issue with our parent's driveway. Not have all the same weekend. We have to. Oh God. Five year calendar.

It'd be nice to go back. Maybe we can renegotiate our place in the line. Only one other school.

It almost freaked me out more when I was on the Greyhound. At one point, on a bridge, very high up. As it came closer to the bus. Another month we can all get together. Like New York. Ways to go out. In March I rented for the whole month. They lived in Jersey, really near New York. The thing with the Greenfield Greyhound bus station, there is only one time the bus comes. Shelburne Falls. Cool brewery up there that had music. Oh no. Sorry I can't stop. Pretty small. Are you guys playing out? We don't have any plans. I'm sure. Do the best, will come from you. We rehearsed for the first time in a while. Strategizing what kind of things we want to do. Keep us posted. There's one particularly.

I know how to navigate airports. Hey, hey, hey. I'm confident. I've travelled by myself. I haven't read the new one, I read the other one. I moved to California once. Wow. Way to do it. It is funny. Actually like. Nice to see you all. Congratulations. Thank you. Scented air. I feel better being in an airplane full of recycled breath. Want to go somewhere else? Um. I don't know any shops like that in Boston yet. I just don't know where. I know there is a gay club around the

corner from Norm's. I really want to go to Cambridge. Now I'm like, no you need to get back. I actually love it there. There are so many good shows there. It is so expensive. Joan Jett is playing at Fenway in the fall. I'd have to spend my entire life savings to go. I really like the Middle East. You never know what you're going to get.

I'm going to move over here. Like, you're completely correct. Arthur Fiedler. We had a great time. The first day I think I went on a safari. Is there any reality to that? That was in my book. Did you read my book? I did read your book. Never say a word to anyone. He can't string a sentence together. A beginning, a middle and an end.

\*

I'm now finished doing that part of the experiment of writing whatever I hear.

Well, a lot of things were said that had relevance to me. Quite amazing how it played out. As if someone was reading my mind—accessing my memories, and then presenting them as conversation topics. It happens continually. It is interesting. I can see how if this was happening to someone and they didn't have a frame of



reference to explain it, that it would perhaps put them in an agitated state.

I'm thinking that perhaps dreams are metaphors for being dead. It might be the same thing. Different versions of existence. All the components are the same—things gathered from your mind—they are just arranged differently. If you go to the same cafe time and time again, and the same situations arise, you begin to get suspicious. You see someone and they are doing or saying the same thing as the last time you saw them there. It is the same situation over and over and over. Or you see a type of person—a very large man with aa rough weather-beaten look, carrying a big pack. Then you stop seeing him one day, but in his place is now a woman. A large woman with old clothes and a weather-beaten face. It is as if she has taken the other man's place. The same type of person, a character in the landscape of people at the cafe, except they are never there at the same time. When one disappears, the other is there. It happens over the course of years. Replaceable people, occupying a similar role. It is the same situations. Learning experiences. As if a computer program is

controlling the situation. Things repeat. Situations. Tests. Ploys. Instigations. Unknown reasons. There is supposed to be a random element to the characters in the dream, but the mainframe is a little sluggish so things start glitching.

I was sitting here for about an hour reading through what I've written. Thinking about the experiment. Now it continues along. The same people, new people. It just continues along. New people just sat down next to me, and one of the first things someone said was, "Focus. Focus." Exactly what I thought and wrote at the beginning of this experiment when I first sat down in the cafe. Now I am hearing those words being said aloud by strangers next to me in a cafe when I am concluding this experiment. How's that for some test results? The last thing I hear for this experiment was the first thing I wrote when beginning the experiment. It continues. On and on it goes.

### **Double Day**

I didn't do any writing yesterday. Something prevented me from it. I knew I should do some,

but I didn't feel like it, so I didn't. So, I have to pick up the slack today. I'm at 15,000 words now for the book, which means I have 35,000 more to write. That's 10 days. I could just write 350 extra words a day to make up the slack. Whatever. It will work out.

The bigger problem I am facing this morning is figuring out what to write about. I don't really have anything to write about. I'm just here sipping coffee. It is 9:15 a.m. I've got nothing. What can I possibly write after having written a chapter which experimentally proved that I'm probably dead. Making up a short story seems kind of irrelevant at this point. But I'm not dead, I exist. Here is the laptop, and there are my fingers tapping away. I type therefore I exist. If I didn't exist I wouldn't be typing. I was just laying in bed thinking about what to type about, and I couldn't think of anything. Now I'm sitting here typing about nothing.

I got it in my head yesterday that I should go get all my hair cut off and then go look for long-eared owls in one of the spots I like to look for them. I haven't been over there in a year, but something was calling me last night, and I think

that there might be some there. It is a long walk through some wet icy places. It's nice. A nice little red pines woods on a rise surrounded by fields and other woods—not too far from a little stream and swamps. And no people. There's never any people over there, just dog walkers further away. They haven't discovered the owl spot. Too difficult to get to.

I had a few dreams this morning that were in an out-of-body place. I was interacting with other entities, not elementals. I think they were other entities. One can never be sure in the dream realms. They felt like friends. Then I had the most beautiful vision of a face of a woman. She was beautiful. Unlike any woman on Earth. More beautiful. More beautiful than can be imagined. The face of a god. She was smiling. It was as if she was asking, "Remember me?" And smiling and beautiful. That was nice. A dream like that can keep me going. There is something greater beyond this life. Something we don't understand, and if we can somehow just access it everything will fall into place.

I suppose yesterday I was feeling that impulse that comes along sometimes and squashes

creative plans. Like the blue meanies in the *Yellow Submarine* they come along and squash all things good. But I am going to continue in spite of this. That is one of the problems with being a creative person. Being creative is just part of being. There is no difference. The elements of a mind and brain and persona which are conducive to creativity are present at all times. It is just a matter of expressing what one holds in one's self already.

I have been fortunate to develop a resistance to these negative impulses over time. When it happens I recognize what is happening. I ignore it with a force of will power. It isn't anything special. Anyone can do it.

Hmm, I was just thinking of something. A memory popped into my head. I don't remember if it is real or a dream. Am I remembering a thought or something that happened? It has to do with one of the well-known remote viewers, Ingo Swann. He wrote a book about remote viewing called *Penetration*. In that book he talked about some of his experiences with the government and remote viewing. How he was taken to an underground bunker and asked to remote view the moon. How he was taken to a place in Alaska to

see a UFO come out of the water. How he encountered dangerous aliens in a supermarket in California. All sorts of interesting events. That was popping in my mind for some reason. I remember having thought about this at some point over the last few days, but I don't remember when. The thing about reading a book like that is that there ends up being so many outlandish claims, that one soon either accepts or doesn't accept these things as being factual or not. If one accepts them at face value, one doesn't seem to also accept the earth-shattering implications of what that would actually mean. One thinks about it matter of factly—yeah, he saw aliens in a supermarket. Not as if it was true—what the? He saw aliens! Aliens are real! In a supermarket?

I had one dream last night where I was in a big room and it was kind of like a wedding. I was going to play some music, but a brawl broke out so I decided to get out of there. Packed up my sax and headed out the door. This is the second dream like that in the past few days.

Dreams like that are always tests. I have to try to remember that when situations like that happen in a dream that I should remember to not

flee, but hang out. Moments like that can be precursors to lucidity. Just as I'm lucid now.

What if I'm not dead, but I'm dreaming? What if death and dreams are the same thing? What if my Theosophy experiment had a faulty assumption—that I was dead. Obviously I wasn't 'dead' or I couldn't have done the experiment. I might need to come up with a more comprehensive definition of 'dead' and 'dream' to better understand the context of these experiences. I will go back and re-read that chapter with a different lens—one of being in a dream, not of being dead. I'll do that later. Plus I can also revise as I'm doing that.

I'm just going to continue this chapter for now. So far it has flowed along smoothly, hopefully it will continue along at this pace. There is something really nice about typing when I am in the flow. I just thought of an experiment. See if I can write while using different parts of my mind. In other words, activate the frontal lobe and type. Activate the brain stem and type. Compare the two. Was there a difference?

Ok I will do that now. I am going to focus all of my attention on my frontal lobe. I am

focusing attention on that part of my brain. I am moving all activity there. I am ‘hearing’ the words there before I type them out. Everything is slow. Things have slowed down. It takes a little more effort to type while also maintaining focus on that area of the brain. It doesn’t feel creative. It feels factual. It feels descriptive. This is not the regular place my thoughts are generated from while typing ‘normally’.

Ok, now I am going to focus on my brain stem and do the typing to see if there is a difference. I am putting all of my awareness of consciousness in my brainstem. I am thinking of what to type. There doesn’t seem to be words in there. Words evaporate. I put all my focus on that part of my brain, now down to the throat and below, and there doesn’t seem to be any words associated with those areas. It is just a kind of peaceful feeling. It feels body-associated. Now I am yawning and stretching my muscles and I feel that I am looking forward to exercising. What words can I type from this part of my consciousness? I feel like I am in my throat center, originating thoughts from there and breathing in association with that. But I don’t feel as if I have



anything to say. I'm not feeling much of anything now. It is a different sensation. It feels like I am waiting for the words to appear and then typing them. It is passive. While typing with attention in the frontal lobe it was if the words were arriving quicker and it was just a matter of typing them out. I am back in that mode now. Focused in the front of my brain and typing out these words.

While typing I can also focus on my fingers to make sure they hit the right key. I can think of every letter in a word and watch myself spell out that word as I go. If I type with this level of attention there are fewer errors. Things seem more complete and concise.

I just reread what I wrote during that little experiment and the first thing I noticed is how when I first wrote about writing with my frontal lobe activated how 'everything had slowed down'. But upon returning to writing with attention on the frontal lobe (after writing with attention on the brain stem) it seemed very quick. I had forgotten the first time around that it seemed slow and deliberate. Interesting. I suppose compared to the slow flow feeling of the brain stem, the frontal lobe seemed quicker than it had. Everything was

relative. Or it could be other reasons, or no reasons.

That is kind of how music is. Everything depends on what precedes and what follows. The context.

I haven't played piano today. I've been working on some new things relating to chord progression, and it has been taking time. It isn't that the new things I am working on are 'difficult', just that they are 'new'. It is requiring the re-wiring of the neural connections in my brain to 'get it'. All of these things just take time.

Well, I've decided I'm going to get my hair cut for real, so I have to decide where to go. There is a good barbershop in Amherst, which is where I am thinking of going. Then from there I could go look for the owls. It is winter. Today is sunny but cold. A good day to look for long-eared owls. That was funny, the computer 'corrected' what I just typed. It changed long-eared owls to long-*haired* owls.

This is the world I live in. If there is a chance for a synchronicity to occur, it will occur. As I type, the synchronicity generator sees that I am typing about getting my hair cut. My hair is

long. So I am typing about that, and then I look at the screen, and see the words long-haired owls. It is something that someone never would think up on their own. That is why some people say that truth is stranger than fiction. Fiction requires making up things. Truth just happens. When there is the possibility of something strange happening, then eventually strange things will start happening. And we will notice those things, well, because they are strange. The synchronicities want you to notice them. They want you to see them unfold.

Well, I am going to go look for the owls. I feel like that typo is a good indicator. I feel good about what I am going to do today. This is the life of a writer. Spend a few minutes writing in the morning while relaxing in a comfortable chair sipping coffee. Make up something to do. Go do it. Come back and write about it. Also I have to eat. I'm getting hungry now. I'm hovering around 2000 words so far in this little writing session. If I can just figure out a way to write like this, at this pace, and not have it be a chore. If it could just be easy—like watching TV.

Wow, I just came up with a great idea. I can't believe what a good idea it is. It has to do

with the twenty-four hour novel. The one I want to write in twenty-four hours. I know how to do it now. It is such a good idea that I am going to forget it—these things are best not mulled over. This paragraph will be a place holder to remind me about the idea in the future.

So now it is just a question of eating some food before I head out. Eat some food. I don't feel like writing about food now, so I will spare the reader of that. Instead, I will write about not wanting to write about food. No, I will not write about anything—I'll just go eat some food so I don't pass out from fatigue when I'm hiking across the fields going to the owl hill. I guess that is it for typing for now. It looks like the piano is going to take a back seat today. Well, music never really takes a back seat—I'm usually thinking about some aspect of it. There's a lot to think about.

Well, I'm back now. I didn't see any owls in the owl woods, but it was nice to be there. My hair is short now. I guess no long-haired owls if I don't have long hair. I should have looked for short-haired owls.

When I walked out of the woods there was a sudden snow squall. It was cool. There was

another one on the ride home, and then as I was coming over the bridge there was the most incredible scene of beautiful clouds, lit in a simple heavenly way. It was beautiful. I can't express how incredible it was. I quietly uttered, "Heavenly," aloud as I realized how beautiful it was. It kept getting more beautiful as I looked at those clouds stretching across the sky. They were lit in the most incredible way, and to my left darkness and snow squalls over the big river, amazing in its own right. But ahead of me was the most exquisite scene—mountains of incredibly lit perfectly shaped clouds.

There were synchronicities here and there too while I was roaming about. I guess I'll mention a few of them.

Yesterday, after doing some practicing with some chord progression through the keys I thought to myself how this was a real milestone for me. Then I thought about the Miles Davis song *Milestones*. As I was driving today I noticed a sign for a business named Milestones.

Here are a few more. Synchronicities want you to notice them. And if a synchronicity can't be generated in time to notice, then Ed, or

whoever is causing them, will just throw something in your face for you to notice—it doesn't always have to be a synchronicity. Pay close attention when a commotion happens. Loud noises and strange events.

I parked my car and as I got out I saw a woman slowly walking toward me. I think, “Ok, what is the simulation going to throw at me to notice her.” Sure enough, the millisecond I'm done thinking that she says very loudly, “Oops!” So there's my answer. She had ‘tripped’ on something. Then she stops right in my way—right in front of the parking meter and just stands there. So I waited half a minute until she continued walking. The simulation wants me to engage somehow, but I choose not to in these situations. Anyone else would have engaged in that moment. Normal life.

I can picture Ed sitting at his synchronicity generating machine thinking, “Good. He's parking, now I can generate a synchronicity. In fact I'll generate a bunch of synchronicities. I'll check the database of all possible things that can happen in the next two minutes and I will steer reality toward actualizing the most incredible

synchronicity. Hmm, I've got nothing. No synchronicities. Chris will be expecting a synchronicity so I've got to give him something. I'll synchronize reality toward this outcome—a synchronicity where this lady stumbles and says, 'Oops.' He'll notice that. He's going to put money in the meter. Steer reality so she stops in front of him. How could he possibly not notice that string of synchronicities?"

Here's another example of the simulation at work. How it wants me to notice. I finish getting my hair cut and the barber says something about how I have a nice full head of hair. And he adds, "You don't want the other kind."

Then I walk next door to get a cup of coffee. I go to get a napkin out of a dispenser that is hanging on the wall. There is a dude ahead of me trying to get some napkins out of it. He's having trouble. For some reason he can't get the napkins out of the thing. He keeps trying. He looks at me. He's exasperated. Then I give him some encouragement. Now he kind of twists his whole body and cocks his head sideways right in front of my face. So I'm looking down at the top of his head which has a bald spot right there. So

in the barber shop the barber says aloud something to the effect of not going bald, and now circumstances have arranged things so I see exactly what the barber was referring to. All this happens within two minutes. It was weird and I noticed it.

Here's another one that happened. I was at an open mic and we were thinking of songs to do. So I suggested *Knocking on Heaven's Door* to my friend, but he thought I said *John Henry*. Then someone came up and started playing *John Henry* out of the blue. He hadn't heard our conversation. We were perplexed.

Most people don't notice these things is my guess. They are just living life, as life, within life. They haven't woken up in a synchronicity generating machine that has no operator's manual. But, that is my fate, so I do notice these things. And in noticing them they appear, one after the other, in steady succession.

Anyway, I am liking my idea of just looking at everything as if a dream. That seems to make the most sense. Thinking of everything as if I am dead, and living in some afterlife place may be closer to the truth, but I'm not going to get too



many people to take me seriously if that is my hypothesis. I think the concept of everything being a dream is more palatable. Dreams can seem real like this reality. We can be in a dream and be fooled into thinking we are awake. So why can't we be awake and not know we are dreaming? Maybe the two states of consciousness can interpenetrate each other somehow. Maybe all things weird are simply an example of this. Dream worlds might merge and collide and divide. Each person is in their own version of the dream. They intermingle. All things are possible. Death is a loss of a body, the dream continues somewhere else, in a different body. There is just as likely as here. If this moment is possible somehow, then why couldn't another moment be possible somehow that is just as likely as this one?

Well, that is about it for this chapter. In closing, I will mention another synchronicity. I was driving along Route 9 and then stopped at a red light. A car pulls next to me, and I look over. It is one of my friends. We had a laugh. But how did all of that happen? Would I have seen him if I hadn't pulled over to let the tailgater go by a few miles earlier? A realist might say something like,

“Yeah, but what about all the synchronicities that could have happened, but didn’t. How many times was a friend driving near you and you never knew about it. If that is the case, then a synchronicity that you notice might not have as much meaning if it is just the one you noticed out of the thousand that never happened because they went unnoticed.”

As I type this the Neil Young song comes on—*Dreaming Man*. Well, I’ve typed almost 3500 words today so far. I still would like to type another 3500 words today so I can keep on schedule.

### **No Worries**

10:00 a.m. Well, I didn’t do any more typing yesterday. I went to the open mic and that was fun as always—perhaps too much fun, and then I came home and went to sleep. So I’m still 3500 words ‘behind’. But I’m not really worried because that’s only 31,500 words to type over nine days. So I can pick up the slack typing a mere extra 400 words a day if I wanted. I’m never sure what to write about when I find myself in these situations. I just woke up. Had some dreams, but don’t

remember them. According to my new theory of interpreting life—that everything is a dream all the time—then this is a dream now too, but I don't realize I'm dreaming I think it's life—separate from a dream.

I'm going to just write a bunch of ideas that could be potential chapters. I could write a chapter about going to an open mic, about music theory and learning piano, about food, about things related to the body, memories, things that happened when I was younger, tales of being in the Army band, belief systems I used to have and how they prevented me from fulfillment and enjoyment, stupid things I've done, the absurdity of modern life, jazz, going to bookstores, art, or people. I could write a chapter about memories of high school, jobs I've had, sad things, happy things. Tragedy and comedy. Modern society.

I could write about other times in my life when I wanted to write a book and how I was unable to accomplish it. Thoughts I've had about writing and what it means to be a writer. I could write a chapter about my favorite books or my favorite movies. Things that have had an influence on me. Amazing people I've met along the way.

Situations. Philosophy. Culture. Science. Learning. How to learn things. Parapsychology. Memories.

It seems like the things I could write about fall into a few categories. These can be separated into things of the physical world and things of the mind. So in the category of things of the physical world would include writing about anything that happened to me during this lifetime. I could also write about anything relating to the physical world that has nothing to do with me. About other people. Writing about other people seems more interesting than writing about myself. Sure, I've had some experiences, but they are mostly about how things happened to me or a stupid idea I might have had. I could write a lot about stupid ideas I've had. I could write about the people who went along with my stupid ideas, instead of saying to me, "That is a stupid idea. Let's just go bowling."

Probably all of the problems in the world could be solved if people just went bowling instead. Just being in a bowling alley is an amazing experience. Everything about it is great. The big space first of all. It is visually vast. The repetitive nature of the lanes. The sounds of the balls rolling

down the lane. The sound of a strike. What an incredible sound. And the sounds of the people reacting to what is happening. Reactions to a strike, a split, a gutter ball, and a nice pick up. There is the unknown element—sometimes something weird happens. Something unusual and quirky. And all the lights flashing all the time and the ambience.

I love how you have to rent shoes. I love that. The special shoes. I love how some people have their own gear. How they have special wrist braces, and shirts, and rituals and superstitions. I like how there are leagues and teams. Everything about it is cool. I like how you can just go bowling any old time for no reason.

Everything could be solved by bowling. When your relationship is falling apart, and nothing is working, you could just go bowling. If things didn't work out, at least you went bowling. The reader might be wondering when the last time I went bowling was if I love it so much. The answer would be 1992. I might go bowling today. In fact, I think I am going to go bowling. There used to be a place that had duck pins somewhere around here. I wonder if that place is still there. I

really think I might go bowling. I could fill in the rest of this chapter with that experience.

I could ask around to see if anyone wants to go bowling or I could just go by myself. I could go when a league is playing and write about all of the people. I could watch them and how they interrelate with each other. I could see if they are happy or disappointed. Are they happy just to be bowling, or are they disappointed that they didn't get a higher score. That would give me something to write about.

I love how there is a top score that you can get, and I love that the top score is '300'. I love that. When you are done you have a number, somewhere between 0 and 300.

Oh, I just thought of something that might be fun to do. Ok, so do you know how the bowling alleys now-a-days have computerized scoring systems? Those monitors above the lanes which automatically track how many pins fell and show the results up on the screen? And how those monitors also have funny animations which reflect how you did. Like if you get a strike there is an animation which shows something amazing because a strike is the best you can do. Like how if

you throw three strikes in a row there is an animation of something to do with a turkey celebrating and showing off (three strikes in a row is called a turkey). Or if you throw a gutter ball there is an animation of a bowling pin laughing at you. Or if you leave a 7-10 split there is another animation? Ok, I'm assuming you know about these monitors in the bowling alley and how these animations are actual things. Some old-timers might not know what I'm writing about if they haven't been to a bowling alley in a few decades. They might want to look into it a little bit.

Anyway, those animations were all created by someone somewhere. Somebody had a list of all the possibilities that could happen, and then made the animations for those possibilities. Next time I'm at a bowling alley (which might be today), I'm going to pay attention to those animations and see how many different ones there are, and how they relate to how the person just bowled. But, what I'm going to do is just throw gutter balls for the whole game to see if the person who made the animations made special animations if the person bowling just kept throwing gutter balls for the whole game. For

instance, there is an animation for when a gutter ball is thrown. But how many different animations are there? Is there a different animation if the gutter ball was thrown on the first ball of the frame as compared to the second ball of the frame. Is there a unique animation for a gutter ball thrown when a spare was possible? What I want to know is if there is a special animation if you throw all gutter balls for the whole game and end up with a zero. And if so I want to see that animation. Do the animations get progressively funnier if you continue to throw gutter balls. Did the people who design those animations also have a creative playfulness?

Was there a meeting somewhere, some late afternoon in a boardroom, where the person designing the animations was making a presentation and pitched the idea of having successively more humorous animations if someone threw three gutter balls in a row, or three frames of gutter balls in a row, or a whole game of gutter balls. It is possible to do—within the technology—because the computer system knows to show that cartoon turkey doing a celebration after three strikes. In that meeting did that



designer say, “And if a person throws a whole game of gutter balls, we made a special animation to represent that special futility in bowling. The animation is twenty seconds long, instead of three seconds long.”

Think how cool of a world that would be if people would think of these kinds of things. It would be like an easter egg in a video game, but in real life. I wonder if there is anything on the internet now that talks about these things. I wonder if someone has a blog about the animations in bowling alleys. And think how cool it would be to live in a world where everyone was creative to the point where when they went bowling they brought along a flash drive that had their own animations on it. So that when they threw a strike a special animation of their own design showed up on the monitor above that lane. This is the kind of world that is in my mind. Where possibilities happen. Instead it seems to be a world where people worry about things that should be instantly forgotten, and ‘cool’ things are only cool enough to sell a product, and created without being cool for coolness-sake, but as a minimal attempt at ‘making something seem cool’.

That could be a whole chapter too. The difference between something that is actually cool, and something that is apparently cool. Wow, I just zipped out 1500 words about bowling in forty minutes. It felt like a couple hundred words in ten minutes. This is when writing is enjoyable. When there is something to write about and the ideas just keep floating. I'm going to go bowling today, and I want to go to the duck pin lane if it still exists. Yo Ed, here is your big chance to set up some synchronicities—I'm going bowling this afternoon. Make it happen!

6:15 p.m.

It turns out that there were no bowling alleys open this afternoon, so I went for a drive to take care of a few errands. Then I ended up here typing at an open mic. I figured I could stay at home and maybe type, or come here and definitely type. So here I am. It is a typical open mic thing. I arrive first and the list only has two spots open. All the names are written in the same handwriting and no other musicians are here. That is part of what an open mic is. Fine, that is what it is. Prepare accordingly and don't fret about it. There are no official 'rules' about how an

open mic is. It's up to the person running it. We don't know the back stories. Just get there before the person running it gets there if you want a spot.

So I find the most comfortable seat in the house, buy a tea, and start typing. No sooner do I start typing than one of my friends shows up.

“I have a question about, I hope you, you're busy, yeah, I had a question. Why do some open mics have feedback? That screechy sound. My question is why does it happen?”

I then start to explain to her why it happens —because of the feedback loop created between the mic and the loudspeaker. Then she quickly begins talking about something else. I ask why she has not seemed to care about the response I gave her. She says that she had already researched it, and knows it happens from the feedback loop. I then asked why she asked me if she knew in the first place. Then she said she thinks it's caused by the speaker stands. I say that it probably has nothing to do with whether a speaker is on a stand or not. Then she got agitated and took off.

Well, I will treat this as a dream. That these are dream characters 'acting' their parts within the dream. It is the same routines that everyone

does. As in the dream. It is predictable. It is how it would be if it *was* a dream, continuing in the same way as if no time had passed.

As long as I remember it is a dream, things are cool. Life is but a dream. Dreams have parts where dream characters come and try to upset me somehow. As long as I keep this in mind then things should be cool.

I just realized that the other interesting thing about that interaction was a random name drop which could be interpreted as a deliberately dropped trigger. This is how things in a dream would develop. Triggers in a dream would be unresolved life situations pulled from your own subconscious interpretations.

There is someone with a loud voice who isn't aware that they have a loud voice. They are babbling. Making chirpy sounds and it sounds like fake or made up voices. Screaming now. The more I type about it the louder she is. Now she is singing, "And you're to blame. You give love a bad name." There are dogs and she keeps talking to them in baby voices and sing song voices. I wonder if she is aware of how much she dominates the soundscape.

Now my friend came back. She is going to sit nearby now. Dogs are barking. I'm just going to keep typing away. I could have gone to a bowling alley. I could be bowling right now. That would have been cool. Instead I am in this other situation at the open mic.

I'm probably not going to say anything and try to figure out what is going on. She just dropped a whole bunch more triggers on me about some other topics. Things dating back two years. Weird, how I see very few people, but when I see them they are talking about things that I'd forgotten about, but that are something that someone with a dossier on me would know are potential triggers. It even happens when I'm near strangers. I have to make the screen smaller so she doesn't look at what I am typing about. Well, none of this stuff actually triggers me any more. Yeah, she keeps glancing over at at the screen thinking I can't see how curious she is about what I'm typing. Well, if she reads the book she'll find out.

How many times is this guy going to ask if his dog needs to go outside? It is just how people communicate sometimes, they talk to each other through their dogs. It is weird when you are

aware of how people do that. Then when it happens you notice it even more. I am not judging anyone about this one way or the other. When I had a cat I used to do the same thing. It is just one of those human/pet behavioral things. He just came back in after taking the dog out to pee, and the first thing he said upon walking in the door was, “Good job!”—to his dog, but in a way that we all heard him. It is as if he was communicating to us that, yes, his dog successfully peed. But for what reason? It’s weird.

Well, one thing I’m noticing is that that little dog gets a lot of attention. Nothing wrong with that. Just regular life stuff. Is it just me or are dogs getting smaller and cuter? Just when I think I’ve seen the cutest smallest dog imaginable, another comes along that is even smaller and even cuter. I like to ask people with little dogs what kind of cat it is. They always have a laugh.

Now I am having a long conversation with my friend. I’m trying to understand what she is talking about, but I’m having trouble following along.

The open mic has started.

Another person with a dog is talking to someone (no one in particular) through the dog. It is like fishing for a reaction sometimes. But it is ok because that cat is really small and really cute.

The open mic has started. We're not supposed to talk, but I keep forgetting. Now a slow spot in the song. Now it is over. A big applause.

Well, I was in a long conversation, so I'm not doing much typing. Well, this chapter is disintegrating all around me.

The key to being in these dreams, is to not have a preference. Just let it happen and then forget about it. If all is illusion, then how can anything be taken seriously?

Now I'm sitting here holding a copy of Carlos Castaneda's *Tales of Power* while hanging out with my friends at the open mic. The review on the back of it starts with, 'A splendid book.'

Now this guy is rocking some awesome poetry. Finally I'm hearing some good poetry. It's like I'm in a *Donnie Darko* sequel that is better than the original. Suddenly a guy wearing a fluorescent yellow full-body motorcycle suit, with orange fluorescent stripes and patches, and a giant helmet walks in. He's just standing there. Random. He

look like a giant astronaut. We're seeing the astronaut, but we're thinking, "Nah, that's just a motorcycle guy."

These aren't really synchronicities. They are more like just random dream things. Some new type of psi effect.

Then my other friend said something about how the 'astronaut' was unusual. I thought that was funny that we were both thinking the same thing. He did seem out of place, plus he seemed like he was eight feet tall. He was a giant. He looked like an astronaut. His hair was perfectly messed up in just the right way. Perhaps too perfectly messed up in just the right way.

Well, a bunch of other things happened as usual, and I wasn't writing, so I don't remember everything exactly that happened. All I remember is that I had some good laughs. It was a lot of fun, and isn't that what going out should be about? Having fun with your friends.

What ended up happening was just what I was hoping would happen, my friend and I kind of got in synch eventually and then we all started having fun. I heard some good music. I don't



remember it all. I will try and type random things about what happened.

We were playing parlor games with the books asking questions. My friend asked a question and then I was picking the books randomly opening pages to see if there was meaning in the passages I'd open to. It was working, but in a way that I wasn't comfortable reading aloud what I was seeing. So then I remembered that it is supposed to be the person asking the question who should randomly pick the page out of the book. That seemed to work better, so it was a good demonstration of some kind of psi effect. The results can either be interpreted as the truth, or as a chuckle supplied by a trickster.

I'm now wondering about what would be considered proof of the psi effect? For example in science someone will discover something, like the temperature water freezes at. Then they will formally announce that to other people. Other people can then check on their own to see if that is true or not. If they agree, and then more and more people agree as well, eventually that becomes generally believed as a fact. It's official,

but it isn't official. At the quantum level it's chutes and ladders.

The thing about science is that there is so much to it, so many avenues of discovery, that for an individual to personally validate what is presented as scientific fact in the media—on television, online, in print, music, magazine, or any public performance—would be an impossible task. Most science is believed with the assumption that the information is being presented as actual and factual. Keep in mind always that there are tricksters at every level, and they delight in confusing humans. One should still feel free to investigate further whatever subject one wants to. And if you find glaring inconsistencies between the official story and what you're discovering there should be a way to let others know.

So in order to prove the psi effect one would really need a good definition of what psi is. And I will attempt to do that now. To me, psi is something that happens that is in some way unusual because it wasn't expected to have happened in the way that it did. It is an unexpected phenomenon that catches our attention. It is noticeable as being unusual. It is

something that can not be explained with conventional thinking. There is no logical or scientific explanation.

This describes psi in a general way—something unexpected, sure, but a lot of things are unexpected that aren't considered psi. I didn't expect that guy to walk out of the doorway into me. It was unexpected and caught my attention. How come that isn't psi? Because it can be explained by conventional logic and the physics of our world. It is explainable. You both have bodies which are solid, in this medium of air, at this size of scale relative to another size of scale. Our bodies occupy a certain amount of space. We can move over certain distances at certain speeds. Our bodies can accidentally collide into each other if we don't pay attention. We don't merge into each other like two bodies of water might. That is because the rules of physics for this world at this size of scale just don't allow it. If you were dreaming it might be different. It would be like in *The Terminator*. You could change from liquid to solid, disintegrate into separate pieces and then recombine into one form, or change forms

instantaneously or otherwise, based on your intentions in the moments.

So psi has to include something which can not be explained by conventional physics. When I notice it happening around me I'll usually say something about how it is happening, and then it happens more. I'll call attention to the fact that psi is happening, and then it will keep happening and continue to happen. Sometimes other people see it happening too.

I have gotten off on a lot of sidetracks here. The point I am trying to make is that there was some psi effect happening, and everyone was aware of it. But that has to do with some kind of vibrational arrangement in the energies of people. It has to do with the simpatico relationships between different people.

Some people call it the aura, some people call it chakra energies, some call it energy or chi, others still have their own systems of explanation. Whatever the explanations are, how it is understood or expressed, in whatever time or culture, or even planet or imaginable reality, is secondary to what it actually is. It's a sea of soup. However we explain it is different than what it is.

It is what it is. It is experiential. The psi effect involves unexpected things. Things which can not be explained by our current belief systems. The fact that the psi effect happens, is proof that our belief system is wrong, not that psi effect doesn't exist. So, in order to approach psi, one needs to shed belief systems which don't accept the reality of the psi effect.

The shedding of belief systems is something which should not be taken lightly. It is unlikely to happen on its own, and casual encounters with the psi effect will do little to change someone's opinion about the validity of psi.

So how do you prove something to someone who has a belief system which precludes them from believing what you are trying to prove to them?

By definition, there is only one universe. Just as there is one truth. It is what it is. Whatever it is, it is. That's it. There's only three dimensions too.

Anyway, I am home now and wondering whether I should keep typing. I got to 3500 words today already, but I'm still behind my intended schedule since I skipped that one day typing I'm still 3500 words behind. I'm not feeling stressed

out about it. I'm at 22,076 right now, which means tomorrow I will hit the 25,000 mark, which also means this book will be halfway done. It might make sense to read through the first half tomorrow as well just to see how much revision still needs to be done. That will also give me some good information about writing the rest of this book. If I find a lot of passages and places where I have to do revising then I'll know that while writing the second half of the book that I should be more careful.

I'm writing this paragraph fifteen days after when I started to write this book. I finished writing yesterday. I've been revising this morning. I can read and revise about 7000 words in an hour. That is the pace. So it will take about seven hours to revise this book. It has been going good. I'm almost halfway done. I'm not sure if I'm going to do another readthrough before printing my red line copy. I probably will because the goal is not to have to red line more than once. I don't want to have to do two readthroughs on the laptop, but it is probably the best plan. It will make my life easier in a few days. Because of that change of plan I might not get the proof copy printed until

Monday. That's why I gave myself a week for revising and editing.

Me again. It's the next day after having written the above paragraph. It's 9:43 p.m. on Saturday. I'm doing the second readthrough now on the laptop. I'm glad I'm doing it—not just because it'll make red lining easier since I've caught a few things here and there that still needed adjusting—but because I'm kind of enjoying taking my time reading what I've written. It is kind of cool how this book all came together.

### **A Headache Day**

3:47pm (22,355)

It was a day that started with a headache. I just stayed in bed and tried to get back to sleep. I knew I was going to get a headache. I knew I wasn't drinking as much water as I should. I could feel the pain from the kidney stones and I thought, "Drink some more water."

But I didn't for seem reason. The day before I ate food I usually don't eat. And I had some tea. I didn't check to see what kind of tea it was. There could have been some weird chemicals in it. It could have been the bread I ate. Could have been

any of these reasons that gave me the headache. Or it could have been some stress that is buried so deep in me that I don't even know the causes. It might have nothing to do with food.

I don't know what caused the headache. Could have been any one of these things, or it could have been because of something else I haven't considered. A mystery ailment. Who knows. Maybe it is because of some electromagnetic static from the power lines. Or some other anomaly. Or a fragrance someone wore that I smelled two days ago and it had a delayed effect in generating the headache.

Maybe it was because I ate a beet on Monday and some chemical in the beet effected a certain neurotransmitter in my brain, which caused a change in some combinations in some of the other neurotransmitters to interact in such a way that the headache was an inevitability. Maybe it could have only been prevented if I had eaten a carrot sometime Wednesday afternoon. It's all mostly unknowns.

I don't want to venture down the conspiracy alley where some of my friends live. They'd say it is some kind of weaponized rays that cause the



headaches, or that there are nano-bots in us that can be turned on by an artificial intelligence housed in a satellite in orbit. The ai causes the headache because for some reason we are on its bad list, or it is doing experiments on people.

Some of my other friends might say it was because I was sleeping wrong. I wasn't breathing properly. It could be something else. Who knows what causes the headache. I could guess and then believe a reason I came up with is the 'correct' explanation. Then I might modify my behavior. But what if I guessed wrong and gave up eating something that was actually good for me? That would be unfortunate. I'd actually be harming myself inadvertently with behavior based on a factually incorrect belief. What kind of doctor could possibly help with any of this? Who could help me come to a factual solution? I usually just tell myself the cause is that I didn't drink enough water. So I drank more water today. I don't associate it with the bread I was eating, because maybe that wasn't it. But maybe I won't eat bread for a week and then take notice next time I eat some.

So the headache really was a nuisance, but eventually it went away. It has been a drawn-out day. Very gray and gloomy. A certain type of cloud coverage. Now I'm typing this book again. I'm still behind 3500 words, and today might not be the day that I catch up. I'm not sure yet. I might get in a mood and just type. It's 4:00 p.m. now. I don't have anything planned for the rest of the day except playing a little bit of piano. I have plenty of time to type away. I'm 2000 words away from being halfway done the book. I just remembered; I was planning on doing a revision of the whole book up to 25,000 words (once I get there). I don't think that is going to happen today. I'm feeling too sleepy. Mostly I am planning on typing for as much as I can stand it, and then making something to eat. Then typing some more. I'll just keep going until I can't take it any more. I need something easy to type about.

I made a mock-up for the cover of this book and showed it to my friend, and she thought the title *I Wrote This Book In Two Weeks* seemed too much like a sentence, not a title. So then I asked what she thought might be a good title, and as she thought for a moment I was thinking in my mind

‘*The Two Week Book*’, and then she said aloud, “*The Two Week Book*.”

So in my mind at the time I realized, “That’s what I was thinking too. She concurred! Maybe I *should* use that as the title.”

And that is kind of how I was leaning, but now, as I write this out, I am wondering if maybe she said *The Two Week Book* because maybe there was thought transference. She might have picked up what I was thinking at the time. Maybe when she paused to think of a title for the book her mind went into receive mode, and what she received was what I was thinking at the time—I would have been the transmitter.

If that is the case, besides being amazing that we can transmit and receive thoughts, it doesn’t help me to decide whether it is a good title or not. If all she was doing was repeating what I was thinking, then it wasn’t a uniquely originating concordant idea for the name of the book. To her point about the other title being weird because it is a sentence. I agree with that. Even if this is alt lit, I’m not looking to do things differently just to do them differently. If it winds up that way, then fine.

I'm thinking that I will call it *The Two Week Book* instead of *I Wrote this Book In Two Weeks*. It still conveys the information that the book was written in two weeks. It could be, however, that I think of an entirely new title for the book. Something amazing might happen to me over the next few days. Maybe I'll be taken into space by aliens, or meet a vampire, or do some random heroic act, or have some deep insight into improving urban planning. Then it would seem frivolous calling this *The Two Week Book*. I'd want to call it *Three Days With A Pleiadian* or something like that.

I'm looking forward to working on designs. The computer just blacked out, so I had to shut it down. Then I went and made dinner. Now I'm back typing at 5:36 p.m. I've typed 1089 words so far today. 2000 more words and I will be half-way through this book. I will now write about things writers think about.

What should I call my book? What should the cover look like? How many words do I have to write? How do I know if it is good or not? Why doesn't anybody buy my book? How come I can't start writing? What should my book be about?

What should the names of the characters be?  
What should my book be about?

Now I will just type with my mind empty and see what happens. I will type while describing my body sensations. My neck feels stiff. If I move it a little bit this way or that it feels good. I feel a pain in my lower right back. It feels like a kidney stone. I have been drinking water, but maybe I should drink some more. Float it out of there before it gets too big.

My neck feels stiff so I'm slowly stretching it while typing. Now I am starting to take breaths and yawning. I feel tension releasing around my eyes. I am stretching the muscles in my face. My neck is making cracking noises. I'm breathing very deeply. I'm stretching my fingers and taking deep breathes. I'm yawning. I'm not thinking of much else other than stretching. Letting it all go. I am looking forward to exercising today. I have been lifting my weights for a few days in a row, and have done some sit ups for a few days in a row. I'm at the point when sometimes I'll stop exercising, but I am going to make sure I exercise today after typing.

My feet feel weird. Like pins and needles. I feel like I should massage them and get the blood flowing. Those are the narrowest passageways of veins and arteries if my memory is correct. Capillaries. That's what I was told anyway. If that is the case then those areas should be kept in a high energy state so that conditions are optimum for this transition area of the blood.

Right now I feel pins and needles in my feet. I feel like I should massage them and chase that feeling away. I'm rubbing my neck. I feel like my whole body is very tense. I might have to do some exercises and get my blood flowing somehow and see if I can chase this feeling away. It is slightly uncomfortable. I'm not sure how to describe it exactly except it feels kind of like a negative energy. Like a depletion of energy, and that cause an unsettled feeling. All the little possible aches and pains all come to the forefront at the same time. I don't want to focus on it so I am going to do some stretching and exercise and see if that will improve how I am feeling.

I do feel a little bit better. Now I just have to think about something to type about. Oh, I remember, I just was thinking about typing a

chapter about the key of Ab Minor. I think I will do that now. I started writing that out, and it was too slow going. That requires really plodding along. Now my back is hurting more. I am going to have to start drinking a lot of water now. I hope this isn't a kidney stone. I've really had enough of them. I've modified my diet, and have been trying to do everything 'right.' I'm trying to take care of myself, but it doesn't seem to always work.

Well I took a break from writing and just read about how I was feeling ill. I don't remember that. So it is good I wrote it down to remind myself so that I know that I'm feeling better now than I did when I wrote that. Now it is 6:48 p.m. I've been in writing mode for three hours—since 3:47 when I started this chapter. In that time I've written about 1760 words. That is only 600 words an hour over three hours. I know that I ate dinner and was exercising in that time too, but it doesn't seem like much for being in 'writer mode' for three hours. Writer mode means that I am going to write, then take a break, then write some more. And sometimes I want to take a break for a half hour or more, and I know that I will have to get back to writing at some point sooner or later. So if

I am in the middle of 3500 words I'm not likely to play piano for an hour and then go back to writing. It doesn't seem like they want to intermingle for some reason. Maybe I should force myself to play piano for a little bit and see if that effects the writing. Mostly right now I don't feel much like writing, because this doesn't seem like writing to me. It seems like typing. I'm not putting much effort into thinking of something new to write about. This is mostly just going to be a disappointing part of the book.

Well, maybe not too disappointing. If the reader can continue reading for another 450 words, they will have reached the 25,000th word in the book—halfway to completion. This is a milestone. Since this is a book with a title conveying the information that it was written in two weeks, and a lot of the writing in the book is about this process, it seems worth including when the halfway point in the book itself was reached. The halfway point for me while I was typing it, not the actual halfway point in the book. As I am typing this now, there are about 500 additional words further below on the screen. Potential future chapters and the coda. So, when I reach the



25,000th word to be typed while typing this book, it will not be the actual 25,000th sequential word in the book. But the part of the book in the neighborhood of the halfway point of the book. This paragraph is probably confusing and I should reword it, but I'm leaving it how it is. It is just a technicality that doesn't really matter.

Now that that is out of the way I can relax and type away. 300 words until 25,000 for this book. I am glad I decided to change the number of words in my alt lit books from 75,000 to 50,000. I've been at this for about a week. I think I'll be able to type another 25,000 over the next week without too much difficulty. If I had kept 70,000 as the word count of my books I know that right now I would feel like it was too much. It would have been overwhelming. Writing isn't easy. Even when things are going well, when you are relaxed, and the words are flowing and everything is easy, it isn't easy. Not like taking a nap in a hammock is easy. Writing can be, however, relatively easy. Relatively easy compared to being very difficult. Anyway, knowing what writing this book over the past week has involved, and knowing that I will have another week to continue

along in a similar way, I feel optimistic. I am actually looking forward to red lining the first (and hopefully last) draft. Knowing that I have a whole week to go through it and then another week to make the first print run is especially satisfying. So, as long as I keep that in mind while writing this chapter everything should proceed well.

One of the interesting things about writing is that it really brings home the notion that a steady pace will bring about big results over time. Everyone knows this—has heard of this—there are plenty of sayings about the advantages of the steady pace. Like the story about the tortoise and the hare. This isn't news to anybody. But to see it play out while writing is especially rewarding. I hope that if there are any readers who aren't also writers they will feel a sense of what it is like to be a writer by reading this book. 25,000 words! Halfway home!

What just happened was at 7:10 p.m. I decided to do a readthrough to check for typos and do any revision as needed. Well, now it is 9:40 p.m. It took two and a half hours to go through 25,000 words. It seemed pretty good for the most part. I only added 300 words or so, so not much

needed additional clarifying. I feel like my plan of revising as I write is working well. I'll probably read through the first part again, but I feels like I could print it out as is and not have to worry much about finding too many things that need red lining.

So all that is left for me to do is continue along. Seven more days of 3500 words per day. It seems as if this book has ended up being about synchronicities, psi phenomenon, Theosophy, and writing. I just checked and there were only four double spaces today. Those might have just been caused by how I typed, not the laptop malfunctioning. So evidently that problem has solved itself for the time being. That is it for today. I'm glad I did that readthrough. Let me rephrase that. I'm glad that readthrough is done.

Little did I know that I would do two more readthroughs on the laptop before printing the red line copy.

### **A Warm Day**

5:40 p.m Current word count: 25,555.

It is another day. It was in the 60s today which is unusual for winter in New England. I

walked around without a hat or coat. It felt good. The sun was out. It was breezy. I wandered around Northampton looking for anyone I might know so I would have something to write about. But I couldn't find anyone I knew, so I stopped by the art store and said hi to my friends there. They were surprised I had such short hair. I like to go in there to look at all the art supplies—sometimes it helps me get ideas. But I didn't get any ideas this time. While I was in there I reminded myself that I was thinking of painting some small oil paintings. I was kind of looking at the supplies. In the back of my mind I have the thought of making some small oil paintings. I've painted in oils a few times in the past. I'm kind of thinking that might be the way to go. I could work on them the last two weeks of the month when I'm not writing.

Well, it has been an interesting week writing this book. It feels like longer than a week. It feels like I don't remember when I started writing. It feels like this is a book in progress that was always happening.

I wandered over to the train station. There is just one train that comes through each day.

There's one train that leaves to Washington in the morning, and it returns later that night. That is the one train heading south. There's one that heads north that leaves in the late afternoon, but it doesn't come back this way until the next day. That one goes to Vermont, but not all the way to Burlington. It looks like it is possible to take an early train to New York City, get there in the morning, hang out, then get the train coming back later that night. That is \$100. Something like that.

Too bad you can't get a train up to Montreal. That would be cool. This kind of is crappy place to live sometimes. I thought by 2020 things would have improved, but they haven't. You can't even get a train to Boston.

Well, we do the best we can with what we have to work with. I'm probably not going to jump on that train, but it would be a good thing to do to generate some interesting things to write about. I could just imagine what happens and write about that.

I'm having trouble taking writing this book seriously right now. I'm writing about imagining what might happen on an imagined trip to New York. A make believe story. It seems so absurd.

Even writing about anything at all seems absurd to me right now. I have no idea what is interesting to read about or not. I'm just hoping that there will be something in this book which will hold someone's interest long enough that they enjoy the experience of reading this. I'm going to make this book regardless, and I'm going to make another one next month. And guess what? The month after that I am going to write and publish another book. It's what I do. I'm a paperback writer, like in that pop tune.

Right now though I'm not doing much writing. I was just day dreaming about all sorts of things. It would be too complicated to try and write about it. I'm searching my mind and emotions and I'm trying to think of something good to write about. It'll happen at some point. I'm not sure how long it is going to take. It really isn't happening right now. Well, in these moments of writer's block, the important thing to do, at least for alt lit writers, is to keep writing. If you can't think of anything to write, then write that you can't think of anything to write. Just like I am doing right now. I usually have things to write about fortunately, so I don't have much problem

with writer's block. I suppose this chapter so far is as much writer's block that I've ever had. I don't really feel like it was writer's block though, because I'm actually writing. It was something else. Good content block. Original prose deficit.

It was more like I stopped writing and was having a vision of deep thoughts which were too complex to even know how to begin writing about them. That isn't really writer's block as I understand writer's block. Writer's block is more like someone struggling to think of something to write. Someone sweating and breaking pencils and ripping paper into little pieces. That is kind of how I imagine writer's block being. Someone brewing an extra pot of coffee at midnight. I don't experience that. I'll see something like that in a movie sometimes.

Even with all of this slow going writing this chapter, I'm still at 800 words in a half hour. I'm hardly typing, and still 800 words an hour. I'm beginning to think of writing as walking. As long as you are walking you will arrive at your destination. That is kind of what writing is like. As long as you are typing you will write the book. It is really a very simple proposition. Keep typing and

eventually you will have typed tens of thousand of words. They will be organized on sheets of paper and glued together and that is what a book is. A book is concrete thought.

I might go get some food. I feel really hungry right now even though I just ate dinner. I'm not sure what to get though. Maybe instead I should make some coffee and focus in on typing this chapter. Sure, maybe I'll have trouble sleeping, but that's the idea. Writers drink coffee and type. We type. Once you know that you are a writer, that's pretty much the end game. Writers are a kind of priesthood. Only a writer knows what it is like to write a book. A non-writer can only imagine. An author knows. But apart from that romantic notion of being a writer, what it really is is just being fanatical and typing a lot. Typing the day away. 1000 words in forty minutes.

I didn't really have anything amazing happen today. No incredible synchronicities, no deep thoughts on whether I am dead or in a dream, no desires to go bowling. Just a simple day of working on some piano things. I might transcribe my piano practice journal to have a record of it. That might take a bit of work, but it



might be pretty cool if people could see what I was working on on the piano in December 2019. That would be a cool chapter. Maybe I'll do that. It probably would be good for me to do that since it would consolidate in my mind what I was working on.

The thing with piano is that there is so much to know, and so much to work on at any moment, that it could occupy one's day from the moment one awoke until the moment one fell asleep, and it would still feel as if no progress was made regarding any facet of the instrument. That's how it feels sometimes, but the reality of it, for me anyway, is that if I focus in on some aspect of playing the piano, and devote focused study for a half hour to an hour a day on that aspect of study, then in two weeks I will have rewired neural pathways and established muscle memory. I will have learned something new. Then those new skills are in the tool kit. That is what learning is like for me. It is simply a matter of knowing what to focus on and taking the time to work on those areas.

I took a break and was playing a little blitz chess. It isn't really like chess, and it is very much

like chess. I might write a chapter about chess, but not a book. I'm not a very good chess player, even though I did once beat the Harvard Square chess master back in the late eighties. But that was only because the moves I was making were so outlandish that it sent him off his game. It wasn't like I had a game plan. He ran out of time because the absurdity of the game in front of him was too much. He was getting caught in feedback loops. He was looking for a surprise attack that wasn't there. He thought there was one hidden there, because my moves were so bizarre. He assumed I knew what I was doing. He psyched himself out. As soon as his clock ran out of time he packed his board up and high-tailed it out of there. It reminded me of that janitor at the end of the *Rocky and Bullwinkle* show who is sweeping confetti at the end of the credits. He reminded me of that as he scurried away with his chess board rolled up under his arm. I stood there for fifteen minutes grinning in shock saying to anyone who walked by, "I just beat the chess master."

I never really bothered to learn the chess openings; I was always too impatient. I was always looking for a way to sacrifice two pieces and then

make some amazing checkmate with a pawn. But those kinds of games never actually happen. I never stopped to really understand the game—the concepts, the strategies, the openings, all that chess stuff. Who would want to learn all of that? It's a lot of work, and unless you are the best player in the world, there is always someone better than you. And an ai will always beat you anyway.

Over the past few months I got a lot better at chess, mostly because I hurt my back moving an amp and was pretty much laid up. I had to do special stretching and really take caution for a few weeks. I was barely able to get out to the store, but I kept my spirits up and saw it through. I was worried that it might not heal properly. Then what would I do? Anyway, during that time it was painful to even play piano, so I ended up playing more chess on my phone. The chess website had a lot of new features since when I was playing a few years back. It has this whole thing when after you play a game, if you want, you can go back and see how the moves you made compared to the 'best' moves. So after each game I took the time to really study what moves I should have made and also

why. After doing that I had a better understanding of the openings.

Oh yeah, it also tells you when you made a blunder, and also an ‘inaccurate’ move. So you can see where you started going astray. So by utilizing those features, and taking the time to really understand what I was doing right and wrong, my game improved quite a bit. I also noticed that the games I was playing weren’t ending when I made a blunder, but were continuing past the middle game and into more end games. I started seeing a lot more interesting situations when there were fewer pieces on the board. And I payed attention more to see what the best moves to make would be and why. And I looked closer at the possible ramifications of my moves. The key to it seems to be seeing all the possibilities about two or three moves out at once, and then just moving the best move in the moment. Once you can wrap your head around that it becomes a different game.

For me it involves looking at the board and quickly thinking the following regarding each piece and each piece in proximity. Is this piece... Threatened? Protected? Threatening? Protecting?

Doomed? Safe? Mobile? Blocked? Pined? Forked? There are a lot of things to consider, and they all change after each move. The knights. You really have to pay attention to knights. You don't want your opponent to have two knights in the end game. You might lose your queen in a hurry if you're not careful. Well, I'll probably remain about where I am in chess because I can see how much more study would be required to get really really good. I'd rather just play blitz chess and have a relaxing time. It is the same fun at whatever level you're playing because you're playing at roughly the same level as your opponent. It's the same amount of challenge.

I just realized that I never really explained what blitz chess is. It is a timed game of chess that I play online against presumably other people, but I suspect they are ai sometimes. I might explain why I think this later on.

Ok, so these online games are timed. The game starts and the first player's clock starts to countdown. When they make a move their clock stops, and the other player's clock starts and counts down until *they* make a move. And so on it goes. You can lose if you get checkmated, if you

resign, or if your clock runs out of time. When I was playing a few months ago I was playing games with fifteen minutes on the timers, and an extra ten seconds got added after each move. So those games very rarely ran out of time. Somebody usually blundered way before they got checkmated. It was good to study those games and learn some strategies.

So that isn't blitz chess. Blitz chess is just three minutes on the timers, and no extra time after a move. So it is a quick game. It is easy to make blunders because things move real fast. But things are going so fast sometimes the other player doesn't pick up on a blunder. That is a crazy quick game.

I just noticed it is already after 8:00 p.m. I'm at about 2000 words for today. I feel like I've been typing forever. I never went to get food, and now I feel it might be too late to go wander around. I feel like a squirrel that forget to get enough acorns. It is kind of like that. Instead of foraging, I go to a building and there is food there. It is weird that I get all my food from one of four buildings. It is best not to think of these things too deeply. It is weird though. I will leave it to the reader to

meditate on what it means that I get all my food from one of four buildings.

Anyway, I'm picturing in my mind the one building that is open now where I could get some food and what kind of food is available there, and what I would get, and if there would be cooking involved, and what the price is. I'm not really thinking of anything I would want to make this late, and there aren't too many options for an 'old time' type meal. Like a quick meal I used to get in the old days. Back when I hadn't started thinking about what I was eating I'd be running out to get a slice of pizza. Back when it didn't matter. Well, now I am trying to be as aware of what I am eating as possible. I'm not too worried about whether something is good for me, I'm just avoiding those things I know are bad for me. And that isn't an easy task. It seems like, once you start paying attention to the situation, that everything is designed to get you to eat junk food. It just seems that way to me. There are foods I know to avoid, but I still go right back to them time and time again. It isn't like I had forgotten that certain foods are just not worth eating, it's just that my will power in those moments is non-existent. What

would be nice now though is a melon or cantaloupe or something like that.

Even though I'm zipping along typing this chapter at the normal pace, it feels to me as if this is taking forever. I started this chapter two and a half hours ago and I'm at 2480 words. That is the pace of 1000 words an hour. And I still have 1000 words to type. Another hour? What? 5:40 p.m. to 8:10 p.m. is a huge chunk of time to take up typing, and still need another 1000 words. I really hope anyone reading this who wants to be a writer will take all of this into consideration. I don't have a day job. I'm a full-time writer. It is still difficult doing this even with nothing else going on in my life. I live like a hermit. I don't have any distractions. I have one main focus other than writing this book and that is working on the piano. So even though I have arguably an ideal situation to be a writer, it can still at times be very difficult.

If you are working full time and have a lot of family around, or people who want to spend time with you, it might not work out for you to be a writer. Please remember that writing is a solitary effort that requires giant chunks of time, and it wears you down. People who are used to spending



time with you will begin to resent that you are now writing. It could destroy your relationships. It might not be worth it in the long run. Think it through. Start with a short story. A 2000 word short story. Set a goal of one 2000 word short story and give yourself a week to do it. Think about it in your mind before you write anything. In fact don't write anything at all until you have the gist of the story in your mind. Think it through from start to end. Say it in your mind from start to finish as you hope to write it. Then when you do go to write it it should be easy. It'll be like you are telling a story. You already know the story. Now just tell it.

For me it is different in that I am all-in as a writer. It is what I always wanted to be doing and now I am finally doing it. And of course, being an alt lit writer I can write about writing and not worry that that is what my writing is about. It's all good. Life is good being an alt lit writer so far.

I mentioned that I was working on the design for the cover. I did a mock up and now I am going to have to decide if I want the cover to be drawn by hand and have a rough look, or if I want to design it in the computer so it looks

smooth. I'll probably do some of it in the computer because I want the back of it to look like a book. I want it to look as much like a book as possible. Especially the back. I might even put my picture on it. I'll make it look like a picture of an author. It would be anyway, but I'd make it look like how pictures of authors look on other books. I also have to be sure to mention that I am the author of *The Birds of Mars Reader* somewhere. I might walk over to the store now and get some hummus and cucumbers. I usually don't eat cucumbers, but I feel like that would better than eating a bunch of bread. It just popped in my head. Maybe I will do that. Go for a walk—it is still nice out. Tomorrow is supposed to be nice out too. I'll go to the store and get a few things to eat, and also some things for tomorrow, so in the morning I don't have to worry about that. Maybe I will get a melon of some sort. How exciting this chapter turned out to be—my grocery list. Well, maybe something interesting will happen. When I get back I'll type out the last 500 words and I'll be done. I was just moaning about still having 1000 words to write, and I just zipped out 500 in fifteen minutes. I just have to remember that 2000 words

an hour is easy if I have something to write about. This seems to be the key to writing—having something to write about.

Everything is time. Right now it is 8:37 p.m. If I am going to go to the store I have to put on my shoes and get all my stuff together and on and on. Then I have to walk there. Then I have to roam around the store and find what I want to eat. Then I have to go and pay for everything. Then walk back. It'll be probably 9:25 p.m. at that point. Then I'll still have to type the rest of this chapter, the last 300 words. And I'll have to eat. It might not be until 10 p.m. that I finish this chapter. That will be a whole wasted evening typing this. I should have gone out and done something. Well, I'll go out now and see what I'm missing.

Back. I'm not missing much. Nothing unusual was happening. Now it's 11:00 p.m. I ended up getting some hummus and ate that with some cucumbers. I got some bananas to eat with my breakfast. None of the melons looked good. I'll still have to go to one of the four buildings tomorrow to get more food. Such a nuisance. It's a good thing I'm a good cook. Anyway, writing

about blitz chess got me curious, so I looked around on the chess website and I found a one minute game. That is crazy. It isn't really chess at all—it is just who can move fastest. If you're waiting on it, you can steal the other player's queen half the time. But they don't give up, they keep coming at you with silly quick moves. Sometimes it works for them. You feel like you already won because you have a queen and they don't. But you still have to be quick. I mean really quick. Less than a second a move if possible, because time runs out fast. And you can make pre-moves. You can line up a bunch of moves ahead of time, and if that move is possible the computer will make the move for you. It takes a tenth of a second off of the clock. So things get wild very fast. Anyway, I ended up playing one minute games for probably an hour. I got back from walking to the store at around 9:15 p.m. so I'd been playing chess for over an hour.

It was really nice out. I'm glad I took that walk. Well, I'm at 3423 words, so at least I was able to get in 3500 words today. I'm right on schedule to have this book published by the end of January. I'll probably do it like that, write and

publish the same month. Easier to remember. I am also thinking about using Mister Gentes as my pen name. Partly because people will wonder if Mister is my name or if Mister is just Mr. spelled out. Something about spelling it out makes it seem old fashioned somehow. Plus it isn't really like a name so people who don't already know me might remember it better because it is unusual. That is what I'm thinking of doing anyway. We'll see what happens.

The romantic image of a writer would be that right now, at 11:09 p.m., I would make some coffee and start drinking it and write through the night. I would have nothing in my thoughts other than writing and I would sit here drinking coffee writing. Getting it all done. Struggling for words. Searching for ways to express the ineffable. That is all fine and well in theory, and even as a notion, but actually doing it makes no sense. Instead, I'll go to bed and get a nice rest. Tomorrow morning I'll feel refreshed. I'll just make some coffee then and then begin typing as if it were midnight. It doesn't really matter when you start writing. Midnight or 8:00 a.m. makes no difference. Why not make it easy for yourself and start after

resting? No one else is going to know the difference one way or another, and even if they did it isn't important to them, and it doesn't really matter anyways.

### **Nothing Really Matters**

This would be a good chapter for people who don't like alt lit to use as an example of the poor quality of writing which alt lit is. Just remember to not mention this part where I'm suggesting doing this. Make it seem like you came up with the idea yourself. Just mention how this chapter goes on forever—a lot longer than the other chapters in the book. Talk about the inconsistency of the lengths of the chapters, and that a good book, to be enjoyed over the course of a few evenings should have chapters of a uniform length. The reader should become accustomed to and have an expectation of the length of a chapter in order to put themselves in the proper frame of mind to fully enjoy a book. Mention how some sentences only have a few words, and how this ruins the flow of expectation. Then devote a few sentences to how alt lit is unreadable. How it is monotonous, and how most of it is about itself.

Hang on, I'll just write it for you. This is what a bad review of this book would be like:

“Just finished reading Mister Gentes’ latest ‘book’, *The Two Week Book*. Evidently this was written over the course of two weeks, and as to be expected, it shows—and not always in a good way. There are a few inspired passages speckled throughout the 50,000 ‘short novel’, but overall this latest ill-advised attempt to revive the defunct ‘alt lit’ scene falls short.

“Yes, there are a few chuckles peppered throughout the 250 page hand-made book, but over all it falters. One humorous chapter has a section with a fake book review which derides the book and the alt lit scene of which it is part of, but even that section gets stale after the first two paragraphs.

“Most of it reads more like a journal for a Creative Writing 101 class than contemporary literature. A recent interview with Mister Gentes confirmed this, when he replied, ‘Yes it is kind of like a journal, but that is just because I am writing about writing, and that is something I am doing, and a journal is writing about what you are doing and thinking.’

“Fortunately the on-line community doesn’t have to worry about accidentally reading this nonsense as the ‘books’ are only made one at a time, and then by hand. Nobody knows how many are actually made of each, but it is hoped not too many.”

That is the kind of review that one might expect to see from somebody who really doesn’t like the alt lit scene. Anyway, it is hard to disagree with anything they might say. So here at last, is the rest of the chapter which can be used by the anti-alt lit crowd to bolster their position.

I woke up and took a shower and made some coffee. Usually I would start practicing piano things by now, but since I have to type 3500 words today I didn’t. I’m trying to stay on schedule so that this book is done in two weeks. Funny how the last thing I was doing before I fell asleep was writing this book and now, today, the first thing I am doing is writing this book.

A fair description of the life of the writer would be that it is divided into three parts. Writing, not writing and sleeping. That is about it. Writing means sitting at the keyboard hitting the keys. There is no escape from doing that. Ideally I



would just talk this book. I would just say what I'm thinking instead of typing what I'm thinking. Speak the book aloud into existence, somehow capturing the words onto the page. It would be a lot easier than typing. What's the difference?

Some literary purist might object. I'm sure there is someone out there who would object. There are a lot of people in the world, and I know there is probably a professor somewhere who would be against speaking a book. "It isn't writing," they might say. "It isn't the tradition. It isn't real."

I would just reply that for me, the process of writing involves thinking something first, and then writing it down. I could just as easily think something and then speak it. There is no difference to me. How the word got onto the page doesn't matter. I could turn on a tape recorder and just start talking. I could talk the book. What's the difference? It still originated from my head.

I don't like thinking about professors. I mostly feel bad for them. There might be some cool ones out there, but I haven't met any of them. The problem I have with them is that they are in a bubble, and they don't seem to know it.

They never leave it. They see everything through that bubble thinking everything out there (here) is the same as everything inside. My guess is it comes out of their own fear regarding being in a bubble. Bubbles pop and maybe they're afraid that the bubble might pop and everyone will discover they've been in a bubble the whole time. Some weird psychology thing. If they acknowledged the reality of the situation instead of pretending it was different, then things would go a lot better for everyone. Well that's how it seems to me.

Another way to look at it is as that reality is a toy that takes AA batteries. Professors are AAA batteries. Rather than change themselves to AA batteries so that they can properly power up the reality toy, they've changed reality to a toy that takes AAA batteries. Fine. The only problem is reality is meant to work on AA batteries, and the new toy they've created isn't much fun.

Learning should be available each moment. If the professors have figured out something so incredible that is worth teaching, then why aren't they out on the streets conveying that information to everyone they encounter at every opportunity, not just on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 10

a.m. to the people who payed \$400,000. They should tell everyone at every turn if it is so important. That is what an enlightened civilization would be like. Information would continually be disseminated to and by individuals. There wouldn't be representatives to spread the word. It would come from each person at each moment. That would require a few things though. People would need to have the ability to discern fact from fiction. Truth from lies. People would have to be in receive and transmit mode. Right now most people are just in receive mode. They take in content without questioning it. They find content that is favorable to their personal psychology. They choose something to watch and they feel as if they are involved in the creation of that content. They're satisfied too easily.

Someone might read a cool book. A taboo book. A book of secrets. A book of attitude. A book that holds back no punches. A new philosophy. A new way of seeing things. Something underground. Something cool. Things that nobody else knows about except a few. They read that book and feel a kinship. They feel like they are part of something. And in experiencing

that feeling they sometimes feel as if they had something to do with the creation of that book. That somehow they were involved or they know what it is all about. In a way they have, but it is just a projection of their own self, not that new thing they think they've encountered.

Is this good or bad? I don't know. I'm pointing out that it happens. One for me was a band called Talking Heads. I found out about them when the album *Speaking in Tongues* came out. I really loved that album. Then I found out about all of the earlier albums they made. I loved them all. I listened all the time. I was completely overwhelmed by how much I really liked that band. I can't explain it. It was like I was in a different world when I was listening to them or looking at their album covers.

Somehow I felt part of what they were. I felt a kinship somehow. A connection with them. All of that of course was just a projection on my part. I was feeling a connection with what I believed they represented, not what that actually was. They are and were what they were and are. Whatever that actually is I don't know and will never know. My thoughts about what they are, that 'coolness' I

associated with them, is just a reflection of my own desires to be adored as I was adoring. The band members all went to RISD. They were experts at communicating abstract messages. It worked on me, and evidently a lot of other people. The music was good at the time, but a lot of it I listen to now and wonder what I could have been thinking back then to have become so enchanted.

Well it is sunny and going to be in the 60s today again. I might have to go find somewhere to play my saxophone. I can't play in my apartment, so a day like today is a real treat. I can go outside and practice. I've been working on piano and music theory so intently the last month that I really feel that I have a lot of new information that needs to get applied to the saxophone. New things. For instance I've been working a lot on the basics. The diatonic chords for the ionian mode. Up and down the scale. And really cementing that understanding in my brain. Understanding it theoretically, and then playing it on the piano and hearing what the theory actually sounds like. And then creating image maps for each key and understanding the relationship of the notes within each key. And also understanding the function of

the different diatonic chords, and what is happening with them in a chord progression. Why do some chord progressions sound better than others? Examining all of a million things that music has to offer. So I've really built up a whole new framework of understanding this one small subject matter within the grater musical universe, and it should be applied to the saxophone.

It is humbling experience when one realizes that one doesn't know what one thought they knew. The first times something like that happens one usually chooses to ignore it. But if they are honest with themselves while looking at the evidence, then they are likely to have an ego crush. An ego death. A crisis. An existential nightmare. It is the destruction of a belief system which they have lived their life by. They discover that it no longer works. What they used to believe was something which was one particular way is actually something altogether different. Not an easy thing to go through, especially if you don't know it is happening, or that it even is something that can happen. This is why people go insane sometimes or turn to some kind of self-abuse involving food or otherwise. Their whole world

falls apart. In my mind, based on when I experienced these things, what would have helped would have been a group of mentors who knew the score and laid the facts on me. That would have been the most helpful. The direct approach. Someone to cut through the bull and point out to me in a supportive way how the faulty beliefs were getting in my way. And then help me eradicate them. And next give me something beyond to focus on and work toward. But that never seems to happen in real life. You end up just being alone in your predicament.

That to me would have been the way to go. Intelligent people who know the deal laying it on the line until I also knew the deal. Part of coming to that kind of realization would involve making sure that the mentors really knew what was going on, and are pure of heart. That they were truly a force of good, with no self interest in the matter. It would have to be a situation where they couldn't hide behind their authority. Everything would have to be out in the open. There would have to be double-checks and double-checks. All paranoia would be removed. All information would be available to all people. Interactions would begin

with a discussion which eased all matters of doubt. Conclusions would be reached which could not be denied. These realizations would be the foundation on which deeper communications could begin.

The way things are now is so far from this that no wonder things are a mess. There is no parallel communication happening. It is a controlled narrative which people accept because they themselves are afraid to deviate from their own personal opinions, because they fear they will lose something. They believe that others have their solutions. They don't seem to. The prisoners are their own guards. It is a free range prison. Yet you have free will so there is nobody to blame. Do what you want to do. There's nothing to do. Nothing really matters.

I'm just kind of typing out all of these ideas today. This all means something very specific to me, but it is unlikely that it is going to mean the same thing to any individual reader. It will mean something completely different to each reader than it does to me. They will read through the lens of their own life. It will all mean something completely different to them. They will interpret



this based on who they are. They aren't me. We have had different life experiences. It is complex and complicated. These words are the tip of a very large iceberg. Words can only convey so much.

It is still a beautiful day out. The sun is still shining. It is 60 degrees in the middle of January in New England. To me that means a chance to play my saxophone. Sad that I can't play my sax whenever I feel like it. I really missed out on that one. I made certain decisions over the past few years and they have brought me to an apartment where I can't do the one thing I most want to do. It could have been anyplace else than here. It is sad how things always seem to end up this way for me. I am aware, but not depressed. Things will be different one day. I will be able to play my saxophone anytime I want to again one day.

I really am looking forward to running patterns and thinking of the diatonic in each key. And running chord progressions through the diatonic in each key. Building visual maps for playing these things with the saxophone and thinking of ways of seeing the notes and their relationships instantaneously—in other words,

speaking in that language. I had a moment the other day where it happened. I was listening to *All Of Me* and I was following the chord changes based on the roman numeral designations of the chords. I was thinking along with the form, and in a flash of a moment I understood what is involved with playing a form in any key. I could see it. Once you know the form then just drop a key over the form. That means knowing the form, and knowing all possible forms in all of the keys.

It is like the form is the blueprint. Here is an analogy. Think of an apple as being the form. It has a shape and a size and can be described in ways in which others will understand it as a form. Now think of color as the keys. You can paint that form with different colors. With painting you just need that color paint. It is easy. With music the paint is in your mind. The different colors are the keys. You have to know the relationships of all the notes in each key to the other notes, and also how they relate to the form. You are painting (playing the music) with thoughts. Form and keys.

So the other day this happened when I was listening to *All Of Me*. It happened all at once and suddenly, in an incredible moment of perception

and understanding. It was all right there before me. It was visual. With my eyes shut I was watching a matrix of forms, an interlocking transforming grid, which expressed and contained this musical knowledge. It was like I was speaking it and listening to it at the same time. It was like a language that is thought and seen, and then can be expressed with notes on an instrument.

What I'm looking forward to doing is playing through these things on the sax and creating new neural networks of understanding so that I can be more expressive when playing. So that I can have more control of the musical situation. So I know where I am and what I am saying and I'm not lost or confused. So that it is all natural and self-evident. That is what I am looking forward to today because I haven't been able to do this with the sax in a long time. Well, at least I have been able to work these things out on the piano.

I've been typing away the morning. Already at 2000 words for the day. This will need some revising. I'll come back to it later. It is easy to watch a day slip away. There is always the feeling that something has to be done. We make up things

for ourselves to do. Nothing really matters. We end up doing something instead of something else. There really doesn't seem to be any difference. Life goes on.

I had a dream just before I woke up that was interesting. I went somewhere and I had my saxophone. It was like an artist loft or space and I was visiting some people who ran the artist place. Then I put my saxophone case somewhere, and other things happened, and I got separated from the sax. Then it was time to go and I went to one of the people there and I respectfully asked them to help me find my saxophone. I was a little bit worried in the dream. I thought it was somewhere in a basement. I followed the person through cavernous hallways all the time thinking, "No, this isn't the right way to go."

But then we turned a corner and there was the sax case on a cart. So I took it and left. I don't remember much else about this part of the dream. Only that for some reason when I am close to having lucid dreams I usually will have my saxophone in the dream. I'm either playing or I'm walking around carrying the case. That feeling of either of those two things can sometimes nudge

me into lucidity. Just wanted to mention that. I'm now close to 2500 words for the day. I could just keep typing another half hour and that would be it for this chapter. I could forget about writing for the rest of the day.

I'll probably just take a break. Tonight I can revise and edit what I've written so far and then write what happened to me on this beautiful sunny day.

I spent an hour on piano going through the keys with just basic diatonic scales and chords. Going up and down and playing patterns and two fives ones, and trying to think of the lydian in each key. Some of them I know the fingerings still more by sight or muscle memory, and not by what each note actually is and how it relates to the other notes in that particular key. This is what I still need to work on. But there isn't a clear cut way to just learn it. I just have to keep trying and keep at it and then eventually it starts to happen. Still though, there is so much to it. It is truly humbling to have the big picture and see what needs to be filled in still. It is kind of like making a puzzle that you don't have a picture for. You get the edge pieces and that's all you have. All the red puzzle

pieces are together in one spot. There's still so much more to do, but at least you have the big outline.

One of the good things about putting all of this work into it is that I'll only get better. Also it is fun to be able to play pretty much any song that I'd like to. I can learn a new song fairly quickly. I used to not be able to do that. It has been a lot of work to get to this point, but it was worth it.

I ended up going out for a walk. It was nice, but still too cold to play sax out there, so that will have to wait for another time. It was windy. My hands were cold. Sure I didn't need a jacket or hat, but it still wasn't really the kind of weather you could just hang out in the park playing sax. I didn't see anyone I knew out there either. Just a whole bunch of strangers. Everyone is off doing their own thing.

Now it's 3:20 p.m. and I'm just typing away to wind up this chapter. I made some coffee. I'll have to go back out to one of the four buildings to get my food for later. We really are just like squirrels when you remove all of the trappings of life. When you just look at the situation. We just occupy a space and have to eat stuff to keep alive.

Other than that it doesn't seem to matter what we do. We pretend it's something more important, but it isn't. It's just that we have to eat food.

You don't have to do anything. You don't have to have any particular belief either. You can be as removed from understanding this world as possible, and as long as you ate the food, you'll keep living. That's pretty much what it is. Everything else is just something that somebody else thought up. You don't have to participate. It doesn't seem to matter if you do or don't. Eventually you might get frustrated by all of this. You'll wonder why everyone is caught up in all of the inconsequential worldly things. You'll question why they attach so much importance on all of that stuff. It is important since we're alive and this is the world we live in, but shouldn't it be easier for everyone by now? I'm glad there are four building I can go buy food in. I wouldn't do too well on my own otherwise. What would I do? Eat bark? Hunt a rabbit? Make a lean-to?

Well, the time has come to figure out where I'm at with this book. I started writing it on a Friday, January 3, 2020. I wanted to start on the 1st, but the computer was messed up. I brought it

to the mall on that Friday. It is still messed up, but not as bad. They never notified me if that ‘the part’ came in that would make it a lasting fix. We shall see if that ever happens. So, my laptop is functional. There are problems still, but I am able to work around them. The problems seem to pop up when I am either about to make a very deep and profound realization about something, or if I am typing about the keyboard messing up. See, it just happened. Reminder to the reader: the sticky ‘a’ key is a new problem. It started after my laptop was ‘fixed’. I have left those typos in the book as is as a testament to this leaky technology. 2020 is disappointing so far.

So with all that being said, knowing what day I started, today is the 10th day of typing. I still would need to finish today at 35,000 words to be ‘on schedule’. Right now I’m at 32,513. So even though I’ve typed 3177 words to this point today, I still have 2500 words to go until I reach 35,000 words for the book. Reminder to the reader: I am 3500 words short because I skipped a day writing last week. All of this is already in the book. This is just a recap. It does serve a purpose. I am also wrapping up the story line about being behind



3500 words all this time, and how I was going to write an extra 300 words a day to ‘catch up’. All of that didn’t happen. What is seemingly happening is that today I have it in my head to type on until I reach 35,000 words. I realize that I am only doing this because it is a recognizable number. I didn’t feel any special urgency yesterday to keep typing until I got to 31,500 words. This is all very nuanced stuff now.

I’m just making up these goals of typing a certain number of words a day. It is completely arbitrary. It really doesn’t matter. Each person writing would have their entirely different and unique way of approaching writing. The bottom line is that something has to be written. It is different for each person. There is no other way around it.

Well I am now in the uncomfortable position of having written 3500 words, and still having enough of the day left to do something interesting and fun and different, but having just set a task for myself to type another 2200 words to tidy up this writing. I suppose I could write another 1000 words and then go back and revise everything and clarify this chapter. That might

add another 1000 words when I expand on some of the topics I've written about earlier today. That would pretty much wrap it up for the day at that point and I could work on some piano.

Let's see here. Looking ahead, once I am at 35,000 words later today there will only be 15,000 more words needed to finish the book. That is only four days writing. Hell ya! I've only got four days left of writing this book. That has given me a little boost of encouragement to keep typing. Wow. Only four days left. Four chapters. I've already revised the first half of the book. Most of the work is done. I just need some good content to round things out. That is the challenge. How do I wrap it all up? I don't know. Nothing seems to be happening right now.

I just thought of a funny idea for an actual novel. A writer has to find a quiet place to go work on a novel. Just imagine that I'm that writer. So the first part of the novel is that I have to find a place to 'work on the novel'.

It becomes a big deal and all my friends are trying to help and figure out where I could write. Of course they all have their own ideas about what 'working on the novel' means. Finally

somebody finds a place out in the country where I can work on it, so I go there. Keep in mind there was a lot of fuss about this. A lot of people got involved, and it became ‘the thing’. It could be a comedy. Think of it like a movie, that is probably better. So it is a movie and all my friends are thinking of where I can go to write.

So a whole bunch of funny things happen, and all my friends in the movie are cool and funny. Eventually I am in a country house and I’m shown to the study where I can ‘work on my novel’. The person who lives there and a few friends are in the other part of the house and they leave me alone. They don’t know what to expect. In their minds me ‘working on the novel’ will be some kind of *The Shining* situation. Maybe while I’m writing they are all watching *The Shining* and start making some connections. In their minds they think they might wake up at 3:30 a.m. to discover me sitting on the edge of their bed wearing an oversized Cardigan sweater. They’d be startled and terrified. Then I’d quietly and slowly say something like, “I thought you might want a game of cribbage or talk about catacombs, or something.”

But in actuality, this being alt lit, after an hour of typing I'd emerge. They'd all be in a state of uneasy expectation. They'd politely ask, "How's the novel going?"

"It went great." I'd say.

They'd be a little perplexed.

"Went?"

"Yeah, I'm done for the day. I really focused in and got my 3500 words written in an hour. Anybody hungry? What are you watching? Someone mentioned there was a hot tub or something? Somebody mentioned that. Just saying. Anyway."

That is my idea for a regular novel. At that point in the story things would start to happen. But, my alt lit self interrupts and poses the question as to why I would want to write that novel. That is a lot of work and the idea for the whole thing was just written out in a few paragraphs. Isn't that good enough? Why put myself through the nightmare of having to have to actually write 70,000 words about that story. Inventing characters and their beliefs, and situations where characters know only part of the story, so that their incorrect assumptions drive the

plot. Why would anyone occupy their time doing such a thing?

Having to write all that out in a novel doesn't make sense to me. Do people *really* enjoy reading *that* much? Ideas can be interesting. I like the ideas contained in books. But I feel that once the idea is out there, what is the point of actually writing the book? It is just making work for yourself, and it makes work for a lot of people who might end up reading it for some reason. Isn't the idea good enough? Just the synopsis? Isn't that as good as the book. Isn't the book itself just the formality of 'making a book'. Why would anyone want to go through that hell? I guess there is an allure. Everyone wants to be a rock star too until you find out that means sitting on a bus half your life.

1680 words in fifty minutes.

Just continuing along with this chapter. This chapter is going to end up longer than the other ones. I haven't really generated much for the coda yet. I'm writing differently than I was over the summer and fall. Back then there were a lot of loose ends. Having gone through the revision process once (which means I actually read through

six times), I have been deliberately careful and selective in the words I choose to write and the sentences I wish to construct. Funny how the one sentence which talks about taking the time to write a grammatically correct sentence is the one sentence which is glaringly grammatically incorrect.

It may be that the concept of the ‘coda’ chapter will fade away from the alt lit scene. These things come and go in the dynamic and creative world of the alt lit writers. I don’t want to be premature and call the coda a ‘fad’ or a ‘crutch’ like some critics have suggested. What I do see it as is a valuable representation and demonstration of the best of what the alt lit scene has to offer. The beauty of the coda is there for those who want to look at it. Don’t gaze too long. That being said, yes, it does seem like, for me anyway, the coda may or may not appear in future books. I’m not going to make up stuff just to put in the coda anymore either. I’m through with that. I’m keeping it real this time. I either have extra writing that doesn’t fit in anywhere else in the book or I don’t. I’m not going to make up misfit words just to fill up some ‘legacy’ chapter dedicated to misfit

words. It either happens or it doesn't. I can't wait for the alt lit movie to come out to watch the scene of two alt lit writers having a falling out over the purpose and proper use of the coda.

Well, this book already has a coda started, and yes, I did make up some things specifically to be included in it already. That is because a few days ago I assumed there would be content for the coda. Now I see that that never happened. I was just having a little fun writing something there. I'm leaving all of that in so that the curious reader can go to the coda now if they choose to see what I wrote. But looking ahead, no I won't be making up specific things for the coda anymore.

That makes me wonder if whether in future books if I don't have any misfit passages or sections, thus generating nothing for the coda, will I still include it? The coda is part of the alt lit style. To have an alt lit book without a coda seems like it would be unfortunate and wrong. Right now I feel that I would perhaps include a 'ceremonial' coda. I'd include it even if there weren't any words in that chapter. Just the chapter title—*Coda*. Just leave it empty. An homage to an earlier style of alt lit writing. A time when codas went into the tens

of thousands of words. The golden days of the 10,000 word coda.

How awesome would it be to write a book called *Coda*. That would be cool. Well, I just managed to write 450 words about the coda—49,550 to go for that book. For this book I'm creeping ever closer to 35,000 words. It kind of is like driving and looking at the odometer. You might notice, hey in 20 miles this car will have 44,444 miles—wake up the kids! All the numbers are going to be the same!

In the old days it was funner to watch the numbers change on the odometer. You could see it happen—like the hand of a clock moving. It was mechanical. The numbers on the odometer were printed on a wheel that turned somehow. Now it is displayed digitally. Hey, guess what? I'm at 34,000 words now! Just 1000 more words to type today, and then four more days of typing at 3500 words per day. I'm going to take a break. The sun is setting. Maybe I'll go for a walk to one of those buildings where I can get food and enjoy the last of the nice weather. I'm getting hungry. Good thing I had some coffee, It really helped focus me in and get more writing done. It still feels like I am



writing so much all of the time. I can deal with 3500 words a day for two weeks, but anything more than that would really wipe me out. I think this is the maximum minimum I could handle. Oh, I just thought of a great pen name: Max Min. Hmm, I'm going to have to think this through. I might want to rebrand myself for this project. Rebrand myself as the author Max Min. I have to remember that most of the people reading this aren't going to know who I am or anything about me anyway. Why not Max Min? Nah, it reminds me of a little too much of Max Headroom. That might be the dealbreaker. This is like coming up with the name for a band. A pen name is like a band name to the alt lit writer.

Wow, I just checked and this chapter is 4800 words. That is a big day for me. When I first started writing back in February 2019 I was writing 5000 words a day for about three months because I didn't know any different. I used to be used to typing 5000 words a day. But, that was a long time ago. 5000 a day now is a killer task. Well, at least I know I can still do it. I'm going to take a walk, get some food, come back, make some dinner, and then do a readthrough and edit

and revise this chapter. Once that is done I should be at 35,000 words for the book, be well-fed, and have time to work on some piano. It is 4:30 p.m. This book is also what it is like being a writer. This is the life of the writer. When do all those adventures and parties start happening? No sooner did I type that than my phone buzzed. I wonder who that is. Maybe an adventure awaits after all!

No, it was just a notification from the phone company telling me that I'm low on data. Probably because I've been playing all that blitz chess. Anyway, off to the store.

It was freezing out. I didn't have gloves. I thought it was going to be warm like earlier, but it was just cold. The sky was nice to look at while walking. I could see Venus. I like the glooming. I like when trees without leaves are silhouetted against the twilight sky. Every little twig a perfect thin black line. And telephone and electric wires silhouetted against the sky are beautiful. As thin and crisp as imaginable. Thin black lines against the sky. I love those lines. They can't happen any other way or at any other time of day. They are a

challenge to paint too. Put them in last—you have just one chance.

So I did my laundry and made a great dinner and then read through this long chapter and revised and added. Now it is 7:40 p.m. This writing has taken up my day entirely. If I had a special someone who wanted to do something today how could that have happened? I don't see how a writer can be in a relationship which involves doing life things with someone. Maybe in-between writing books. That would be nice.

I have reached the end of writing this chapter. I've just revised it through once. It is a long chapter. Today was a lot of writing. I just checked—this turned out to be a 6000 word chapter, which makes it a 6000 word day! And I'm at 35,377 words for the book. So four more days. Four more chapters. 3500 words a day. What will this book end up being? I wish I knew.

### **Two Days Later**

10:30 am 35,406 words.

I didn't do any typing yesterday, so already my big plan of finishing up the book by typing 3500 words a day for four days got messed up. To

keep on schedule now, I'll have to type 14,000 words in three days. That's a better way to think about it than trying to catch up all today. The thought of writing 7000 words today is really beyond what I want to think about at this moment.

So, like I mentioned I didn't do any typing yesterday. I had to take care of a bunch of life things instead. I played a little piano and sang with my friend, so I didn't worry about it at the time. I didn't worry that I was falling behind. I'm sitting in the cafe now. The thought of sitting at home with 7000 words looming before me wasn't very appealing. I'm at least out in the world participating in the society. Maybe I'll get some ideas to write about.

While walking over I had a lot of good ideas flowing through my mind about what I could write about. One idea is that there is evidently a ghost in the cafe. I randomly found a web page a few days ago that talked about it. I don't remember how I stumbled on that. I have never heard about the ghost being here, but a lot of the odd things that have happened here over the years now make sense to me. The lights would always be

dimming and flickering around me. I even mentioned it once to someone and she said that it happened all the time. If she knew it was a ghost at the time she didn't mention it to me.

So that was one thing I thought of writing about, and now I've accomplished it. There isn't really anything else to write about the alleged ghost. But it might be interesting to mention that the last time I was in the cafe I was conducting my psience experiment, and now I'm here writing about whether there is a ghost here. Maybe the ghost helped me find the webpage about there being a ghost here. There isn't much more I can say about the ghost unless something happens while I'm typing that would be some form of evidence. I might type about the subject in a theoretical way regarding how a ghost could exist for real. The way I approach a topic like this is with a simple thought. A simple understanding. It is how I begin approaching topics like this. I simply realize that if there is a ghost here, then this is a universe in which ghosts exist.

That is it.

This simple realization is the foundation on which everything can be built. It is so important a

concept that I am going to repeat it. If ghosts exist, then this is a universe in which they can exist. How it exists doesn't matter at this point. Just that it can.

I might take the time in this book to explain everything here. It will take a lot of work to paint the big picture. I might give it a try, but if I am going to, I'm not going to do it right now. I'll wait until later.

Right now I am eating and sipping some coffee. I am living the romantic life of a writer. I've got my winter sweater on. I'm rocking my Carhartt gear. I've got on some nice winter socks. I'm wearing winter socks. It's cold again by the way. I'm drinking coffee in the cafe writing my book.

They're playing some Bill Evans.

This dude who was sitting next to me is leaving. He had everything I have. The same little gold laptop, the same kind of clothes. He was sitting there typing on a laptop that was identical to mine. He had a screen of words in front of him just like me. It was one of those situations that if someone had taken a picture of us from the right angle it would have been funny. Two strangers

who look the same, same clothes and situation doing the same thing. I've seen collections of them online, and they're always fun to look at. Sometimes somebody has a dress on that has the same pattern as the furniture in a restaurant.

Now John Coltrane and Duke Ellington are playing *In A Sentimental Mood*. That is nice to listen to. Clang of dishes. Some people walking very loudly with thumping steps. Everyone in their own world. People talking without listening. Negotiations occurring for simple life things. Where to meet. When to go put money in the meter. Where to meet later. People second-guessing aloud whether to do a simple task or not, instead of just doing it. Yes, you need a fork, just go get one, you don't have to announce it to the world. Stomp, stomp, stomp. Now it is all a different set of characters from when I first came in. It is peaceful. Nobody seems to be tripping. Normal people walking normally now.

Now Miles Davis is playing *Someday My Prince Will Come*. I'm just waiting for something to happen. If nothing happens I'll start writing about how one might begin to outline a theory in which ghosts could exist. Now people are chirping. "I

thought you had a number. Didn't even notice that. I rarely come here for lunch."

They are laughing and chirping. I'm trying not to listen. Now the music is a solo saxophone that is chirping along. Stan Getz. Now the women are talking in hushed voices. Whispering. Weird how everything I type seems to happen. Right when I typed "I'm trying not to listen," they started talking very quietly. And now when I typed about how that happened they started talking louder, and now they are saying, "Talking, talking." Right when I typed the word talking they were saying 'talking'.

"I talked to her about it, but I haven't talked to you about it."

This is turning into a big synchronicity. One of them said that she buzzed into New York to see a play. The last time I was writing it was about buzzing into New York on the train for the day.

Lol, then I thought about how for some people buzzing into New York is no big deal, and I thought of my friends from the punk band who zip in to New York all the time, and then the two ladies decided to switch tables and started saying together in unison, "Switch, switch, let's switch."



Switch is the name of our punk band. That was a good one.

So that is what it is like typing in this cafe. Synchronicity after synchronicity. I'll continue in this fashion—it is easy. I'll just keep on typing and see if they keep happening. They were happening and I noticed them. I wasn't fishing for synchronicities—they happened and I noticed. That is what I concluded a few days ago about them. They happen to make you notice them happening. The content has no importance other than to make you notice that they are happening. So these synchronicities started happening, and I noticed, and started writing about them.

Now that idea is done.

Someone is talking. “A descriptive word that has to do with a look, and power. Do I look like I'm nothing? Where are you going to be helpful. Do you want me to watch you play some songs.”

That's just some words, no big psi experience.

Well, no ghost and nothing else going on either. Now I'm tired of sitting here. It's only been about forty minutes. Just the tedium of the day. I've still got a bunch of coffee. I might get some

more food. I'm just sort of treading water waiting to see what is going to happen.

I just did a readthrough of what I've written so far today. It seems interesting so far, but still no idea what is going to happen. There are two new people sitting nearby, and they are very annoying. I'm trying to concentrate on writing, but not having much luck. The dude is relating some personal information and it makes me realize that everybody has had experiences which fill them with shame or regret, or remorse. Everybody is carrying a heavy load that nobody else knows about. They are doing the best they can, but there really is no internal road map to help them.

Usually when people talk they are just dumping information from that internal reservoir. Now the woman is talking about going to New York again. Then one of the local downtown people was walking by and he looked at me and then tripped on someone who was standing up at that moment. They say he did too much acid once, so sometimes when I see him that comes to my mind. So it was funny that I always associate him with tripping, and here he is literally tripping.

Now Chet Baker is singing.

Now Chet Baker is playing his trumpet.

I wonder if there is a point in time when I will no longer write about synchronicities. At what point will that happen? They're evidently not going to stop happening.

Now it's Stan Getz again.

I seem to have forgotten my phone.

I got up to get some more food, and just as I was sitting down a guy was walking up the stairs talking to his friend about 'going to Washington.'

Isn't it interesting how I just wrote a long passage about how the two women mentioned going to New York, and I wrote about how that synched up with what I had written about going to New York a few days ago. In that section of this book I also talked about the train going to Washington. Now here are the two guys mentioning going to Washington. It was as if this guy is completing the train of thought regarding the synchronicities regarding the train. New York and Washington were mentioned. Funny how that just happened.

11:35 p.m. (1570 words so far)

Yeah, I've been sitting here typing and eating and sipping my coffee for an hour and I've

typed 1570 words. Whoa, now the women are talking about taking trains and they are going down a list of all the places—the cities—the train goes through. Literally they are reciting a list of towns. I just wrote about the train synchronicity, and here they are talking about trains. I'm now interpreting this as the doings of the cafe ghost. It knows I was typing about a train to New York and Washington, and it must be trying to get my attention by having the people around me talking about that. One hypothesis of this activity might be that the ghost is bored. The ghost is watching me type away. The ghost sees I am typing about—it! The ghost is spirit. It can move into people's minds and take control.

Whoa. At the very moment I typed that the ghost can 'take over people's minds' the women got excited and one exclaimed, "What?" And the other squeaked, "Oh my!" This is getting weird.

I'm going to pause to recap. As I typed out my hypothesis about how the ghost took control of the women and made them start listing cities in an effort to prove to me that it existed, it seemingly did so again by taking control of the women and making them both make exclamations of surprise.

It would seem as if the ghost was confirming what I was typing in real time by making them say things which would confirm this. Holy moly! I'm trying to wrap my head around this. It keeps folding back on itself.

Now *Mercy, Mercy* is playing. Another one. I type 'holy moly' and *Mercy, Mercy* plays.

And as I was just revising the previous paragraph and typing about how the ghost took control of the women to prove it existed, they both started giggling like little kids. The ghost for the third time in the past few minutes took control of the women. It is as if the ghost is working through them to prove it exists by creating synchronicities related to what I am typing about. What I am typing about is whether the ghost is doing this.

Another one—as I typed the paragraph above where I typed out my thoughts about what is happening, one woman slowly and thoughtfully said, “Fascinating. It is hard to believe.”

It is happening too fast to record all of it. Keeps happening. I missed documenting a bunch of them because it is happening so quickly.

Now *Goodby Pork Pie Hat* is playing.

I'm going to ignore the synchronicities for now. Oops, one last one, as I typed that I was going to ignore the synchronicities one of the ladies said, "Can't worry about the world."

Now they've departed. It is a lot quieter. More Chet Baker. I'm going to spend some time trying to interpret the data. This is what psientists do. The evidence shows that I sat down to type and began by mentioning how the last time I was in the cafe I was conducting a psience experiment to determine if I was dead or dreaming.

Back at the cafe today I wasn't planning to do another experiment. I mentioned that I had read something about there being a ghost in the cafe, and maybe something would happen if I paid attention. Then a string of coincidences happened that seemed to confirm that there is a ghost here at work, in real time, and it can take control of people and make them say things which are pertinent to what I am typing in that moment.

Crap, as soon as those two ladies leave and it is quiet, someone new enters the cafe and sees an old friend. Now they are sitting together 'catching up.' Another ongoing conversation. I guess this experiment isn't over. Let's see if the

ghost has anything to say through them or anyone else. As soon as I typed that it got super quiet. Then the silence was filled with music from the movie *Ghost in the Shell*. Whah? It continues.

What the evidence tells me so far. The ghost knows what I'm typing. The ghost can make people giggle. The ghost knows the name of the punk band I'm in and made people say that name while I was thinking of my friends in the punk band. The ghost can make people mindlessly recite a list of cities a train goes to. A ghost can make people cry out with little exclamations. A ghost can have a sense of humor. A ghost can tie up the loose ends of a synchronicity.

Hang on a second. If a ghost can take control of those women and make them say those things, then how do I know whether is is actually me typing this or if it is the ghost directing the flow of words. I might not even be part of the equation, just a witness to it. Maybe the ghost isn't trying to communicate with 'me', but it is just playing some hyperspace game in which it takes control of both me as I type and the woman as they 'respond' to what I've typed, just for its own amusement.

That is an uncomfortable thought. How much of me is me, and how much of me is the ghost taking over? Maybe I'm not even the author of this book. Maybe it's been the ghost all along. Maybe the only parts that the real me has actually written are the sections when I'm complaining about having to type this book. Maybe once I've finished writing those parts, the ghost moves in and writes the good parts. That gives a whole new meaning to the term ghost writer.

I'm going to have to go back and reread that other chapter when I was in here last time and see if that chapter can be interpreted as having been ghost-influenced.

Sonny Stitt flying. They play some nice music in here. I am living the dream. Sitting in a cafe drinking coffee, listening to jazz, writing a book, communicating with a ghost. Yeah, this is like hitting the lottery. I feel that I need a beret or an ascot or something like that. Yeah, this is the good life. I might have to design an alt lit badge or a special shoulder patch.

Now Miles Davis playing *Milestones*! Yep, I've hit the lottery. The 'milestones' series of synchronicities which began a few days ago has



come full circle. I just wrote about how the ghost can tie up loose synchronicities, and there was a good example. Yeah, this is like hitting the lottery. I feel like I should be smoking a pipe.

Well, I'm going to see if I can conjure up someone—a real person—to talk to. Right now it is 12:20 p.m. I'm going to write about how nice it would be to have a chat with someone. Let's see if the ghost will make something happen. Let's see how long it takes the ghost to suggest to someone to start talking to me. We'll see if that is a possible thing that it can make happen. Maybe it won't. If the ghost has free will it might now feel like it is being coerced into demonstrating its powers. Maybe the ghost is gone for now. I don't 'feel' it around like it had been before. Things now seem more normal in here. It was as if earlier the veil of normalcy had been removed long enough for the ghost to demonstrate its abilities, but now it feels just like normal life. I can hardly hear the music. People chirping about nothing.

Someone just said, "I already did it." That is what I heard clearly though all the background noise and the four conversations going on at the same time. Suddenly and clearly I heard those

words, as part of a sentence—part of one of the ongoing conversations—and it must be the ghost confirming my suspicions that it didn't want to 'perform' anymore by announcing, "I already did it." The ghost got tired, like a cat that gets tired of playing with a toy.

I've been here now for two hours typing steadily. I'm at 2800 words for the day. 1400 words an hour. A steady pace.

I've got an idea to type a book from start to finish in one sitting—as long as it takes. If 3500 words a day is a book in 14 days, then 3500 words an hour would be 14 hours. That is an impossible pace. 1700 words an hour would be 28 hours. That is an even quicker pace than I've been typing here. My top writing speed is close to 3000 words an hour. I couldn't maintain that pace for 14, 15 or 16 hours. That seems like insanity if I ever tried to write a book in one sitting. And just 50,000 words. A short book. That would be really crazy. I'll probably still try that one day. It's like flying across the Atlantic Ocean in a plane. Someone had to go first. It just came to mind. If Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic in that little plane, and he was the first to do it, then how come flying across

the Atlantic in a little plane isn't something aviators do. How come that isn't a badge of merit. Bragging rights. How come pilots don't do that the way mountain climbers hit the biggest mountain in each country, or people run certain marathons, or how base jumpers have certain buildings they want to jump off of so they get bragging rights and street cred?

Why is that? For flying over the Atlantic in a small plane it was Lindbergh and then nobody else? Really? Seriously, when was the last time you heard about a pilot flying over to Europe in their own small craft? Why isn't that a thing? For all I know it is a thing, but maybe it is just part of the pilot community and people who aren't part of that group don't know about it. If so it seems like something that would be common knowledge, because if a regular person can do it wouldn't they be telling everyone. I've got to look into this one a little more.

Well, still, nobody stopped to talk to me. Twenty minutes after I typed that. I have to remember that the ghost isn't a circus elephant, poised to perform at my whim. I pledge to respect

the cafe ghost and I ask readers of this book to kindly do the same.

If I can get to 40,000 words today I'll feel pretty good. Only 1500 words until I hit that number. That means just another 10,000 words until the book is done. The theme of this chapter seems to be a continuation of the psience experiment from a few days ago.

I am getting tired of sitting here now. Just the physical sensation of my butt on the chair, and the cramping in my shoulders from having been sitting in the same position for all this time typing away. I feel a need to stretch. I think I'll go home and take a nap.

Maybe later I'll reread the two chapters with the psience experiments and then try to write out my cosmology hypothesis which would explain how ghosts might work. The how of why they exist.

Well, this typing session feels like it is winding down. I'm just waiting to see if there are any exclamation marks on this chapter. Time is clicking. I'm not typing. Just sitting here waiting. The energy is feeling somewhat dense in here now.

I've decided not to use a pen name. I'll just use my regular name. I thought about it and came to the conclusion that having a pen name like Mister Gentes would seem really pretentious. Writing is already being pretentious by definition, so adding a pen name on top of it seems extra pretentious. I don't want to be pretentious on purpose if I can help it.

Just waiting here until I get up and go. Letting my mind flow and waiting for any ideas. Tying up loose ends. Waiting.

Nothing happening. Waiting for something to happen. It's one now. Only 600 words over the past half hour. No sign of the ghost.

I just checked for double spaces which I hadn't done in a few days. There were only eighteen of them in all of that writing. And then two appear in the last sentence as I typed that. Maybe the ghost causes those.

Maybe it isn't just one ghost. Let's say that a ghost is possible and that it is a spirit associated with a person that once lived. That means that if one is experiencing a single ghost, then one might reasonably expect that one could encounter billions of ghosts. Here come all the double spaces

all of a sudden. I just have had as many double spaces appear in the past five minutes than appeared in the last five days combined. Maybe there is a line of ghosts and they are taking turns causing me to type double spaces. The ghosts in the machine. Well, this chapter isn't going to have a good conclusion. I'm giving it every opportunity, but it is just lingering on. Nothing is happening. This dude at the other table has been chirping away for a full hour. Not a conversation. He punctuates with laughter that seems to involve the other person, but it actually doesn't. It is a device used to dominate the conversation. That other person is really just a listener. It is interesting watching people as the talk and try to figure out exactly what is at play. Seriously though. He hasn't said anything of any importance. Just recounting a litany of things that happened. None of it has been of any interest or consequence. Just crap that happened to him and the points he is trying to make regarding them. He keeps saying, "Anyways."

This town is weird. I've been hanging out at the popular cafe for almost three hours and I haven't seen anyone I know. I wish there were

more people I knew who were hanging out around town. I guess everybody is working.

Sometimes I wonder if I shouldn't take up drinking wine so I could go type in a bar. That way the writing would be different, and I might get some more interesting things to write about. Apologies to the ghost. I didn't mean you aren't interesting. I suppose I should reword that to read "I might get some additional interesting things to write about."

I'm only 800 words away from 40,000. I'm going to see if I can't buckle down and draw on some inner wellspring of energy and keep typing until I hit that number. Then I'll be done for the day if I want to be done for the day. Then just two more days of typing 5000 words a day and this book will be completed. I'll do a big readthrough while it is in the computer, then I'll print out my red pen mark up copy and take my time to edit and revise. Then work on the cover design. Then print it and make the books. I can't wait until I have the books in hand and I can show them around. Then I can plan ahead for February. I really want the February book to be about something other than writing. Maybe I could

interview people who have ghost stories and make it a ghost story reader. That might be fun. Make it a fun thing to read about ghosts.

What are some other ideas I can think of right now about what to write about then?

Now I'm 600 words out. Just noticed that word count number while thinking about what I could write about in my next book.

I could write about ...

I can't think of anything to write about. I guess just continue on with the psi things. That seems to generate content at least.

I could write about food, coffee, writing, movies, art, music, people, fashion, birds, the ocean, poetry, people, piano, humor.

Something suddenly smells in here. Not sure if that is a good something or a bad something. Just a unique smell. It kind of smells like a hibachi steak. This is a vegetarian cafe so I'm wondering what that could be. Maybe the ghost can make smells too.

Man, I'm feeling it now in my shoulders. I really want to wrap this up as quickly as possible. I've got eight minutes until I hit the three hour mark for sitting here writing today. I am just going



to type out whatever. Sorry readers, this is just going to be a flow of consciousness to fill out this chapter.

Still holding out hope that someone will stop to talk to me before I get to 40,000 words. I've got seven minutes left to go and I have 400 words left to type.

Now the chatty dude and his friend are wrapping up their conversation. If someone was writing down everything he said in the past hour they would have the start of a long tedious book about his boring life. I don't think he left out anything. It was all inconsequential. Now he is whistling. He seems happy. It is like he was having sex, not talking. Now it is over and instead of lighting a cigarette he is whistling loudly. He seems unaware he is doing this. At least he's happy. Plus it gave me 100 words.

Four minutes left. I really slacked-off while writing that last paragraph. I've got 300 words left to type in just four minutes. That is almost 100 words a minute. Hell, I can't do that. I'm typing fast now. Really just letting it happen. I want to be done this chapter at 1:30 p.m. and I've only got a minute or two left.

Wouldn't it be ironic if now was the time somebody started talking to me. That would be funny if they stopped me from reaching this mini goal I just created. That would be truly classic. Three minutes left and 200 words left.

I don't think I'm going to be able to do this. Well, that is ok. It's just arbitrary designations of arbitrary time. Now people are talking loudly. I am trying to focus and not get distracted. I smell cigarette smoke. Things are getting quiet. It is like the end of a dream. That moment when all is realized in a flash of insight and inspiration. All is well. In the long run all pain and fear will be eased and vanish. A long peace. A long peace. Well, I only have about 100 words to go, and only one minute. Now my goal is to hit 40,000 words before it gets to 1:31 p.m. Typos be damned. I'll correct this later. It is now 1:30 p.m. I have given myself until this minute is over to get to 40,000 words. Time is clicking and I am typing. I hope that I will be able to do this, but realistically I don't think it is going to happen. I am at 39,369 words, and it is still at 1:30 p.m. As soon as it clicks over to the next minute I will stop typing. I am glancing at the STOP!

Wow! 40,000 words exactly! Stop was the 40,000th word. How is that for a nice coincidence! Called it and did it too. I know that there is no way to verify that any of this has happened as written, but I know it did, and I hope the reader will take it on good faith and believe that it did as well. Psience is real.

4642 words in three hours of steady typing. 1544 words per hour. All in a day's work for a paperback writer.

I thought I was done typing for the day, but I'm still going. It's 4:30 p.m. now. No sooner had I walked out of the cafe when I saw a friend and talked to them for a few moments. So I did have that happen, but after the experiment was over.

Then a funny thing happened. One of my friends was telling me the other day that she kept seeing so-and-so who works at such-and-such brewery all over the place. She'd seen him in Amherst, and Holyoke. All the time, random different places. Wherever she was she would see him. I replied that I never have seen him anywhere other than the brewery. Then, just now walking back, I walked past him on the sidewalk. So that was an interesting coincidence. There

were a bunch of other ones as well. My friend said that she is starting to experience a lot of synchronicities too. I used to mention them to her last year and she kind of thought I was loopy, but now that they are happening to her there isn't much to say other than, "Welcome aboard."

Wow, it's double spacing after every word now. Amazing. Just found 53 double spaces, so the keyboard is really malfunctioning now. I had felt inspired to continue writing, but now that I'm doing it I can't think of anything to write about. I was resting earlier and considering what I could type about and I was thinking perhaps consciousness. Oh, I just remember now. What I was thinking about in my meditation was the 'chakras'. I was in a meditative state and what I was realizing is that it is consciousness that 'activates' the chakras. It is a kind of unhinging of your awareness from the resting body. It is a shifting of consciousness and it is real. It is experiential. Now that I have a framework of understanding for the experience I will see if I will be able to repeat it. I also was experiencing the shifting of consciousness through areas of the brain. Neurons firing in specific patterns in

specific areas. I was thinking about how I am able to ‘think’ in different locations within the brain. If I can think in one region, and the thinking there is recognizably different from the manner in which I can think in a separate location, then is there anything which would prevent me from thinking in multiple locations simultaneously? If so why, and if not, then why not? It seems as if this would be a favorable thing to do. Or not. Who knows one way or another. It isn’t something I’ve ever had a conversation with anyone about. I’d have to investigate to see what the current thought on this is. Yeah, this computer is now double spacing like crazy. Thirteen in the last paragraph.

While I was meditating I had a vision that at the most primordial level of the universe there is either consciousness or not-consciousness. Those are the two basic states. The relationship between these two states is that of memory. Does the consciousness which was just not-consciousness recall being consciousness before being not-consciousness? This is the basic premise.

The next thing which might help is knowing that there is only a single universe and there are only three dimensions. By definition this is all that

is needed. Any more than a single universe and three dimensions is possible only theoretically or in a simulation. These possibilities do not exist in the ‘actual universe’—the ‘real’ universe. So knowing this (and there are a series of meditations one can do to experience this as well) and knowing the two basic states of conscious/not-conscious, one can move about. Sixteen double-spaces since last check.

A meditation might go like this: I am conscious. When was I last not-conscious? Why? Is the consciousness I am experiencing now the same as the consciousness I was experiencing before the last time I was not-conscious? What are the similarities and what are the differences? Where am I conscious? How many places can I move my consciousness? If one believes that one’s consciousness is a byproduct of the human brain only, then what is the smallest amount of brain one would need to experience consciousness of this fact? I might have just invented a new word. Consciousnessness. It actually seems to fit properly in that sentence. That could be one of my claims to fame as an alt lit writer. Known to

invent new common words that made contextual sense.

That was strange in the cafe how all those weird synchronicities with the people talking and me writing. It all synched up. Ghosts are real.

It just dawned on me that this laptop is kind of like a modern day Ouiji board. It is a lot quicker than going letter by letter moving that weird thing with the felt. Just let it happen. Well, It seems like this is going to be the end of typing for today. I wish that the space bar was working properly. It is keeping me from getting in a flow of typing.

I had some more thoughts on writing that 'book in one sitting' book. It isn't something I would like to try to do. I might try one day, but not for a long time. I thought of another idea that might be easier to do. I'm writing it here so that anyone who reads this might want to participate. What I'm thinking of is to have a few additional authors. It would be a novel that a group of people would sit down together and write over the course of the day.

It would still be lot of work. For example, if the book was going to have 50,000 words and

each person was expected to write 10,000 words, then five authors would be needed. Everyone gathers somewhere and begin typing—eventually everything everyone typed would be consolidated. It would be combined in a way that made sense. They could decide together how they wanted to go about it. 10,000 words would still be a grueling experience for those five writers. I've been at this now since ten this morning and I'm only at 5700 words. Imagine having been doing this with four other writers and still not being half-way done. That would be an amazing experiment. Ten writers would mean that each would be expected to come up with 5000 words. That would be easier, maybe even fun. Alt lit is a whole world of literature just waiting to be explored. I'll have to think about all of this some more. The good thing is that since I am going to write and publish a book a month (at least) then doing some interesting experiments like that along the way will make it fun and new.

Well, there isn't much left to go in this book. Just 8800 words. It is interesting how this book ended up being about a ghost. The ghost element is new.



I guess it doesn't make any sense to keep writing until I go back and look at those chapters with the psience experiments and then stand back and mull it all over, and then spend the last 7000 words writing about what it all means. Today is Tuesday, I'm pretty much on schedule with the word count—a fourteen day book. It looks like it is going to end up being two 4000 word days to close it out. The interesting thing about this whole experience—of writing this book over the past few weeks—is that during the first week it hardly seemed like I was writing at all. The writing only seemed to take up a little bit of each day. But now it seems like I'm sitting here typing all the time day and night. It seems like all I'm doing is typing. For example, today I didn't play any piano. I'm still hoping to. All the time I've spent writing this book I could have been working on piano stuff. I can look at it the other way too. If I had spent all this time playing piano I wouldn't have a book.

I'm writing this paragraph having revised up to here after having finished writing the book yesterday. I just want to say that finishing writing the book doesn't mean finishing sitting at the laptop. I've been at this since nine this morning,

and it is now after one. I'm spending more time editing than I was writing. It'll take the rest of the afternoon reading through the last few chapters. I'm going to take a break and regroup.

### **Hello Today**

Hello today. I'm glad I spent yesterday writing 7000 words. Thank you yesterday me. Thank you cafe ghost for giving me things to write about. Today me only has two days left of typing at 3500 words a day. The regular schedule. That's a good feeling. I just was reading through and revising a few chapters. That took an hour. Now I am back in generate new content mode. I'm thinking about going bowling because the bowling alley is open. They have leagues some mornings. I might just go over there and see what is happening. I think it is duck pins or candlepins. That is my plan. I'm going to eat a bunch of walnuts and bananas and make some more coffee and then head over to the lanes. That'll give me something to write about. Maybe I'll write there if it doesn't seem like it is going to freak people out. I'm interested in seeing who is in the Wednesday morning bowling league.

Well, I'm back now. It's 3:30 p.m. I ended up going bowling and I kind of wish I hadn't, but I'm still glad I did. It was like going in a time machine back to 1975. This bowling alley didn't have television monitors above the lanes, so I couldn't do the throw all gutter balls experiment. It had old style projection screens that weren't being used. I remember those things from back in the day. They had glass with the frames painted in as part of the scoring tables and you'd use a wax pencil to write in the scores and a light shines through and projects it all up to the screens. The scoring tables are slanted so you couldn't put drinks on them. I remember that too. It was candlepin lanes. There was a senior women's league bowling. There was another group of folk bowling too. I didn't do very well. Nobody was doing well. Somebody got a ten once and there was a sustained cheer. Nobody got a strike or a spare as far as I could tell. The best I did was a nine in one frame. I had one good roll where a bunch of pins went flying and it sounded good. It was fun for about five frames when I was trying to figure out how to get some spin on the ball. I hit the one pin only once. A lot of gutter balls or two

pins in the middle would fall—like a little alleyway. Then I started getting tired. I had paid for two games, but didn't want to keep going. I forgot to mention that you had to hit a button to reset the pins.

I kept thinking about a candlepin bowling league I was in when I was in junior high. It was Tuesday afternoon after school. We'd go over in a bus. I wasn't very good at it back then either. I remember this one kid who was really good at bowling and it used to irritate me that I wasn't as good as he was. That was just now a memory. I remember how awkward I felt back then. Just in my own world. The air seemed so dense back then. So that was it. The bowling alley itself was pretty run down. It was out of time. It could be used as an authentic movie set for a movie set in 1978. You wouldn't have to do anything. Perfect just how it is. Just put a Space Invaders in front of the ATM machine.

The whole excursion was mostly a waste of time, and I didn't get anything interesting to write about. Plus now I smell like some nasty deodorant.

Right when I got into my car I realized that I had forgotten to use deodorant. I could have ran

back upstairs, but I didn't. So while I'm driving that was on my mind. Since it was still early in the morning with plenty of time to do stuff, I had it in the back of my mind that I might drive around to used bookstores too. And I thought, "Hey, I'm an author, I should go to that other town way down south and find a cafe to hang out in like writers do. So I decided that I better stop and get some deodorant in case I met someone to talk to. I didn't want to be stinky.

So I stopped and ran into one of those places. I couldn't find the deodorant I usually use. I bought the one that looked like it would kill me least over the longest number of years. I should have smelled it first. Yeah, it's one of those odors that doesn't go away. Stinky putrid scent. When I lift my arm now, five hours later it still stinks. I just wanted to not smell bad, not to smell like a candle shop through July.

So that is happening now still, and it turns out it didn't matter in the end. So I'm kind of sore in three specific spots from bowling. As mentioned I didn't find out what would happen on the electronic monitors if you roll all gutter balls. I went to the wrong bowling alley for that. That's all

I'm going to say about bowling in this book. It is just like I mentioned before, 2020 is more like the 1970s than the future we had hoped for back then. So finally the bowling was over and I zipped out of there. I roamed around looking for bookstores. The ones I used to know about had closed down or were closed. I eventually found one that had a lot of unusual books and toys and records and games. It was all stuff from the '70s. Then a lot of synchronicities started happening.

For example, a few days ago I had been meditating about psi when I was doing one of those psi experiments. I remembered that when I was a child my friend's father had a game called *Kreskin's ESP*. I had been thinking about that game the other day. For those of you who don't know, Kreskin was a guy who used to be a popular guest on talk shows. He would do some psychic thing like guessing numbers on dollar bills and things like that. I had just been thinking of that game a few days ago, and now here it was in this cool bookstore. The whole place was like that. Everything had associations with things I had been recently think about. And outside around the store there were a lot of weird things. Like

newspaper headlines about the Kennedy assignation taped over real newspaper boxes. Weird stuff like that.

So I'm standing there looking at the *Kreskin's ESP* game, and I'm thinking, wow, I was just thinking about that the other day, and now here it is. Pretty much everything I looked at in the bookstore was like that. Even the name of the store was kind of synchronistic—well, almost. For some reason I didn't even consider buying that game—usually I would have. I ended up heading out of there. And as I drove through the town I realized that there wasn't any cool place I could hang out in to write. There wasn't anyplace like that in that town. And there wasn't going to be anywhere I could get anything to eat either, so I decided to head home. Well, maybe there is a cool place like that there, but I'd never figure out where it is on my own. Along the way home I saw a new little food building, so I stopped to get some things so I could make my lunch at home. Everything was really inexpensive in there. I paid about half what it usually costs at one of the other food buildings. That store was like it was out of the 1970s too. Even the way the food was packaged. It

was on those little green flat plastic-like paper things with plastic wrap over it. I don't see produce packaging like that anywhere else. It was all very unusual. For example there was a roll of paper towels for 89 cents. Why is it that anywhere else that exact same roll of paper towels costs at least \$2.89? At all the co-ops where you're supposed to have buying power and membership deals, yet they somehow can't figure out how to stock a paper towel roll that costs less than a buck. How come the mom and pop store has figured it out? How difficult can it be? All the food in there was half what it costs elsewhere. I'm still thinking about it.

It was like the whole morning didn't even happen, but was just a simulation of things and places which were reconstructed from my own memories about the 1970s. I'd like to go back to that bookstore one day to really spend some time looking through everything.

The best part was driving through one area that was the countryside. There were big rolling hills and distant mountains. Big expanses of sky and picturesque farms and fields.



Everything along the road was a memory. Stores that were still there but shut down. Buildings I remembered working in. New construction. Playing golf there. Eating there. And then associations with each memory of a place. Thoughts of my life. There they all were floating through my mind. All of that happened and more. Now I'm home writing, wishing that it had been more interesting. Wishing that something more substantial had happened. I suppose if I had been more interesting then some more interesting things might have happened. I should have had to have been in a different mindset. I would have been looking to chat with people. I guess it is going to be up to me to make trips like that interesting.

I had really hoped I would have gotten a full chapter out of the morning. Well, what am I going to write about now? This book is supposed to be done tomorrow and I've still got over 7000 words to write. This is quite the imbroglio.

It's after five now. I just took a shower and that deodorant is still on me. It is all waxy there now. I'm thinking of going over to the open mic to see my friends and play a little piano and maybe do some writing while I'm there. I've still got 3000

words to go today. I feel like all I've been doing is writing, but I feel like I'm still behind the eight ball. I didn't even play any piano today. Well, I'll just sit here for a half hour and type and then I'll go over there. Maybe I should bring my sax. There's three or four open mics tonight, but only one of them has a piano. I don't feel much like doing anything tonight. I don't feel like typing especially. Nothing to write about anyway.

Well, at least it was good to get out and drive around a little bit. That is a nice thing to be able to do. I can jump in the car and go wherever I'd like. That is good to know that is something that could be done at any time. But it would have been better if I had had some kind of experience that would have filled up the rest of the chapter. It seems to me that it is up to me to be different in order to get something interesting to happen. If I just let life go by itself nothing ever happens. Or if something does happen, it winds up happening the same way over and over with just minor differences.

Maybe I'll bring my sax tonight after all. It isn't too cold out. The main reason I don't always want to take it to that open mic is because the

brewery is so cold that the metal on the sax doesn't warm up enough and it sounds out of tune, and the tone is different. It takes time to warm up it up, but if it's really cold it never really warms up. That is a possibility.

Man, this book is falling off the cliff right now. It went from communicating with a ghost to a chapter of complaining. I personally don't think any of this is complaining, but I know that is how it may be interpreted. I don't have any major emotions attached to these words or what these words describe. I'm just stating it how it is. But I do realize that a lot of what I'm writing may be interpreted by the reader as complaining, and certain emotions are attached to it. But those emotions aren't mine, they belong to the reader. The reader, upon reading these words, projects their own emotions outward onto the words as they interpret the words. They project onto them what they themselves believe them to mean based on their own personal life experiences. Any emotions are their own, not mine—how could I know how to illicit emotions in another person just by drinking coffee and writing words? This is a powerful thing. That's why the pen is mightier

than the sword. You can make people feel specific ways if you write the words in certain ways. You can guide them into certain belief predetermined belief sets.

Some readers might interpret this chapter as one big complaint. And if that reader has negative associations with complaining, and are still prone to getting annoyed, then they might get worked up thinking that they are reading a chapter about complaining. It might really annoy them. They might experience frustration. But that frustration is caused by their internal state of mind. And it may or may not coincide with my emotional state.

Another reader might not feel anything. They might not even see this chapter as complaining. They might think it is funny. Or they might see it as an indictment on modern society. It's different for everyone.

Another person might, after having read the selection on the strange bookshop, come to the conclusion that that whole experience was a time slip. The reason why everything was like the 1970s was because I did go back to the 1970s. Or they might even believe that none of it was real. That it was just a vivid dream that I had, and I thought it

really happened. Perhaps I didn't realize that myself because all of this typing has messed up my routines, and I'm no longer actually sure if I'm even asleep or awake.

That could be the case. A lot of times people say that when they do a repetitive task over and over they sometimes dream about it. Well, sitting here typing for three hours a day is certainly a repetitive task. I might have dreamed about it, but don't remember those dreams. That would be weird to think that while I'm sleeping I'm also sitting in a dream typing away and don't even know it.

Let's just say for laughs that this is a dream. Let's pretend I'm in a dream now, whatever a dream is, and that I'm writing my book in that dream. Somewhere else my real body is sleeping. I'm here in a dream body then. I can see my hands in the dream body typing away at the dream laptop. Well it sure doesn't seem like a dream. Everything seems locked in as usual. It seems like reality. What if when we're dreaming we get locked into a dream. We think it is real so we just keep living as if it was. In the dream we go to sleep and wake up and go to sleep and wake up.

We never realize that it is all a dream. How do we know that that isn't happening now, and we don't know because our belief system is such that it doesn't allow for that to happen. Tomorrow when I wake up I'm probably not going to remember this dream. In fact I'm fairly certain I won't. That is weird. The more I think about it the more strange it all seems. We sleep one third of our life, and we don't even know what is going on. What does it all mean? Someone must know. I wish they would just spill the beans.

Another thought. If a dream is just something that happens to us anyway, and we can hardly remember them most of the time, then what's the difference between that and something we make up. We could just make up anything and say it was a dream. Who would know the difference. It is pretty easy to just make up anything. You just think it up and write it down. One just has to get used to suspending reality and having weird things happen. One has to get used to having dreams. Sometimes in a dream things can happen instantaneously.

Ok, I've decided that I'm going to head over to the open mic. I'm going to bring my

saxophone. We'll see what happens. I'm going to bring the laptop too.

I made it over here. It's seven now. I'm not sure if I'm going to write about what is happening here, or type about something else. I'll probably type about something else. As long as I'm typing it's all good. It is very tempting to write about what is happening, but that will have to wait until another day. It would be so much easier just typing about what is happening here, but it feels like it would be out of place compared to the rest of the book. Unless a ghost shows up. That would be cool if I could actually see a ghost. How would I know if I never saw one before? I might have been seeing them all along and haven't realized it. Writing could be anything.

Now it's a few hours later. I ended up playing some saxophone with my friends, and now I'm typing some more listening to someone play some piano. It's after nine and I've still got 1500 words to go to hit my quota for today. This day has really slipped away from me. At least I played some sax. Well, now what? It feels like this book is fizzling. I had such a great vision this morning and rushed out into the world to have some great

experiences. Nothing happened other than some time twists. I wonder if I go back tomorrow if that bookstore will even still be there. Will everything still be inexpensive in that food store. Just the future. I'm in the future.

Well, that's the beauty of alt lit. It's like fiction and science fiction, you just make it up. Well, actually alt lit is different. You just let it happen and then write it down. Something. You just think and write what you're thinking. Sometimes something interesting happens. Often nothing interesting happens. Well, whatever does happen, by this time tomorrow I'll have completed this book. The two week book. The book I wrote in two weeks. It looks like it is going to be about 240 pages. All of that is arbitrary anyway, just based on the number of words per page. It can be anything. I've been looking at a lot of old paperbacks, and most of them have really tiny lettering. Crazy small letters. And the lines of words are all scrunched together. That has changed. Now all the books seem to have big lettering and there isn't a lot of words on the page. It probably just seems that way. Who knows. What do I know about any of this? It is just my opinion



anyway. Somebody knows the real deal. Or not. Maybe it is all inconsequential. What difference is it anyway? Everything is just something someone decided to do. Nothing is really that precious in the end. It is just different. It changes and is different.

Now it feels like I'm getting some kidney stone pain. Once again, I didn't drink enough water today. Man, everything is so difficult. Always something. When I can get an hour of absolute peace I feel like I hit the lottery. I just have to remember to be thankful that I don't have a headache right now. Things could be so much worse than they are. Still, why didn't I drink any water? Well, it is too late now. I'll survive.

I hope this book ends up with a nice ending. If not, there's always February to look forward to. Maybe that book will be better. That's the beauty of alt lit. If it isn't good, maybe the next book will be a little better. Just write it and keep writing it. Let someone else decide if they like it or not. Just keep writing. That's my job.

I'm imagining that eventually I'll get tired of writing about writing. I might eventually get to a point where I'll be writing fiction. Four or five

books from now. Springtime. I've got to start thinking about the books that I'll be publishing in the summer. The summertime reading books. Maybe those should be fiction. Maybe a collection of short stories. I could roam around and experience things and then write about what happened disguised as fiction. Short stories. Real stuff that happened to me disguised as short stories.

That might be the way to go. Instead of writing about not having anything to write about I could write a short story. Spend a day on a short story and then move on to the next one. Get used to that routine. It is the routine I am doing now anyway, except instead of trying to string things together day to day to make a book, keep each day as a separate day of writing.

So if I did that I could have written a book today about going bowling as a way of remembering somebody. Maybe I would have heard the news that my friend from junior high who I used to go bowling with had died. And in memory and honor of him I decide to take the day off of work and go bowling. It is a short story. I could write about all the memories associated

with the bowling alley. The smells, sounds and sights. I could write about memories of my friend. I could have part of the story talking with the women in the senior bowling league. Maybe later I'd go to a bookstore or to the city to the south to hang out in a coffee shop. Maybe in the bookstore I'd see things associated with my friend. There would be something that happened that made me remember something about him. A coincidence. A meaningful passage which would make a favorable impression on the reader. I could have a Proustian Moment in the bookstore when I saw the old board game. I might have played that board game as a child with my bowling friend. On and on and on it would go.

There's probably a secret to writing short stories, and that secret should be easy to figure out. They're short first of all, so whatever it is that makes a good one wouldn't be much. It isn't like planning some elaborate intricate thing, like designing a factory that made spring-loaded watches with a hundred gears and tiny metal screws. It isn't anything like that. It's just some basic story writing stuff. This and this happened to them there, and this one realized this and that one

didn't. Then this happened and now this one thinks that and that one thinks this. Now they are either happy or sad. The end.

This is what I'm hoping to avoid. Things like who are the characters and what are their relationships? Everything about each person should be known. Who is telling the story? What happens externally? What do the characters do and say? What happens to each character internally? What is each character's set of beliefs? Do they change? Why? What is the point of the story? What can a reader figure out on their own by reading between the lines? Are there revelations?

Here are some examples. Someone thinks one thing, and then changes their mind later after witnessing something. Someone went to do something expecting one thing, and ended up finding out something differently. Maybe the stories wouldn't get resolved at all.

I don't know, just writing about this makes me not want to do it. Once I figured out all of this regarding a potential story, it would feel superfluous to write the story. I could just say this is what was meant. Like the Cliff Notes for a

book. Why not just read the Cliff Notes so you know all that behind the scenes stuff before you read the book? Why is reading supposed to be like being Sherlock Holmes solving a mystery? That's one of the things I never understood about having to read books in high school. You'd have to read one, and then write essays about your own interpretation of it. I was never able to figure out what they wanted me to figure out. And I didn't understand why I had to—the Cliff Notes had all that information in there already. If figuring out what the book meant was so important, then why not just have us read the Cliff Notes to make sure that we 'got it'.

Now my wrist is hurting from bowling. That was kind of a stupid thing to go do. It was kind of sad. I wonder if all those people are sleeping now. That is one of the weekly things they do. They all go bowling together. Tonight was a weekly thing people do as well. They go to the open mic. It was pretty good. There were some new musicians and we had a big jam session at the end. It was fun.

I don't think I'm going to be interested in writing short stories. I'll give it a try in the next book maybe. It might work. I'll start it by trying to

write a short story. That will be on February 1st. So I'll have two weeks to mull over writing short stories. So even though I am taking a break over the next two weeks (from writing), if something inspires me I'll still write something. This book is the two week book—written all in two weeks. The next ones can be anything.

I suppose one way to think of this is that each month I will write a 50,000 word book. I just choose to do all that writing in the first two weeks of the month. If I took the whole month to write the book that would be 1650 words a day. That would be easy to write, but over the course of a month doing it every day would get difficult. I'd miss days and then suddenly have a 3000 day looming at me. Every day throughout the month. Yeah, I don't think it would work too well for me to have to write each and every day. I think the way I'm doing it will work out fine over the long run. I like the two week break from writing. Just long enough to forget how much I hate it. By the end of the two weeks of writing I won't care because I'll have had a two week break. And if I ever want to get a jump start on the next book, well, nothing is stopping me. Everything is a

guideline, especially in the experimentation process. 50,000 words a month is 600,000 words a year.

Well, I've reached the end of this chapter. Wow, this has been a how *not to* kind of day. It's 11:00 p.m. I hear a train outside. It is otherwise quiet. Everyone in the building must be asleep. I'm wide awake right now. Just 3500 more words to go until I hit 50,000. Then a final readthrough of everything before I print out my red pen copy. Today is Wednesday. Thursday I'll finish writing and probably start editing and revising. I'll also have all day Friday to do that. Then Saturday morning I'll get a copy printed, and that afternoon I'll put together my proof copy. Then red line it. I gave myself a week to do that, but it might just take a day. The key is to take my time on Friday when I go through editing on the screen with the laptop. That is the key. The goal is to not have to red line anything. And to just do a red line readthrough once. Well, I'm going to end this chapter now. Suddenly I've got stuff to type about, but I'm starting to eat into the words designated for tomorrow, so I'm going to leave it as it is. Funny how that happened. I had nothing to type

about, and now I've got a million things to type about. Typical alt lit stuff. I might go over to the haunted cafe tomorrow to write the last chapter. I want to see how the ghost is doing.

### **The Two Week Book**

This has been the two week book. I wrote it all in two weeks. By the way it's still Wednesday night. I started the next chapter as if it was tomorrow morning. This is what I would have been typing anyway. Well, no, factually it isn't. If I had waited until tomorrow to type this I wouldn't be typing that it is still Wednesday night. I'd be typing something about it being Thursday morning. This is the last sentence I am going to write today.

8:36 a.m. 46,800

Now it's Thursday morning. I finally woke up and got over here to the cafe to start typing. It snowed overnight a little bit. Now it's raining. Pretty frosting in the trees, but the sidewalks are slippery. Everything always looks good when it first snows, but after some time, a few hour even, things start to taper off and look normal again. Sometimes the winter can look stark. When the



snow has been around for a long time and it has hardened and the sun is a diffuse ball of fire, glowing behind a low cloud cover. That's what it's like this morning. Walked slow and things were happening around me. As I thought so it happened. Then time dilated and I thought about the fineness of consciousness. The finiteness. The smallest 'amount' needed for consciousness to exist, as I understand it now. What is the smallest amount and how much of it is needed. I thought of how it could overlay within the brain. I thought about each person as being a cell in a larger organism. It is all alive. We are inside of it. We are as individual cells in a larger organism. Literally. It is difficult to explain it in a way that one would be able to 'see' it.

*Take Me To the River*

As I was walking over thinking about that I thought of an idea for a book—*Peace Warrior*. It would be about someone...

As I type this about the peace warrior idea someone starts talking loudly and distractingly. When there is a sudden commotion I focus on what I had just been thinking to see if it is important. Sometimes commotions are designed

to throw me off writing about this idea. Now they're talking about the Far Side comic strip. He said a punch line, but he said it so fast I didn't hear it. Then the girl laughed so she must have understood it. Now he is explaining the joke to her even though she laughed. Now she is telling him about some movie about kids going to college. She is a fast talker too.

*Anytime She Goes Away*

I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, ain't no sunshine when she's gone.

I remember now a little more. While I was walking over slowly through the picturesque world I starting thinking about different things like consciousness and other related topics. Everything I saw, and as I saw it, and how the scenery changed around me as I walked depending on where I was and the perspective I had, was related to what I was thinking. I was thinking big topics like consciousness, and looking at things as they actually are instead of how I think they are, or through my projected belief system. I was observing things in a way in which they began to dissolve. It gave itself away. What I was thinking seemed to occur in the moment. One after

another something or someone was there to make me notice them. This in itself is no big deal anymore. You're walking down the street and then a car backs out in front of you, a person walks towards you and says what you're thinking, noises happen near you as you are about to have a profound realization, and weird and cool things occur to make you notice them and forget the realization. Someone might think a person who mentions these things is crazy. They would give reasons for them being mentally ill. Perhaps, but when these things happen to me, they are only happening near me. In other words as I walk along the street and things start 'appearing on my doorstep' I immediately look everywhere else in my field of vision—across the road and up and down the street—to see if similar things are happening elsewhere. This morning as I walked over, I could see that they weren't. Things were just happening right in front of me as I walked. It was like a string of events and occurrences all laid out before me, for me and just me. Like a movie set, but in real time.

It seems planned since it only happens in front of me as I walk. A string of events. I decide

to not comply and turn my attention away, the exact opposite what anyone just walking along would do. I chose not to engage, and then a new event is there to try to engage me. And then as I realize it and ignore it, another new things appears to try and distract me even more. An endless string of little possible kerfuffles. Here come some now. This looks like a long string of kerfuffles.

One interpretation is that I am experiencing probable universes forming. I am riding a timeline as probable universes are forming around me. Assuming that intent is part of the formula from which future possible universe come into existence, and since I am focusing my consciousness on these possibilities—accepting the fact that things such as ghosts, synchronicities and thought transference are possible—then I might discover that the preponderance of my self-consciousness is increasingly ‘awakening’ and moving into these possible alternate, concurrent universes. If ghosts exist then you’re in a universe where ghosts exist. When in a universe where ghosts exist, not believing they exist makes no sense.

Each moment has probable futures. These are constrained by the physical properties one is in and one's belief system. In a dream none of this exists, so in a dream you are in a place which is restricted only by what you, as the dreamer, can conceive. The brain is functioning during sleep. The way in which the brain has gathered information throughout the day while awake is the content which is used to create the dream while asleep.

But in this reality there are constraints as dictated by the physics of our world. Within this set of possibilities there are many things that could happen. For example, I could type this word instead of that word. I could type the letter B instead of the letter C. These are all choices I can make. Sitting here with my hands on the keyboard there are many options. Each option can be thought of as a possible choice. Some say that each of these possible choices create an alternate universe. If so then where are they?

Let us not wonder about where they exist, for now, but rather just accept that they do. And there are as many other universes as are possible. In each of these other universes things are

happening. You are there. Others are there. Over time in these other universes timelines begin to diverge. At first all the possible universes generated in any specific moment are all very similar. Then things start changing. Someone wears red instead of blue. People liked a certain TV show more than they did in the other universe. Your first child was a boy not a girl as in this universe. Things like that. Simple things and then, over time, increasing divergence.

But sometimes there is a great catastrophe and new universes come into existence that are born in tragedy.

[Violence. Super hero stuff. Weird stuff. Blah blah blah, etcetera]

For this chapter if I hear something said while I'm typing that is pertinent or unusual I'll write it in the square parenthesis as above. I hope the reader is used to the ghost speaking through people in the cafe by now. I am going to type about other things now and if I hear something I will put it in the parenthesis. In other words I'm not in 'ghost mode', but I'm still paying attention.

So I was writing about possible universes. How they exist somewhere. We accept on faith

that they do. And we believe that these possible universes are created in the moment based on all possibilities which could occur instant to instant based on the physics of this time and space.

What I'm wondering is how are these universes connected to each other, if at all.

Is there a primary universe and are the secondary universes simpler representations of that more complex universe. For instance, in this universe there is a lot of stuff. In a dream representation of this universe all that stuff wouldn't be needed. It might just be floating pictures of that stuff. Placeholders. It would evolve into a universe of different properties; things that would seem inexplicable in this universe would be possible and common in that universe. So the other universes might begin as exact replicas of this universe, and then evolve into new universes. It seems like how plants grow. Universes are like weeds. Consciousness, belief and intent are parts of the driving principles which help decide which possibilities end up manifesting. They are sunlight, soil and water.

*Stoned Me To My Soul*

Now here is something that might happen in this scenario. Each of the universes would have a version of me in it. And as the timelines diverge, each me would begin to have different experiences. But those mes would still be connected somehow. Like how the roots of some plants are all connected underground, but above ground it looks like separate plants.

Since each new universe was born (diverged) from this universe, some parts of it would remain attached—as the roots. For a person this could be thought of as part of their ‘soul’. It would exist in finer quality, on the level of consciousness at the finest level. A web which connected this world to that world on a sub-plank level—in a size of scale which doesn’t effect the larger physics of our size of scale. Qualities of experience would be shared between these universes and individuals would feel them as deep psychic impressions. So if in another universe you meet someone and have a long shared experience, in this universe if you randomly meet that person you might ‘feel’ the imprint from the other universe. That’s how it works.



I just realized that earlier I wrote that there is one universe, and here I am writing about this and that universe. It is just one universe. I should be saying 'universe(s) within this universe'. There's the one universe that contains everything and within that universe are other universes sub-Planck level and this universe too is sub-Planck to another universe. They don't effect the big universe, but they have different properties so they seem disconnected. All of this was explained in that movie *Animal House*.

I was thinking about this yesterday. A friend of mine mentioned that a friend of of theirs, who I don't know, almost once got a job where I worked. After thinking about this I realized a simple fact. In an alternate probable universe my friend's friend got that job, and in that universe he became my friend from that work association. In this world, upon meeting him, I felt that psi vibration and transference of experience based on our friendship in that alternate universe.

There is rippling in time, forward and backward through time, in which multiple soul experiences occur. Intuition is ripples from the

future. Intent is ripples toward the future. Where they meet is reality.

That explains soul mates and intuitive feelings about people. It isn't necessarily from 'past lives' as commonly thought, but from experiences in other current lives in other current universes.

I'll spend a little more time on this subject. The prevailing belief system of many is that we live a life, die, have a life review, and then are born again, without memory, to live through experiences in such a way as to improve ourself, and then we die again, and go through it again and again until in some future lifetime all experiences have been experienced, all wrongs righted, all karma paid, all harvests reaped, and we end up in heaven for eternity, or become a creator of universes or have good luck for an afternoon or something like that. That is one of the generally believed explanations of what is happening. All of this could be correct. I'm suggesting that there is more.

What I'm suggesting is that those 'past lives' aren't lifetimes as we think of them, but life 'moments' being lived separately in different universes, but being 'shared' simultaneously now

within an interconnected web which contains our other selves.

1900 words in one hour and forty-five minutes. It has been a challenge writing this chapter. A lot of deep thoughts which are taking time to get out. I hope there might be a few kernels here, and that someone can take something away from this book which will help them in some way.

Still 1200 words to go until this book is done. I'm trying to decide whether to stay here and get more coffee and food, or if I should head out and finish this book elsewhere. I'm thinking of just staying here and finishing it. I'm just trying to think of what to write about until the end of this chapter. I'm not going to go bowling, that is for sure. I'm still feeling sore on my leg. My wrist is ok. I'm looking forward to being able to spend some time playing piano the next few days and not much else. I think I'll get some more food and coffee and then spend the last 1000 words writing about what it was like to write this book in two weeks.

Here we go. Last 1000 words. I mentioned this the other day while writing, and it is

something I'd like to write about some more because it has made such a strong impression on me. What it is is this. It seems as if writing this over the past four or five days has completely taken over my life. I feel like all I am doing is writing. Typing. I'm always at the laptop. Meanwhile it felt like during the first week I was hardly typing at all. But I've been typing the same number of words each day. So why the big difference in how I am relating to my perceptions regarding how this seems in relation to the rest of my life. I don't feel like doing any deep thinking on this right now. I'm just mentioning it to mention it.

I'll mention it again. I feel like the past few days all I've been doing is sitting here typing. I haven't seemed to have been doing anything else. It is an interesting phenomenon. Perhaps something to be explored in a future book. Perhaps I can see if the same thing happens next month. Time will tell.

The best decision I made regarding this book was to make it 50,000 words instead of 70,000 words like my other books are. For me, 50,000 is the minimum maximum for a monthly

writing project like this. Any more and it would drive me crazy. The thought of writing another word in this book once 50,000 words has been reached fills me with repulsion. I want to be done. I am looking forward to being done. By definition this is a book. Alt lit. If I had to write another 20,000 words to make this a book I don't know if I could do it. I think I would quit writing books. Another 20,000 words? Why? The next 20,000 will be in the next book. They don't have to be in this book.

I suppose on one level the next book will just be a continuation of this book. It could certainly be thought of in that way. It is all one book. Like Tolkien and the *Lord of the Rings*. It's all one book. All the hobbit books are one book. Alt lit.

That's about it. There really isn't much more to add at this point. It is all in here. Everything that I typed when I sat down to write this book is here. None of it was really planned out. I just would sit down and start typing. That is the book. It ended up being about psi stuff. I enjoyed writing those sections. It is interesting. I'm guessing that future books will contain elements of

these topics as well. Ghosts, synchronicities, psi experiments, meditations, explanation of reality possibilities, dreams, consciousness. All of that fun stuff. I'm thinking of involving more people somehow. Interviewing people about the psi experiences. Doing more experiments. Somehow find a way to prove to other people psi is real. That the ghost is real. How would I be able to do that?

Also, the idea of writing a communal book in one sitting. A group of people getting together and writing a 50,000 word book together in one time frame. I really like that idea. I also like the idea of making a documentary about that process. A movie about writing a communal book. That would be weird and cool.

What other things am I looking forward to? Designing the cover for this book. When springtime comes and I've polished a few titles. When I have the physical books. I'm looking forward to that day when it arrives.

I've mentioned in the past that I have about six or seven other manuscripts written. They need to be edited still. I've got about 600,000 words in the can. I just need to go through and edit all of

that. That's twelve 50,000 word books already written. Theoretically I don't have to come up with any 'new' content until 2021. That is good to know. Just 500 more words to go for this one. Then I'm just going to relax for the rest of the day. I just wrote a book in two weeks! Who the hell does that? I should be celebrating down at the pub with all my friends. I seem to be in a universe where nobody gets too excited by these things.

I just saw a moth fly down from the ceiling and land in a lady's hair. It is just sitting there now in the tangle of curls.

Once I have a few more books made I'll start doing promotions and publicity. I'll find places to do readings. I'll submit sections of my books to anthologies. I'll go to open mics and read sections. I'll sit in cafes talking loudly with other alt lit authors about alt lit stuff. I might start drinking Pernod.

I'll probably make a flyer looking for other writers to take part in writing experiments. Alt lit writing experiments. I'm guessing writers whom have already written a book won't want to participate. My guess is a project like this would attract the individual who desires to be a writer,

perhaps has dabbled, but has been unable to complete writing the appropriate number of words to qualify it as being a 'book'. I can help them with that. I know what it means and what it takes.

All it takes is sitting down and typing. Having something to type about. Keep doing that until you've typed 50,000 words. That's it. Then read it and revise it about five or a dozen times. Everything and anything else which isn't this is just an impediment standing in the way of making this happen. If you're not typing you're not writing. That's why when I meet someone and they say that they're a writer I ask them how many words they write a day. If they don't have an answer I draw certain conclusions. They sometimes say that they've written a book, and I ask them how many words, and they don't know. This tells me something.

I'm aware that this isn't literature. I'm glad it isn't. This is alt lit. Almost there. 3300 words in three hours. I want to take my time typing these last 30 words. I'm savoring this moment. Savoring this accomplishment.

[What's going on girl? Laughing. Yeah.]



The ghost has a sense of humor. I'm listening to the background noises. The drone of sound. A white noise from which words sometimes emerge. I'm waiting to hear words crystalize amid the static.

[It's so funny. More for later. Take a breath. Yeah, it's overflowing.]

I'm at 50,000 words. Thank you cafe ghost. I'm going out for a walk in the sun. Everything is melting.

One last funny synchronicity just happened, that proved this is real—at least to one of my friends. I went outside in the bright sun. It was very nice. I was so happy that I had finished writing this book that I went over to the art store to share the news. I related the story of how the book was all done, and how it ended up being about synchronicities, psi phenomenon, and ghosts and things like that. I talked about how a ghost at the cafe was communicating with me as I typed. Then, for some reason, my friend decided to hit the shuffle key on the music program we were listening to, and the song *Ghost Town* by The Specials started playing. That's how it happens. Just like that.

## Coda

Here is the coda. The chapter of misfit words. In alt lit, the coda is often used by alt lit writers as a catch bin for all the writing that has been generated that doesn't really belong anywhere else in the book. It probably doesn't really belong in the coda either, but the coda is where it ends up. In other words, it's one of those traditions that gets started somehow, nobody really knows or remembers why, but everyone just keeps doing it. That is what the coda is in alt lit.

As I'm typing new chapters I see this chapter, the Coda chapter, at the bottom of the computer screen. Since it is going to be toward the end of the book, it is there under the new writing. For example, right now I am writing the *Double Day* chapter, I'm at 16,250 words. This is now, as I type, the second paragraph in the Coda. I am writing it because I was tired of looking down at the bottom of the screen and only seeing one paragraph in the Coda. This will beef it up little bit for now. Alt lit is total freedom. I might delete this. There are no rules to alt lit—it is experimental writing. OK, I feel a little better now that there are two paragraphs in the Coda.

How should I type the word OK? I've been typing it all caps. Maybe it should be ok. Ok looks ok. If it is at the start of the sentence it would either be OK or Ok. In the middle of the sentence it would either be OK or ok. If it is OK, it is always OK. If it is ok, it is also Ok if at the beginning of a sentence. If it was ok in the middle of a sentence it wouldn't be OK at the start of the sentence unless it was Oklahoma. I just did a word search and there are 17 times I used the word in this book, 12 of which have been just now. That means there are 5 other times I've used ok in this book. I guess it doesn't really matter how I type it. I'm just leaving everything as is, but in the future I will probably use all lower. Before it felt like it should be all caps, and now it looks better all lower. Okay, I'm glad that has been settled.

When writing sometimes it is possible to get in a state of mind in which the words just flow, and thinking isn't involved. How can someone compare this book to the one I didn't write? As I typed 'fire' I heard '911'.

"Stay in touch, I'll talk to you. Maybe tomorrow."

"Alright."

Here are some chapters that never fully materialized. Truly it is some coda-worthy writing.

### *A Flat Minor*

A flat (Ab) Minor is the subject of this chapter. Ab minor can be thought of as three possible minor modes containing the chord tones of Ab Cb Eb and Gb (1 b3 5 b7). Ab dorian (ii7) is associated with Gb ionian (I), Ab aeolian (vi7) is associated with Cb ionian (I), and Ab phrygian (iii7) is associated with Fb ionian (I).

Ab ionian has four flats. Bb (2), Eb (5), Ab (1) and Db (4). The other notes in this mode are C (3), F (6), and G (7). Ab mixolydian differs from Ab ionian in that the seventh note (G) is flatted (Gb). Ab dorian is the same as Ab mixolydian except now the third (C) is flatted (Cb). This is the first of the three minor modes in Ab.

### *Pure Geniuses*

This is a chapter I never wrote about the geniuses over at the mall.

### *The Fridge Incident*

Here is a chapter that I didn't want to write. It would have been all about the fridge breaking down, and the long string of incidents that happened over three weeks regarding it. (Still

happening as I write this). It was annoying enough to have had to live through it, I really don't feel the need to write about it too, even though I'm sure it would have been amusing to some people.

### *Blitz Chess*

This is not chess. Or is it? It is called blitz chess and I'm not sure if I want to write a chapter about this or not. Maybe the next time around. Somehow writing this book coincided with me playing a lot of blitz chess. I wrote a little bit about it in one of the chapters after all anyway.

Just finished reading through the whole book. Been at it all day. It is 4:00 p.m. now. I've decided to do a second readthrough over the weekend just to make sure I catch most of the typos and errors. I'll try to spread that out over two days so it doesn't take over a whole day. I ended up finishing Sunday morning. I'll print out the red line copy on Monday.

It's Monday morning, seventeen days after I started writing this book. I've gone through it two times and fixed everything as best I could. I've also changed the font size to an 11 pt Baskerville and made the page margins such that hopefully they'll make the book easy to read. Now I am going to go

to the printer and print out my red line copy! I'm letting myself feel good about this. Alt lit.

Things didn't work out and it is now Wednesday. I've read through once more. I'm going to get the red line copy printed this morning. Revising took more time than I thought it would. I did three full readthroughs after having written the book, not just one like I had hoped. That's what it takes, so now I know. Good thing I gave myself a week.

It is later Thursday and I just finished red lining the proof copy and I'm going to fix the 92 typos I found. The book ended up being 53,597 words and 254 pages.

This is the second to last sentence in the book. I mention this because I thought it would take a little bit of the suddenness of knowing that this is now the finality of it all—a final sentence to lessen the sudden crash and burn ending.