Work Process

Writing process description

I dive right into the pool and start splashing around. Sometimes, I'm interrupted by a different but relevant idea, so I'll stop just long enough to write it down. Then get back to my original train of thought. I'll pick up the new idea later.

After a few paragraphs, I go back and read what I've written. I'm usually pleased and this encourages further efforts. I should probably do this less and have a tendency to edit immediately.
Mr. Mitgelfeld:

I hope you don’t mind my formality, but I’m more comfortable with it. Maybe when class is over and we’re friends on Facebook I could call you “Pamela or “Tom” whichever you prefer.

I’m going to write honestly here with no apology. I hope you like me and aren’t offended, but I’m pressing you to kick my ass into becoming a better writer. As long as we view our student/teacher relationship as patient/doctor I think we’ll be fine. Perhaps a confession/priest?

Perhaps I’ll draw a little wine bottle to indicate how much I’ve had to drink when I write. That’s a half bottle of wine with dinner at the Delicatessen down the street for tonight.

I think I’m going to implement a “no page tear out rule” too, so you’ll know you’re seeing everything I’ve written. I’m starting to like the vulnerability, the exposure.
Not for Teacher

"I've got it bad, bad, bad, I'm hot
for teachers." — Van Halen

She is short, lightweight, proportionate
and brunette like my wife of 35 years
and introduces herself to our Spanish class
as Argentinean Italian. Oh god! Latin
and Italian? Are you kidding me?
Holy shit, I should drop right now. There
is no way I'll concentrate in class
especially with that sexy little mole
on her upper lip beckoning with every
accented word, and that smile.

No, I've never dropped a class yet, even
computer aided design where I earned my
first "C" since resuming my college
education in 2008. I'll tough it out.

It's tough to be a guy, I remember
when riding my bike was suddenly pointless
as all I thought about were girls.
No money, no car, no social skills and
no face full of blemishes and all I want
is a girl. My face cleared, I got a job.
a car and a girl eventually, but it was rough in between. Indies, for pre sexual stamina, you do no better than a fifteen year old male, but check your local age of consent laws before engagement. It sucks to admit, from age twelve to thirty, the male brain is dazed by sex. It’s a wonder we can think at all. About a decade ago, twenty years ago, I’m 52 in November of 2017, the fog began to lift. It was refreshing to have some space in my brain to think about thoughts other than sex. Like dropping from a hundred to a day to just 20. What a relief, but you don’t get sued at the Thirty Bars anymore. Small tradeoff.

I can’t believe I just wrote that but I did and it’s staying. I don’t give afuck. It is what it is. I will not tear this page.
My first battle with the hot
for teacher, they were hired in Camp Sec-
1 at Oakland Community College. She was
blonde and attractive in the My Ryan
kind of way which I usually don't
so far. (Ruby's pretension at the end
of that sentence, I think.) I knew the
I shouldn't have taken her to Camp 2
but I couldn't resist. Smart and pretty,
I raced in both but that only
encouraged me. Her skirt came unpegged
in Camp 2 one day, and her polka-dotted
panties were exposed. I was a perfect
gentleman and delicately told her to
pull her sweater over. She smiled and
thanked me. It is our delicious little
secret.

(Interrupts here)

Then there was Mr. Milzfield, English 350.
She walked in and I say to myself "Pics
motherfucker stop." He's right, I'll never
learn a thing. Tall, blond, stacked, smart,
heels, generous, smart, articulate, smile.
I'm toast, but I try. I'll fuck up my whole
Tuesday - Tuesday class, they go down. I'll search for something unattractive. No luck yet. Shit.

I'm in the student lounge an hour before class and slightlycaffeinated. I've had a few coffees lately. I just that Lynn Anne, my wife, could read this. But now I don't care.

I suppose my fear is a good sign that I'm writing honestly.

He second worry was re-reading what I've previously written while drinking. It's not as bad as I thought, and I'm keeping determined to keep the new page tear-out rule.

I avoid too much when I drink.

Space for you to write stuff.
I'm not a maniac for every female although I try to find something attractive about everyone. My Women's Lit instructor had the pleasant, no-makeup - don't give off any flirtatious vibe, very similar to my brother's wife, Carol. However, my history professor sets off my gaydar and my sister-in-law does not. I could not have sex with either of these women even if you offered me a million dollars cash. I couldn't get the necessary cooperation, if you get my drift.

Spanish was the first class I'd ever dropped since resuming my college career. With hindsight, it was probably my lack of consistent practice, not the lip-riding mole, that did me in.
Note from Mrs. Mittelfeld:

Dear Joseph:

While your writing is fair, it is completely inappropriate. I have broken your rule and torn out the offending pages. If this continues, I am obligated to report this to the Dean, otherwise I shall consider this matter closed.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Mittelfeld
2) officious - aggressive in offering unwanted advice
accept receive
except leaving out

Wonder Dog
Professor Ipp - Michael Douglas

James - flatness of character - tenderness
- pocket - corner - Antwerp M. M. palace
or wedding day - pocket book lonely
bite trunk orbits
I know incident when James said he
wants for something he would sell the
preparation book

Quentin O' Malwood

Sara - professor's wife

Wally gone @ club. James Davis leaves

Tony Crabtree - editor

Emily - wife
Antonie Slovak Mrs.
Hanna Green
Walter Redell - Walter
9/23/11

Revenge/VOICE KARAOKE

My wife and I vacation annually with the same friends. We split the rent on a large home very near the ocean in North Carolina. Almost everyone in the group sings and likes to think so we don’t miss our yearly karaoke experience. My wife bailed off as too tired, but had me go under the watchful eyes of our friends.

I love this! The crowd was pretty rowdy and the bar pretty diving, perfect for suburban trailblazers like us. I nursed my beer as I took in several songs, some much better than others. A cute blond twenty-something started her version of a slightly dirty pop tune and I figured I’d help her out, so I grabbed a chair around and propped my feet on the stage as she sang.

She took the bait and bought me.

I loved it more than a mom...
Fedora, samurai, taut, testicle vibe
Dark eyes, tanned, largely Caucasian, muscle shirt
Lower past, ten pounds of shit in the pants bag,
painted jeans

Named all 3 years should love.

Then I sang as I

Later, as I approached the stage
to perform my infamous version
of Radiohead's "Creep." I whispered
it was time for her to return
the favor and she eagerly obliged,
placing sat and feet just 20 feet.
When the fifty-six year-old
screeched "I'm a creep, I'm a
wrecker..." to a lovely young girl,
the crowd goes insane. This dark
theatrical performance is curiously
embraced by the slightly stunned
predominately county music crowd.

It's many of us, as I write and
knowing the importance of describing
my photogenics, I solicit the help
of my teammates that hadn't elected
us to give an opinion on.

As fast as I can write, five witnesses
rattle off fedora, samurai, taut
Testicle vibe, dark eyes, tanned, largely
Caucasian. Muscle shit, SUB TRASH.
ten pounds of shit in a five pound bag and painted-on jeans. She is in her late thirties or early forties and fairly light-weight proportionate. Not at all my type.

She picks Bobby Brown's 'My Prerogative' and urges her family to join her onstage. With one exception, they remain conspicuously absent. Her tambourine suffers through a few lines and abandons her uncomprehendingly, she is very unlikely I've seen and heard, my share of bad taste, but when her take shouts 'off the stage', 'off the stage' it is a joy for me.

Undeterred, she commences the JS to play along with 'fuck-you' as the chorus. She flips off her family at each stanza. Two women leave her table and join us uninvited and announce that they are not, in fact, related to the performer but had only met her several days ago. Oddly enough, this doesn't seem out of place considering the circumstances.
Toby Keith's "Shoulda Been ACowboy", as we might in any range, is my second performance of the evening. Blondie returns to the stage but不失, and props her feet. Our friend Ireda, walking point for my wife, joins her. Cute tells Ireda that he'd like to meet his wife, and in the din of the bar I thought she said "let's be his wife", to which I replied "Maybe just for tonight." Twenty minutes later, she took the yoke as well as my wife, when Ida settled me out to the group in the morning.
Dancer or Marianne? That is the eternal male question. Based on her 60's situation comedy Billigane Island, where the glamorous actress and the innocent farm girl are married. When asked, my buddy George 'chose Marianne without hesitation, while Tom pauses several seconds before selecting Dancer. I've always been a Dancer man myself, but I think any Marianne, Dr. Spearman, my Fiction teacher, may be my Marianne as Mrs. Mitzfeld is my Dancer.

Dr. Spearman has dark hair and eyes and occasionally rests her hand across her pregnant belly. However, it is her relentless teaching style I find irresistible. I've heard sled dogs will train themselves to an effective death without countenance by their drivers. Wiping the sweat from her brow, Dr. Spearman would teach until she dropped, were it not for the requisite break and stop times.
She is not, and not just from
waking up, then,* in even (oceans?)
and, with love in.* I love his style. He
appreciates my not only.

*He is what, and not just from
my turn's alone, the even (oceans?)
My brother is a guitar player and is really good. People love to hear him play. I found myself a bit of a writer but I have to keep reminding myself that people aren't nearly as interested in my music as they are in hearing a guitar. Despite being reminded repeatedly by my friends and family, I keep forgetting this lesson.

I read an essay to my guitar-playing brother and his wife, which was graded by my creative writing teacher and which I entered into Creative Nonfiction magazine "True Crime" contest. They were nonplussed. Not even a polite "that's nice." Nothing.

I have to write to please myself. I'd like the vindication of a contest win even if some mean nothing to my family and dear friends.

By like my cooking though. I made fettuccini Alfredo with pan seared scallops for 13. Big hit. My dad got a kick out of "Totally Rocks!"
9/2

Summations - turbulent, troubled, disturbed.

Undecide - to show to be right, prae
decius.

Bonus: Unique - original, by itself.

1. He wrote the memo, but forgot to initial it.
2. He wrote the memo but he forgot to initial it.
3. I like his writing style; I'd like to see more.
4. I gave him a fair grade; however, because
   his work shows a great deal of improvement.
5. I gave him a fair grade. However, I want
   be that honest in the future.
6. I take my work seriously; expect the best....
7. He I like him as a person, but he very
   competition, therefore difficult to work with.
8. However, and
9. Teacher: Ken
9/29/11

Landing Strip Lounge
Essay due on Tuesday 10/4/11 1-1.5 pages

TITLE
10/4/11

Lost Opportunity? So Here

Megan,

I’m again apologizing for calling you at home. I called information and guessed the number they gave me would be yours. However, my message of needing English help was sincere and polite so I found your email expressing your family’s displeasure at my call gawking, since I called after dark.

As I explained in my subsequent email, you preferred communication between us. I panicked when I thought I didn’t know the assignment or how it completed. It had been done for days. I thanked you for your email assistance, I’ve learned a valuable lesson for which I’m grateful. From now on, I’ll fail a class before I call a lot. Chide classmate for help. Even though we’ve had several enjoyable lunches in the cafeteria, you can’t get past the “old-guy-in-English-stall” stereotype of me. Don’t worry, you’re not the first and I doubt you’ll be
the last. It does hurt my feeling, especially since I've been nothing but polite, courteous and respectful to you. I should have known that your stereotypical screen through which you viewed some of the themes of all my essays I shared would render you unable to offer a clinical or detached kind of assessment or input. You just thought "Fright! Had a female classmate shared same" I'm betty she wouldn't have gotten that reaction. Yes, I'm calling you sexist. I'm in college now Megan. It's time to drop the every-man-has-the-boys-for-me attitude and treat the classmate, especially those old enough to be your father, with the respect they've earned and deserve, and don't want in your pants. For the record, I prefer women closer to my own age.
16/4/11

Inundate: flood, overwhelm, deluge
Nebulous: indistinct, confused, obscure
Pursue: look over, pursue, chase

Any Win/Joan Didion — portrait
Aspect that gives insight — admit a initiate
Workshop this Thursday!

Denise McCombie
Bubby’s Battle

“Sir, it’s no secret I’m sweet on Miss Becky; I’ll take her as my wife if she’ll have me. Sir, I’ll brook no man disrespecting her in word or deed. Not even her daddy, in his own home, on Christmas day. Sir, I’m callin’ you out.”

I’ll never forget the suicidal words of skinny Bubby Johnston, spoken in front of the television, blocking the view of the game. Daddy was not amused; he hadn’t been called to a fistfight in over twenty years. Everyone, except Bubby Johnston, knew better.

It was an otherwise uneventful Christmas, just like the others I remembered as a fifteen-year-old. My two older sisters, with their husbands and children, had spent the night so Granma and Grandpa could enjoy the kids ripping open Santa’s gift-wrapped bounty in the morning. Breakfast was kind of an eat-when-you-were-hungry proposition with Christmas dinner promptly at 1:00. Dinner was uneventful, with the usual cacophony of plates and silverware clanking, infants fussing, hushed only for the opening prayer by Daddy.

Like every other year, after dinner the girls and women would clear dishes and gossip in the kitchen while the men headed for the den with the television and where momma allowed Scotch and smokes. I was finally old enough to join them. Ensnosed comfortably in his front-row La-Z-Boy, it was Daddy’s dessert request that set off Bubby, my sister Becky’s boyfriend of eight months: “Becky! God damn you’re slow girl! Where’s your daddy’s apple pie? And don’t forget the ice cream.”

Daddy was a scrapper in his younger days and with his size and fighting experience, no one could recall his losing a brawl. He never had to get physical with any of us kids, he’d just give us “the look” and we fell right in line. I’d never heard a sane sober man challenge Daddy in my life. It’s a good thing Becky was in the kitchen, for if she’d heard Bubby’s challenge her screams would still be ringing in my ears. Georgia and Tom, my brother’s-in-law, sat in stunned slack-jawed silence as Bubby blocked the view of the game.

“Becky!” Daddy screamed.

Becky appeared in the doorway, her face at her feet.

“Look your daddy in the eye.” Daddy commanded.

Becky did as she was told; twenty-two years of indoctrination is not easily subordinated.

“Sugalump, I was rude and disrespectful to you earlier. I am sorry. Do you accept my apology?”

Becky places her arms around him, gives him a big hug, and goes to fetch the pie with ice cream. George and Tom are incredulous. Despite their years in the family, they’ve never seen or heard anything like this fistfight/proposal. They’d cut off their balls with a spoon rather than challenge their father-in-law.

Daddy, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, looks Bubby in the eye and asks him, “I’ve got an unopened bottle of fifty-year-old single malt in the liquor cabinet. Would you honor me with a drink?”
“Yes sir.” Bubby says as he moves from blocking the T.V.

After setting up four glasses, Daddy faced the kitchen and politely asks, “Becky, when you bring that pie, would you fetch your momma too? Bubby’s got somethin’ he wants to ask you that I’m sure your momma’s gonna wanna hear.”

Write a memory, use elevated language.
My Life As a Labrador Retriever

I am not a man. Sure, I've got a wife and family, a mortgage payment, two cars (one paid for) and a part-time job while I go to school. That's a facade. I live for a pat on the head, hearing "Good boy!" from the women in my life, my wife, and my four professors.liking really.

While I haven't started the lead-coated sad eye thing yet like most other Labs, I'm making no promises. I won't start. You're going shopping for new curtains and might look at shoes on the way home? Move over momma. If you don't want me to shoofer, I'll ride shotgun and try not to slobber on the seat or hang my head too far out the window.
10/18/11

Vocal:

Tontitude: determination, strength, courage

Holistic: complete, relating to parts of a whole

Bonus: Impl: putting it out

Infer: what audience gets
Political Correctness Invades D.C.

It's D.C. and we're studying Eugene O'Neill's play "The Iceman Cometh." It is filled with the word "nigger." Yes, yes it is. The fiftysix-year-old writer says repeatedly "nigger." The word did not end, said Dr. Bailey McDonald has instructed the class to say "off." where the word "nigger" appears. This offends me. This is political correctness. Worse yet, it is cheating students of their education for which they are paying.

Do they cover the breasts and for genitalia of subjects in anatomy class to avoid offending students? Of course not. If I am critically sick or injured, I want a doctor, male or female, black or white, that's had some practice on genuine naked people, preferably. If anatomy students can look at and practice on naked...
copies without noticing like adolescent boys, why can't drama students show the same clinical detachment while reading the classic text verbatim?

Is this text offensive? When taken out of its context, yes, but so what? When did the politically correct class get the right to never be offended? They haven't.

This is college kids, the real world is right outside your door. Don't get it twisted, they should be teaching you, but it isn't due to its society or lack of parents' attitude. The world doesn't give a jack shit about how you feel. Get used to it; start now.

And don't start with that "It's only for the black kids in class to read 'nigger' verbatim, but not the white kids." So certain people are allowed denied certain privileges based solely on their skin color? Why is this trait racism accepted culturally when reintroducing colored-only "infant" signs to select old bathrooms would
probably, and justifiably, cause a riot? You can’t love it both ways. What’s next, only Jews can say “holocaust” on the scale of horrible shit humans are done to each other. It’s time to take a back seat to no slave holder or trader.

After class, I approached Dr. McDaniels and conveyed my concerns. Part of me wanted to disobey and disregard the timeline, and suffer the consequences. Part of me thought it only fair to tell Dr. McDaniels that I am unable to accommodate her request. She assured me that at halfway through the term she already secured an “A” in class participation, even if I didn’t say another word until the final. And she said she wouldn’t call on me to read aloud. I feel like a chicken shit now. Rosa Parks never gave that white bus driver a hassle even though she was sitting up front from now on.

Well looky there. I learned something about myself at OU. Imagine that.
In the same class, we studied Sophocles’ "Oedipus Rex," in which the protagonist, Oedipus, has a blended relationship with his mother. Did Dr. M. Daniel show the same hypersensitivity to incest victims as she did to blacks? No, she did not. Perhaps the PC Police will successfully eliminate "Oedipus Rex" from classrooms, its twenty-five hundred year run notwithstanding.
PLACE

I've got to write a "place" essay for English. I did the kid-lying-on-bran-new-lawn-cliche for Creative Nonfiction class last fall, and I'm not reusing it. No beach or quarry visits either.

Without question, my favorite place in the last 33 of my 56 years, has been in the arms of my wife in bed at night. She's usually in my arms and she calls me her "furnace man." This worked out well until she hit menopause, when suddenly and inescapably, my arm and our bed covers were quickly evacuated. A bedroom ceiling fan became a must-have, not a luxury.

She needs the fan and I need my pistol. Although I sleep nude, I only feel naked without my gun on the nightstand or in the bedside safe.

My wife says I snore and occasionally I'm awakened with a shake and an admonition to roll over and I do compliantly. My wife snores too and laughs when I call them "cute little Pekin' parrots," incapable of waking anyone in hearing.
anyone awake