



AN ELABORATE SCHEME

Optimism in a Season in Middlespace

★

Ty Hardaway
2012





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A)

- It's 2012. Things are pretty damn great. Even better than ever envisioned.
- What if there was a switch one could throw to turn OPTIMISM "on"? Not only would our collective outlook become infused with possibility, but the dismal deafening drone of weak, sorry, dooms-daying and nay-saying would somehow miraculously...stop. Cease. Poof. Just like that. Hi. I'm Ty. Ty Hardaway.

I understand that there will and should always be a place for logic, fact-checking, and pragmatism. I would never advocate to stifle reason.

Being OPTIMISTIC does not necessarily mean one has to be a big, grinning phony. Nor does one have to subscribe to some peace-love-equality-sunshine dogma. Hush, fake hippies. Stop fetishizing "good," and get in touch with yourselves better.

Why not? Why the fuck not? Things are pretty goddamn great. If you let them be.

What's involved in being or becoming optimistic?

- 1) Get over all your crying, whining, and fearing of everything. No one's going to take your TeeVees or your guns or your white women. This is America.
- 2) Stop being so very insecure and neurotic about EVERYthing. No, "they" are not going to "take over." There is no "they." YOU are "they."

- 3) Quit spreading bad news about every flood or baby-in-a-well or petty crime that happened somewhere. Crime is at an all-time low but your fear is at an all-time high. Relax sometime. Re-attempt fun. Live a little.
- 4) Stop negging on everything and everyone like you're Lord Minister know-every-thing-about-every-thing-ever. You can't even name all the members of the Supreme Court. Your opinion does not make you expert at things.
- 5) Do tiny, little nice things every once in a while. Try, "may I..." sometime, or "thank you," or "please," and mean it once in a while. Just...be nicer.
- 6) Start trying to learn how to, maybe, start respecting yourself and you'll learn how easy it becomes to respect other people. Oh, but first, learn what respect means because it's not something that you, alone, "deserve." Consider your place in this existence. Ponder things. Try things. Feel.



- 7) Always remember that probability is your ally. Probability is your bestie. For-evs. Probability is the new universe. Probability is your new god.

This means that BAD things are probably, generally, NOT every going to happen to YOU all the time. You don't NEED guns or alarms or fears.

Particularly GOOD things may or may not result-or happen to you-but, at least, you can reduce a little of your personal dissonance related to your

FEARS by not completely shaping your every move on Earth around some perception of risk. You will be OK, statistically speaking.

8) Reset your outlook. Yep. Just like that. It's that easy. Really. <snap>

One does not have to go on an optimism crusade, either. Just accept it like you just accepted all the religion your parents pushed on you as a child. But accept it without the guilt and brainwashing associated with religion or politics. Stop fighting it. Just be a better person. For yourself. And in your brain you know exactly what "better" means. And means to you, specifically.

OK. Now do not for a moment think that the optimistic ME is some sort of softer version of The ME You Know. I'll still smack you in your fuckin' mouth if you deserve getting smacked in the fuckin' mouth. I promise to call you on your shit.

And while I will DO MY BEST to live an optimistic life (and thus promote optimism) I will also DO MY BEST to question pessimism. Just remember, ass beatings will remain a possibility and that's not a non-optimistic revelation.

And speaking of optimism and probability, I wonder what my chances are that I will die during this very optimism period? Not very high. See? It's so easy.

There is, I believe, in significantly each and every one of us, better ways. Better ways to live lives. Better ways to contribute to the greater good. Possibilities to self-customize lives that enrich us all exist.



B)

Let's not nor never confuse elemental things.

Optimism is not the following:

- Optimism is not the same thing as happiness.
- Optimism is not necessarily synonymous with "positivity."
- Optimism is not-no matter what you hear-a weakness.
- Optimism is not always reciprocated.

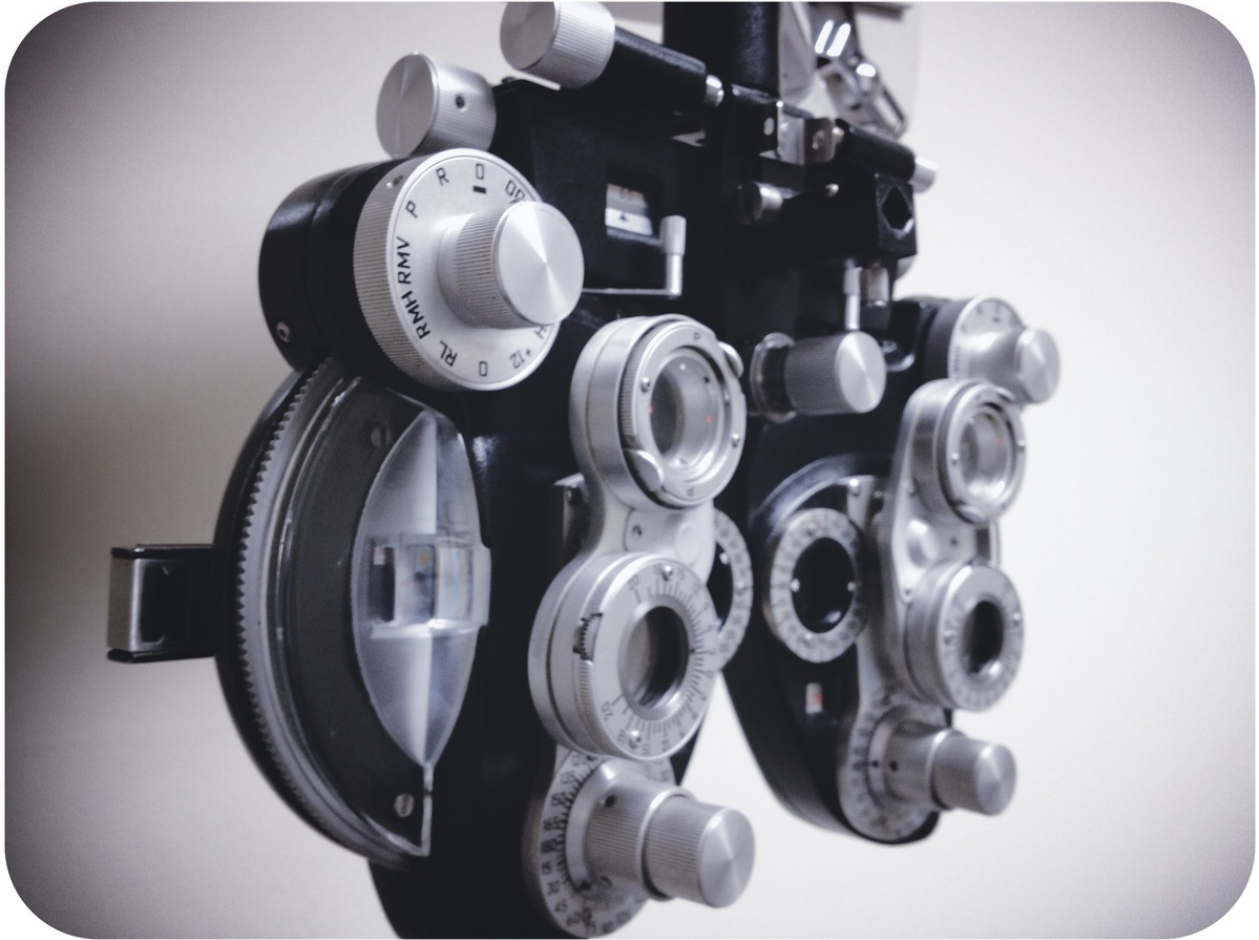
This is what optimism is:

- Optimism is the new superiority.
- Optimism is the belief in science.
- Optimism alleviates doubt.



We still have science.

People may look down upon people who are particularly optimistic but the optimistic remain superior. What on earth happened to us, as a society, where we actually denigrate the optimistic? Are things really that fucked anymore?



Are we that fucked? No, see? I argue that we are not that fucked anymore. We're just not. We're* just too accustomed to easy, lazy existences. We* are, thus, far too easily frustrated, rocked, frightened by everything (from contamination-to-injury) to feel optimistic. I've oft referenced "the Purell® and bubble-wrapping of America." Toughen up, people. Optimism begins with the thickening of skin.

People make decisions. People willfully decide (it seems) to be frightened, to accept mediocrity, to become what is fed to them from above (god or country or commerce). To be NORMAL, to fit in have become valued as our cultural veneration of the rich and famous. To look, sound, act, and think alike has become virtuous.

God, country, and family over the self? When a strong "self" would do more for family, community, and world? Take care of yourself, the rest will follow. With Optimism emerges a certain pragmatism; a...possibility. You know, that glass-half-full business. And logic has opportunities to rise to occasions.

How do I better express this? I feel that I am struggling to make my thesis both cogent and convincing.

* [We, you, them, they, us, not me]

I really want to make this logical and compelling, even if logic is under attack.

One needs to strip away the polluted layers of cynicism, desire, social comparison, and shameless self-promotion.

But, what's left? What is left when laid bare? What is bottom? What is top?

I argue, even at our collective very worst, we aren't so bad. [this gets nuanced]

There's a place where we just can't fake it anymore. Start there. Optimism is a new elitism. A new unpretentious candor, honesty, and civility.

...the new hard core.

...the new intellectualism.

...the new America.



CARELESSNESS
Aug 7, '12

The life shows very well
Just don't look in closets
Vexingly messy interiors
Complications hidden and forgotten

Carelessness is directly an
Attribution associated with
A rush to provide life

Every day I face my greatest
Fears simultaneously
Acknowledging a grand life gamed

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C)

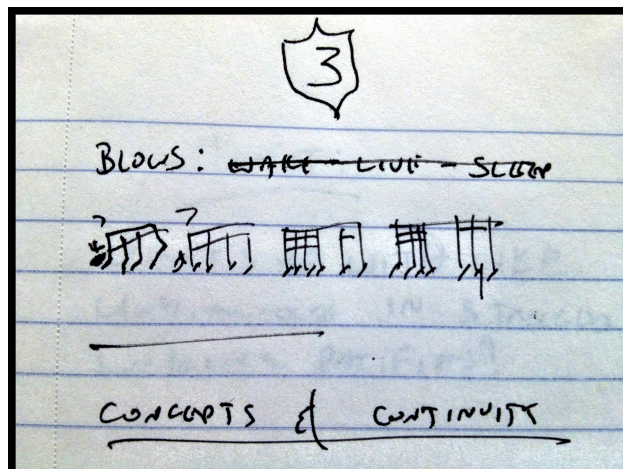
The optimist looks forward. But, I can barely process the present. And the past?
The past...lamenting on the past is an absolute waste of time. Sure there are
"memories" and "lessons" and "nostalgia" and whatnot. Whatever.



Sure, you can take lessons with you. You earn. You move on. You carry forward. To spend one stray thought on some "issue" from the past only robs you of your present—which I can barely process.

And just how do *I* look forward then? Blindly. Blindly, dumbly, naively, and with little or no notion of what lies ahead. I refuse to acknowledge any end points.

I fully realize I have absolutely no coherent life philosophy. I fully realize I lack any conceptual continuity. I have neither mission statement nor corporate vision. That also means I am not bound by them. Free like winds.



Maybe this is my concept. Just...to see which way these winds blow.





Concepts & Continuity

Why have continuity, anyway? I'm quite certain I'm just an endless loop of the same bullshit, anyway. Over and over. That's my joint. Oh shit!

It's what people have come to count on: our useless B.S., repeated. Banter on and on about nothing in particular. Feverishly. Or, is it?

A "Tweet":

"What's up with like talking 4-year-olds in strollers sucking pacifiers?"

D)

Optimism and comfort. A satisfaction that comes when there is little or no manufactured worry. Comfort as a destination.

Comfort

Typically I measure life and situation satisfaction in terms of comfort:

- Delicious or "yummy" - taste
- Quality fabrics - touch
- Pleasantly fragrant - smell
- Clarity of sound - heard
- Visual acuity - sight

The Senses



Today's check-in is sloppy. Fragmented thoughts. I'm all over the place.

Surely my desire is to be able to flow like that. Just sit, express, and move along with so little effort. Effortlessness floating output science.

It would be a magically beautiful thing to flow like that; to just get it all out; to tell a story; to fall into that wonderfully magical place...middlespace.

I suppose this is a good place to begin as any. I'm Ty. Hi. Ty Hardaway. People know me as many names and many things. But I'm just me to me: Julius Tyrone Leisure from Los Angeles in California.



I would like to think my myriad characters have their own style, voice, and personality. It would be fascinating if each had its own temperament. Wouldn't that be something? Maybe they do. Maybe they are whole.

Maybe they do in a somewhat nuanced manner. Nuance. The slightest of variation. perhaps where I exist. Middlespace is nuance epitomized.

Well, they probably do. To me, anyway. The "different hats" I have to wear and approach.

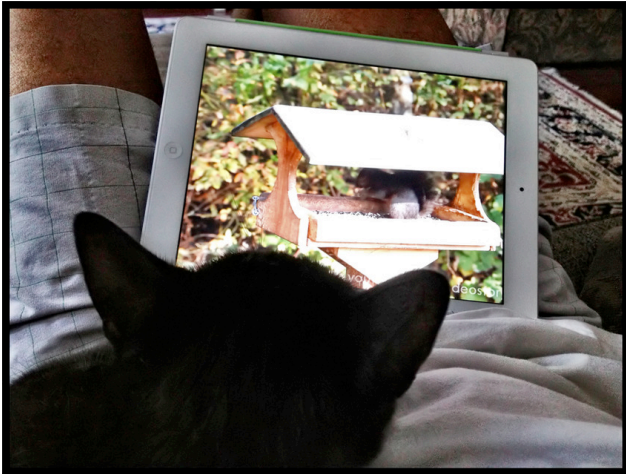
But I stray...

That happens sometimes.

Hi. I'm Ty. Ty Hardaway. And I am uncertain if I am real, or if I am (as we all are) an ensemble of characters in a very long, real-time performance. I think that I like that explanation of reality best. We are amalgam of our characters, showing specific iceberg tips in specific situations. Literally chaotic.

This reality. Mine is a place where I am spending very long, precious amounts of time alone. Working on my projects. Making things. Being alive and active. Continually making, doing, tinkering, thinking without clear agenda or purpose. Survival maybe. Or just riding out waves or pulling marionette strings.

And there is the "continuity problem" right there.



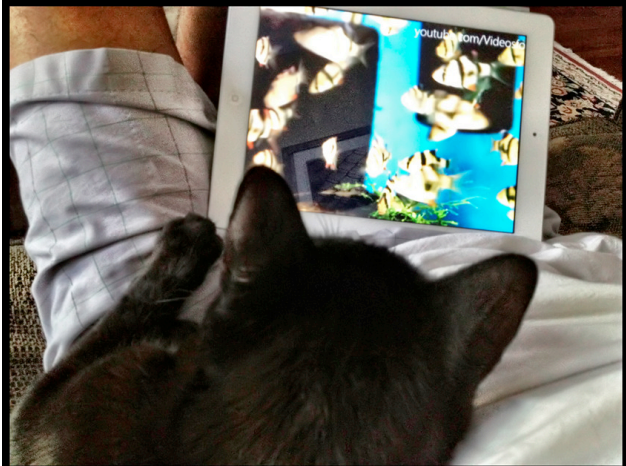
E)

Binoculars

It's ultimately not about the fucking binoculars. The binoculars aren't that important. Just another diversion really. Something fun. [Fun? When did I start doing "fun" things?] No, something interesting; a curiosity. A Novelty. Experiential. Something else I can show that I can (still) do. I'm a braggart desperately screaming, "LOOK AT ME!"

It's more about remembering where the fuck the goddamn binoculars are. I feel like I just held them in my hands. Recently. Within the last year, anyway. Perhaps. It's not frustration, it's disappointment. Cognitive Failure Disappointment (CFD).

I just want to find the fucking binoculars so I can take some solace that I can still do things (like find the fucking binoculars); still make things happen; still perfectly recall precise time, place, and scenario. Like I used to. I am the magic man. I make it all happen. I actually thought like that. Was.



I know I've touched on this before, but I'm at an age where I do look back and think, What kind of monster was I? Sure I knew all my bullshit. Still do. But I rarely look back.

A "Tweet":

"Yes I AM aware of my own bullshit. It is a bullshit I am deliberately & specifically presenting."



I'm fairly tired of my own carelessness. It becomes more and more infuriating each and every day of my life. Can't I just make things perfectly every time?

I have been told that I am a bit of an enigma. That's good news. I means I am doing my little performance bits correctly. These are bits that I've been performing for a really, really long time. Maybe since, what? junior high?

And who knows the real me anymore? Do I even know that? What is real? What is bit? I challenge you to ask the very same questions of yourself sometime.

I just love when people TELL me I'm an extrovert though. They tell ME. That's the funniest. All this means is they have caught a performance; a piece of my art. Extrapolated. But haven't invested in the production.



A "Tweet":

"Very few have caught more than one performance of the same bit."

Enigmatic? No. "Deliberate" might better describe. Even at my most out-of-control I felt like I was 95% in total, manipulative, deliberate control. Five percent terrifying.

But where are we? And most importantly, how do we keep it up? How do we propel the act forward? I said, "we." See? That's so messed-up.



How many seasons and how many connections have I cycled through? How many more remain?

Evolving...



Maybe the bit evolved organically. More nurture than nature. Things and pieces slowly change as impacted; the gum on your shoe picking up more and more crud each step taken. Make sense. [60/40]

But on a creative plane, what if the bit was a little more shaped. Honed. Crafted. Even more deliberate. [40/60]

Maybe this is our future.
Maybe this is our future.

I can do this. In many respects, I already do. There just seems to be a "one final moment" ahead. Or, "the next thing."

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F)

Well. I sure have a way of working myself up. I really don't know where it comes from. It just happens. I can think about it and often I can force myself down a little bit. It doesn't happen too often, and I'm not necessarily able to discuss it. In fact I'll pretend things are fine...just fine. I'm confident in my confidence. This is not a new issue. Perhaps it's genetical. This whole working oneself up business....

I feel pretty tired today [08.10.12]. But it's probably an absence-of-caffeine thing.

At least I'm doubling down in fruit. Actively avoiding some things. Working.

You know where the files are. You know where the bodies are buried.

Tired yet alive.

Only fragments remain.

It's not the exercise; it's the topic.

I had a topic then I lost the topic.

[Note: I have now regressed into writing things down just to feel as if I have written things down.]

One of my worst—probably my very worst—attributes is my penchant for forcing work; making myself do stuff just to do stuff. I seem obsessed with making stuff. Even if it's shitty and I get little satisfaction, I seem to have to produce. Obsessively. Rhythmically.

I accept that it is not necessary to do this anymore. In fact I can better utilize the time mentally, emotionally, and physically. I accept that there are times to produce and there very well may be times to CONSUME. There are even times to do NOTHING, as goofy as that may sound or feel. Imagine it.

But, acceptance or not, "nothing" just doesn't feel right or comfortable or at all satisfying. So hi-ho hi-ho get the fuck back to work.]

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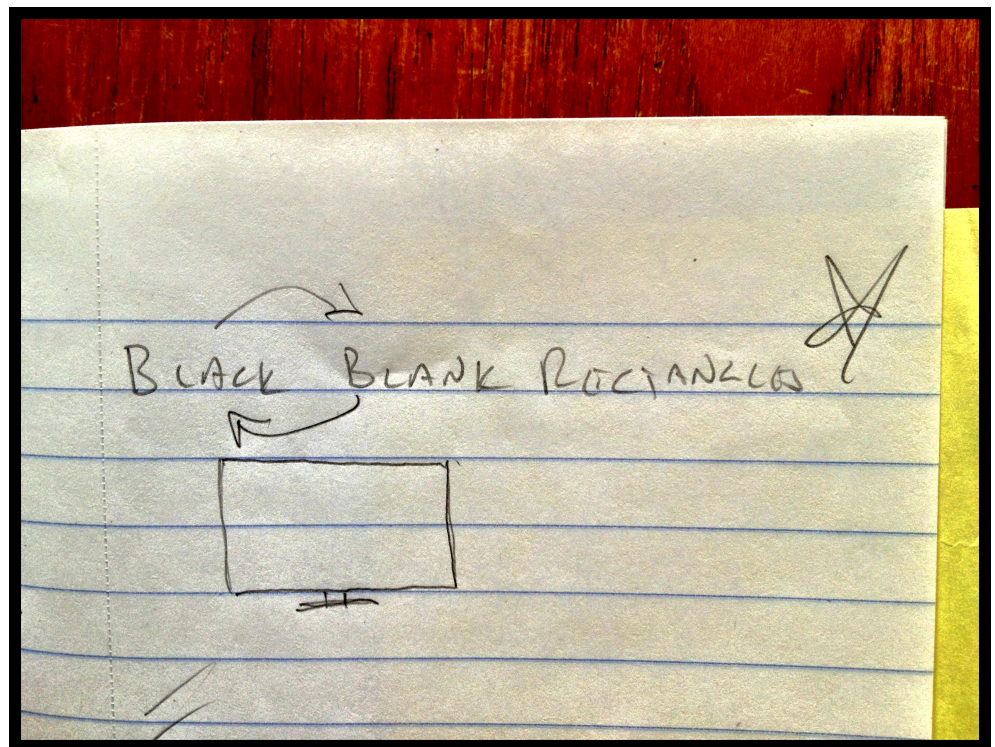
G)

Ruminations on first class
air travel from the midst of
coach class air travel:

- I am the captain of
the coach class—am the
Man of the People.
- Fuck those
pretentious fat-cat
bastards in first
class.
- At least I have my
dignity and the
credibility of The
People.

DEW

Dallas-Fort Worth
David Foster Wallace



Oh...It's about pot. And mental illness. And genius.

At the border; the view of first class air travel from the very first seat of the coach class:

- Laptop DVD - Slim Jims - Dr. Pepper - shared headphone cable
- Unfinished chicken salad - wine - blanket - new magazines - TeeVees

It is funny, as they say. But more "amazing" how little seemingly unrelated events-things-pieces somehow and unexpectedly come together.

"Like as in is there a clear line, a quantifiable difference between need and just strong desire."

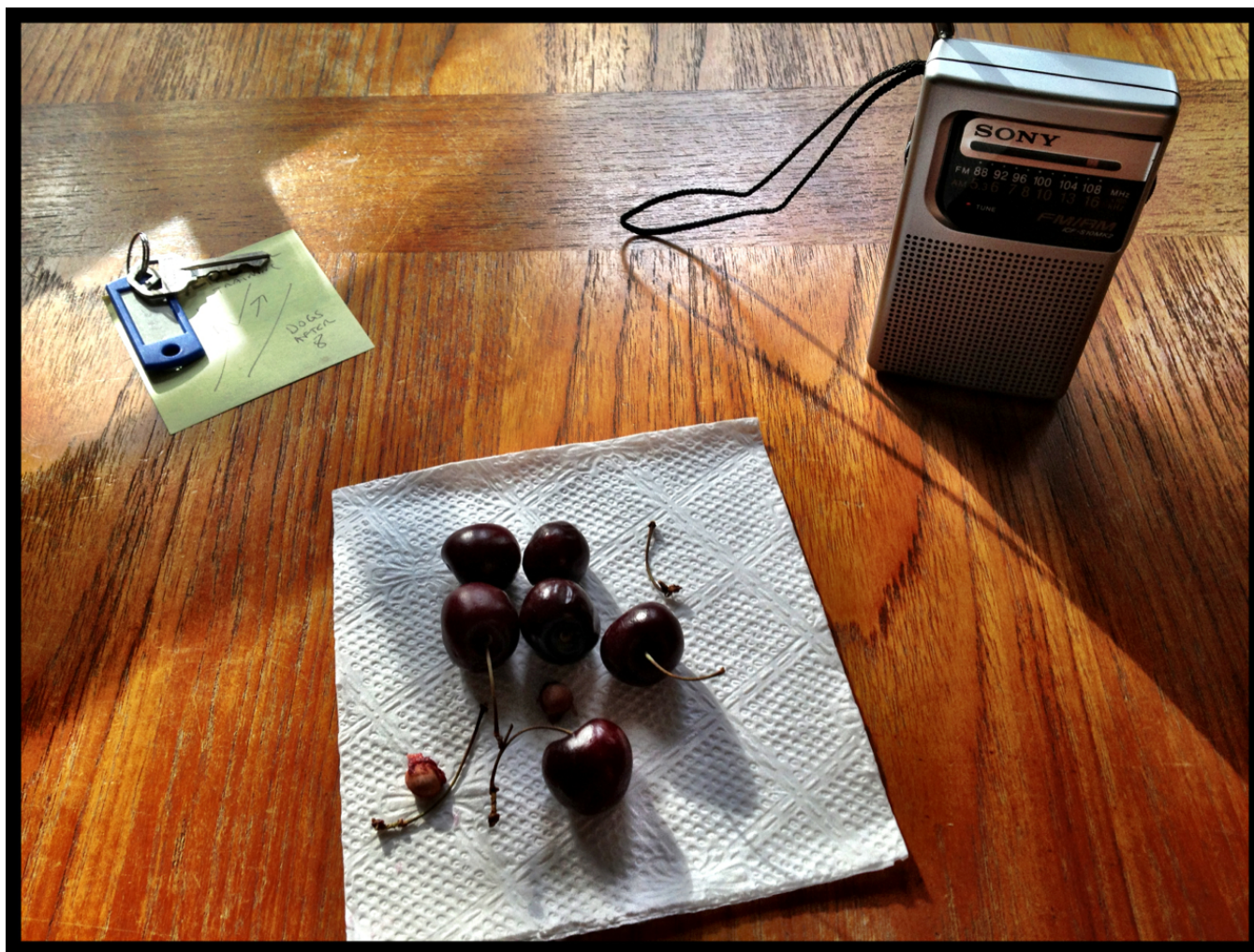


Dope Sick

Black Blank Rectangles

Liars ponder if they are getting lied to.

"Internetted telephony" pg. 144



The view of first class air travel from first class:

- Hot, moist, towels
- Breakfast, as in: the full meal
- Hot nuts
- People watching golf on little TeeVees
- Warm chocolate chip cookie

- "More wine?"
- Cheeseburger AND tortilla soup

"An obliterated father's terrible joy."

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H)

An interesting conversation. And from where? Dope Sick and punch drunk. Balls as blue as they purport the Carolina sky to be. Or is that Montana? The blue sky states. Not blue state laws.

Enough yet? Have we bullshitted enough with the prose and the poetry?

Want the for reals?

Seems like the friskies are frisky again. And how do I feel about that?



You see my general and fundamental belief structure hasn't changed much at all. Not since, say, 1983 or 1984 or thereabouts. Small times.

One-act variation. That is, change, doubt, or any weakness is mostly part of the act in order to appear somewhat normal, and to fit in some. But I'm still not so good at fitting in. And little doubt exists.

As hard as I pretend to fit in or be normal, I fight fitting in and being normal more than anyone else I know.

I might actually BE a nice or kind person. Despite protestations to the contrary.

Or is that also some form of masking. It probably is, right? I do question that given the "weird charisma" theory.

[Note: Is it crazy behavior to analyze oneself so deeply? I'm certain it is.]

Like, who the fuck am I?



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I)

"The more I want to be honest, the more I want to make shit up."

It's the paradox I must live with.

Loneliness

Thinking on the matter, loneliness, above all others, may be the state I experience most. Fear the most. Desire the most.

Sure, I have friends, I have acquaintances. I know people. I have family who love me very much as I love them the same. I have amazing friends. I am popular, perhaps more popular than I understand. Surely people are not only interested in knowing me, I understand that people wonder aloud things about me. I fully acknowledge that I am one of those people.

I also know I project a fairly impenetrable buffer around me. Few get in. Fewer stay in. In fact, only a tiny, single digit few enter the nucleus.

Perhaps one person knows the most, and the best. And that's probably for the best.

I am uncertain if...how I feel about this degree of loneliness. On its surface it probably appears to be a total drag; something negative, sad, or pathetic. It certainly can be, but for the most part, it insulates me. It cocoons.



Yet without people, my people, cultivated so carefully and deliberately, I would both be nothing and have nothing.

I love those closest to me so hard and so fully. The people I trust sustain; those who keep me alive are deeply cherished. And instead of being a big old

cordial phony to people I don't need, instead, I ignore and dismiss.

I am as independently self-sufficient as I am desperately needy. Of people, of comfort, of contact, of validation. OF COURSE.

J)

I Wonder, and always have wondered, what people see in me. Of me.

Actually...It's a little early with that. A little bit. Really.

But still I do wonder. A lot. Maybe a lot too much and more than you'd think.

Either this is unnatural, or maybe I'm just naturally equipped to ponder and articulate.

The question becomes, then, what is the egg and what is the sperm? Does how I present myself shape how I am perceived? Of course. I mean, specifically, is what I create the character and, if so, where can this character go?

Or is my whole persona a reaction to or a result of what I am taking in?

I like exploring the dynamics of the character. What are the possibilities? Where can the performance go? Just what can this character become?



Pull-Quote

"Psychopathy does not equal psychosis."

A "Tweet":

"My character this season is going to be ~~epic~~ great."

Where should it go?

Life's Work and Legacy

K)

A person's life's work is important. Very important. Not a person's money-making occupation, but differentiated, one's Life Work.



A "Tweet":

"It's never too early to devote yourself to your
life's work and legacy."

I have been practically obsessed with my life's work and legacy since forever.



My earliest memories involve "getting it just so...just RIGHT" whether it be color, tone, line, sound, space, placement, or display. Editing and producing are my earliest memories.

The bit, the project, the organization, the leadership; if I had a hand in it, it was going to be contrary to "rules" and often totally fucked up. Mostly fucked for good. Mostly fucked in good ways. But sometimes for bad. Sometimes for pure mischief. Sometimes it's just terrible. Sometimes I just totally fuck shit up.

But always, all outcomes have been contingent on what I get out of it. What is my payoff? What's my take? What was attempted? What was learned?

This is just how existence works. It is what survival is.

[I am ~~highly~~ cognizant]
[I have created mystery]
[I possess certain talents]
[I am a ~~proven~~ leader]
[I am physically agile]

Unite comrade gypsies. Freaks all. Why the headaches, why the fear?



L)

Pitch
Judge the Judges

The premise is each episode competitively presents three reality TeeVee judges (second-tier reality contest judges) who will be judged "best" and/or "worst" reality TeeVee judge by TeeVee or Internet audiences (or studio audience).

- Haughty
- Catty
- Know-it-all
- Etc.

(to be developed)



The best character I could possibly be this season is 9/10ths developed.

The Perfect American Warrior-Idol-Genius, OR, Not

That's all. Simple.

Really pretty simple.

Deny. Deny. Deny.

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M)

Conversations:

It's like I just want to make things but nothing produced is ever enough.

But I never am able...

To pull a certain trigger because I know what that takes and I know what could happen. I know how great it would feel and how far I could fall.

Some day it will all, not make sense, but somehow demonstrate a larger context, and continuity.

[Triggers to be pulled] [Like votes in a private booths]

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N)

Since the beginning of time. Since before the beginning of time. It has possibly been predetermined.

This thing I've built. Play with like a toy. The world's biggest toy.



A toy still worth tweaking and customizing. Still fun.

This thing I made.

Still making.

Still fun.

Still amazing.

Still so deliberate.

I can so precisely control so many things that it is sometimes disappointing when I slip. It is just amazingly weird when it's all out of control.

Good and great are fine. Even better than fine. But what I want to build here. My greatest creation...my best piece. Now I know what the legacy piece is.



The legacy piece.

o)

The Enigma Factor

For years I had to hide many things about my identity and background. I was just embarrassed in my relatively deprived upbringing. So, to fit in, I ranted, hid, avoided, and lied a lot.

But I discovered something living that way. I learned I could completely craft an existence. My existence. In fact, I could craft as many existences as I ever felt I needed. In fact, given the inherent differences in human memory and information processing, I needn't even much care—as it turns out—about keeping stories too straight. Most people barely follow along anyway.

I've always been two things:

- A Chameleon - Able to fairly easily fit into and thrive in nearly any situation encountered. I've discovered that no real limits exist here.
- Fully Customizable - Maybe everyone is like this. I don't know. But I can be whomever you want me to be. It doesn't take much.



Maybe A & B are completely normal and that the hallmark of well-adjusted-ness. Or maybe I'm a fucking crazy pants. Or This is all fiction; dream-state.

It's never been difficult to be whatever.

The natural evolution is taking fitting-in and customizing to the next place: the intentional misdirect.

"We baffled them!"

"So!"

You may be what you want to be. BSUR (tm).

P)

Mad deep at a Starbucks
Free & stable
Living dime a dozen
On top of unseen worlds
Not liking it at all
But loving it in some regard still



It's intentional that I'm at a point where I can better write my thoughts than leave them as interpretable poetry. I don't do that either.

So. Just what IS it I do?

I am not a drummer.
I am not a photographer.
I am not a musician.
I am not a studio engineer.
I am not a producer.
I am not a photo finisher.
I am not a publisher.

I am not a label owner.
I am not an artist.
I am not a character.
I am not a husband.
I am not a father.
I am not a race.
I am not a sex.

I am none of these things. And I presumably missed a whole bunch.

I am all of these things. Famously.



My PC cred is tite
I went to Santa Cruz a'ight?
Know a woman from a girl
Know a duke from an earl

Pacific Island Jewish
African American

It doesn't take
Much to get under
Or into my skin

Q)

Say what you want about shitty parents. Blame them all you want for the problems you have; problems that are exclusive of any problem your parents may have had between the two of them, or even problems you had with your parents.



A "Tweet":

"Oh yeah. My age [laughing aloud]."

After a certain point you-YOU-have to simply take full ownership of your own damn shit. No matter how bad "it" was, hanging on is an unnecessary drag on your life forces. It's a burden you don't need. You needn't lug around other people's baggage.

OBLIGATION

- GOD - fiction
- COUNTRY - contrived
- FAMILY - over-obligated

Even with the bullshit I had to endure, I never let their (parents) issues become mine. Or me.

Oh, in some youthful optimism and naivety, I gave certain situations honest tries. I tried to live with my father. I don't think that lasted a month. I tried to get to know my mother. That didn't take.* At all. I tried. I believed that perhaps a "normal family" could exist. Did I? Or was I simply checking boxes so that I wouldn't have to, in the future, say that I didn't try? A no-regret check-off.

How on earth could either of these relationships ever worked given everyone's deep problems and issues?

Yet, I am actually "psychologically sound"**. The life I lived as a child was a combination of so many dangerous and negative factors, I am sometimes astonished not only was I able to...thrive...but I am surprised I am not dead.



*Tried twice, bless my heart.

** My therapist declared me "the most psychologically sound person she'd ever met." Crazy, huh?

A txt:

"Just emailed/txt'd my parents re: interviewing them."

But somehow, and in some way/fashion/form...I managed to become the opposite of dead. Somehow, and in some way/fashion/form...I "beat the odds" and "escaped the ghetto" and am so very much alive. In so many ways; in so many words.

More than many. More than most.

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R)

There's this guy who works at my local grocery store. He's on the overnight shelf stocking crew. He's dumb. I know this because I've witnessed him being that loud-

talking, opinionated, somewhat vile and base mope who is most likely just as sneaky and smarmy as he seems. He's a creep. You can just tell. You wouldn't trust him to save you a parking space. He certainly steals from his employer.

But...he looks similar enough to me, approximate height, build, complexion, hair, etc. He could be a cousin, a brother, or...he could be me, had just one link in my extraordinarily fortunate existence broke. He's basically The Bizarro Ty; my own Shitty-Me; a cautionary tale.

A dire and sober and frighteningly convincing doppelgänger warning shot across the bow.

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S)

SENSITIVITY

Ooh, I've always been rather sensitive. Environmental, interpersonal, perceptual, touch, sound, aesthetic, temperature, social context. You name a "sensitivity" and I am or have been. Prickly? Sure. Moody? You fuckin' bet.

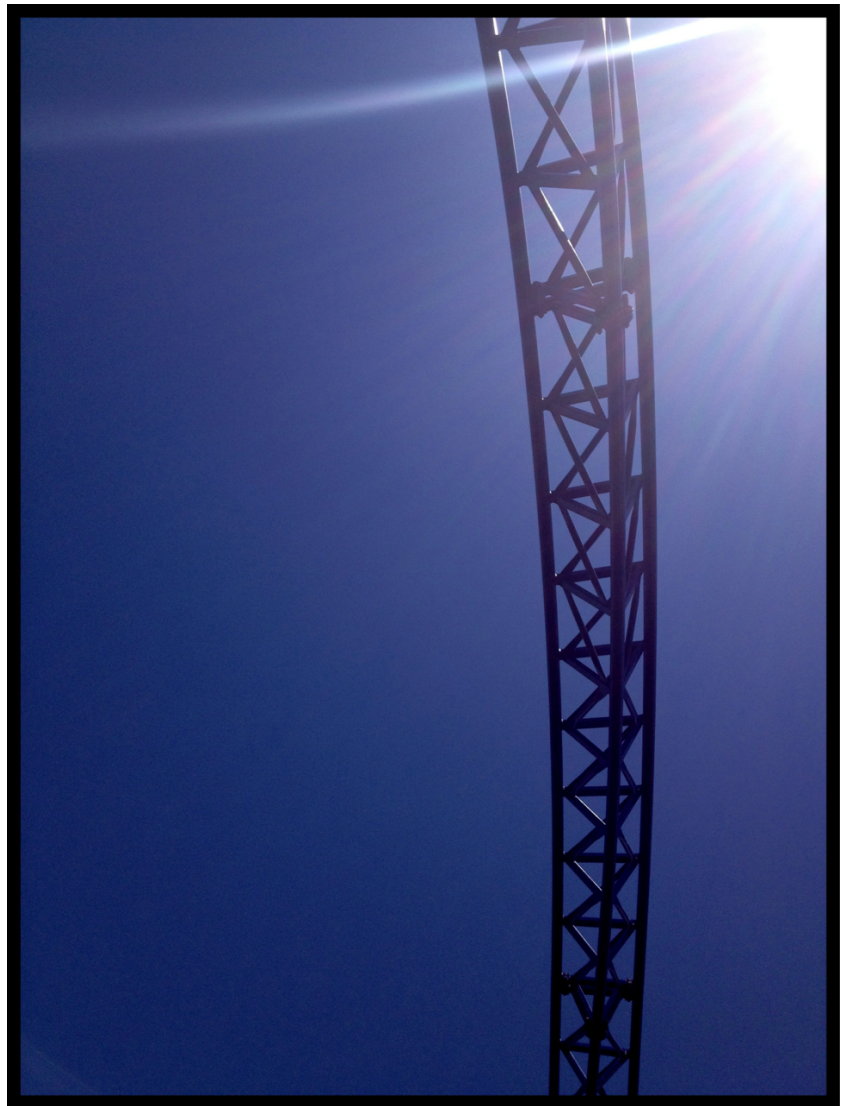
[Fuck you I'm just better & right]

Amazingly, my outward brand—even in the most awkward of periods—has always been managed under the hot, focused, light of sensitivity's magnifying glass.

The claims have been many: aloof, arrogant, conceited, enigmatic, mysterious, too white, too black, squanderer of potential, "thinks he's smarter", lazy, crazy, amazing, genius, confusing, baffling, mean, cruel, relentless, ambitious, too ambitious, out of his league, slumming, not even trying, jerk.

I have heard it all, and, yes, I have cataloged most of it. Internalized it all.

So instead of attacking each item—one by one—I just tend to withdraw into myself and the world of my making with my friends and my people and my thoughts. I put on shades and earphones and ignore the noise and politics. I have better uses of my time and energies.



T)

A new civility dawning.
Enough with misplaced hatred.
Demonstrations of sadness internal.

Civility and pragmatism.
Sorting through reliable datum.
Reasonably assuaged.
No rights or wrongs or truths.
Just existence purely simple.
From beginnings through ends.



[The down time frustrations are the very worst. The questions that I allow to creep in; of myself: Is this it? Is it now over? Waning? Can I not get there anymore? Have I lost it? What is wrong? What changed? The Great Antsy-ness is historic, dreadful, and highly subjective.]

The gods and the goddesses
Cycles of outward manifestations
Looking in desperate despite reason
Faith absolving dissonance

How to Write a Poem

- Digging deep about things
- Troubling you or yours or not
- Recordings from your therapy
- About who touched you where
- In mind or on your person

- Maybe something in your life
- It is a-bothering you maybe
- You just don't have the grips
- To handle shit you or yours or not
- And perhaps you have The Fear

- A poem may very well be just
- The very thing for you
- Besides because you do not ever
- Have...to abide by rules or regs
- Pain is the remaining anarchy

- From start to finish
- Fragments of thoughts
- As original as winter's snow
- Personal and freeing
- Intentionally vaguely non-directing

- And now you have your
- Fucking precious fucking poem
- All your problems are released
- Into the vapors of eternity
- In an existence you or yours or not

When I'm tapped and trapped you can
always tell. The music stops (but not
really), the photographs stop (or maybe
not), the posts dry (or not though), and
the poetry returns. That is how you can
tell.

At its worst it (all creative energy and
fate) completely devolves into the
microscopic. The microscopic adrift in
all of the great North Pacific gyre. And
at the bottom of the fuel can lies the
haiku.



A "Haiku":

When all else fails you
Distracted addlepat
Haiku will do

The end. It's time to go. I don't want to stay. It's the end of the show.



A "Haiku":

Get me a shovel
Impossible deadlining
Burying myself

U)

Tom's Three Minute Single

I wrote this story.

This happened to me in Canada. Check it out:

I saw a critter with a critter on the side of the road / I said "Hey there little critter that's a hell of a load"

And the bigger little critter smiled and said with a grin / He said, "A fella's got to eat because never know when

[sample this, sample]

A little baby critter's gonna happen your way / You could be full, you could be sleep, it could rain all day"

So the story to the moral is you get what you can / Because a bird in the bush is worth two in the hand

And the little bitter critter said before he dropped dead / "If you think you're gonna eat me then you're sick in the head"

[sample this, sample that]

And the tiny little critter uttered with his last words / He said, "Watch out for that car, you fool, you you'll beat the birds"

[Whistling]

And so this is the story of the critter with a critter / Our rental car that ran them over gave the crows their dinner

[sample this, sample]

A critter with a critter

[Boing FX]

[Train whistle]

[Cuckoo clock]

Meow

[Train whistle]

Meow

[taht elpmas ,siht elpmas]

Meow

[Train whistle]



[Brushes on high-hat]

Meow

[Telephone answering machine]

"Hi. Yeah-heah, yeah-heah. What's going on? Uh, everything is like really groovy here. Uh Jess is here. Oh yeah-heah. Uh alright. Oh talk to you later. Yeah-heah. Yeah-heah... Yeah-heah. Seeyoulater. Ohhhhh kay. Ohhhh kay. Oh oh oh oh oh oh ohhhhh kay. Uh, see you later."

"When we were in Florida; with my step-mom, my dad, Juan and me. And Juan. Juan was a foot taller than everyone else."

Da-da-da
Da-da-dumb
Da-da-da

v)

There are topics
There are subjects
There are theories
There are philosophies

But none of it matters
anymore. Perhaps none of it
ever mattered.

Politics? Religion? The
racial divide? Finance?
Style? All garbage. If not
entirely, then a good 99%.
The remaining 1% is for the
idealistic and the faithful.

The grifters will always stay
in business. God + Money +
Power = America. Go team!

So what do the rest of us do?

I'll leave it at that.

I'm spinning a theme into
circles; drilling downward,
farther and farther from the
very topic that brought us
together.



OPTIMISM

How do we both FIND and NURTURE optimism?

We, simply, must reset our preoccupations. Our cultural focus on money, politics, sports, religion, and consumerism...we all—each and every one of us—can surely live without all of these remnants of ancient, pre-enlightened, crutches. We must refine what our needs are, as opposed to our desires.

As a young graduate student studying influence and persuasion, I actually, and naively, believed (or questioned) that advertising* would soon—within our own very life-spans be rendered ineffective. Antiquated; that we, as a learned human community, would become immune to the tactics and techniques that subtly and overtly persuade us to NEED non-life-sustaining things. Tactics and techniques that have latched on to our manufactured fears and desires. Our new NEED.



*(all institutional pressures: religion, politics, consumerism, finance, social comparison)

And this NEED is why people cry real entitled tears of joy for the newest of gadgets that replace last year's newest of gadgets, AND, cry the realist of entitled tears over the lack of certain seasonal latte flavors.

Optimism. I still possess, as jaded and unconvinced I am of most things, a sense that there is good and decent and positive. Unfortunately, good and decent and positive are not where people seek, look, or pursue.

The locus is definitely not external. "...anxiety relievable by purchase." Will. Discipline. And stubborn persistent are truly remarkable things. Choose to follow effective paths.

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W)



A "Tweet":

"I can't wait to be past this era where some men still hate women. The world's going to be so amazing when we all figure out that women rule.."

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X)

As much fun as I've had and as much work as I've produced, I still have no damn idea what I should be doing. I have no idea what I could be doing. I have no ideas. At all. It's all a fuzzy haze of what-the-fuck. Music, still imagery, moving imagery, the written word, the poetic word, the performance, the mythology...all just nothing but nothing about nothing. Nobody gets my work, nobody matches my passions. I refuse to explain. I refuse to compromise. I refuse to follow.



Yet. I reign supreme. In mind. In practice. In output. Unmatched. Unchallenged. I've taken a higher-ground. A higher-vision. A higher-calling. I need to please no one. I want to please nobody. I have no debts. I have no sponsors. I needn't seek nor heed advice, notes, or criticism from anyone.

I totally win. I totally won. I was born ahead and I've only increased the interval. Secretariat style. Koufax style. Guru style. Leisure style. Ty style.

Style still matters. Aesthetics still matter. Originality still matters. All this here and now live for today bullshit is a human weakness; a crutch like religion and politics. I'm more likely to secede from your organizations, associations, institutions, and alliances than I am to join any more.

Sometimes heading your own way is the only way to travel. [still for sale]

Y)

I am working on the most glorious project now. I am taking everything I've learned over the last four decades and applying them to the present in order to create a future. The legacy projects commence.

I have learned a great deal about things; about art. About life. About me.

I have learned that I am usually right. I am not boasting, but I am reporting the cold, hard facts of life, experience, and history.

You take the good you take the bad
You take them both and there you have
The Facts of Life
The Facts of Life



I know what's what. I'm happy with that. You can still persuade and debate me, but you can't break me. I'm bigger, stronger, wiser, healthier, saner, and more comfortable with who I am and what I represent.

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Z)

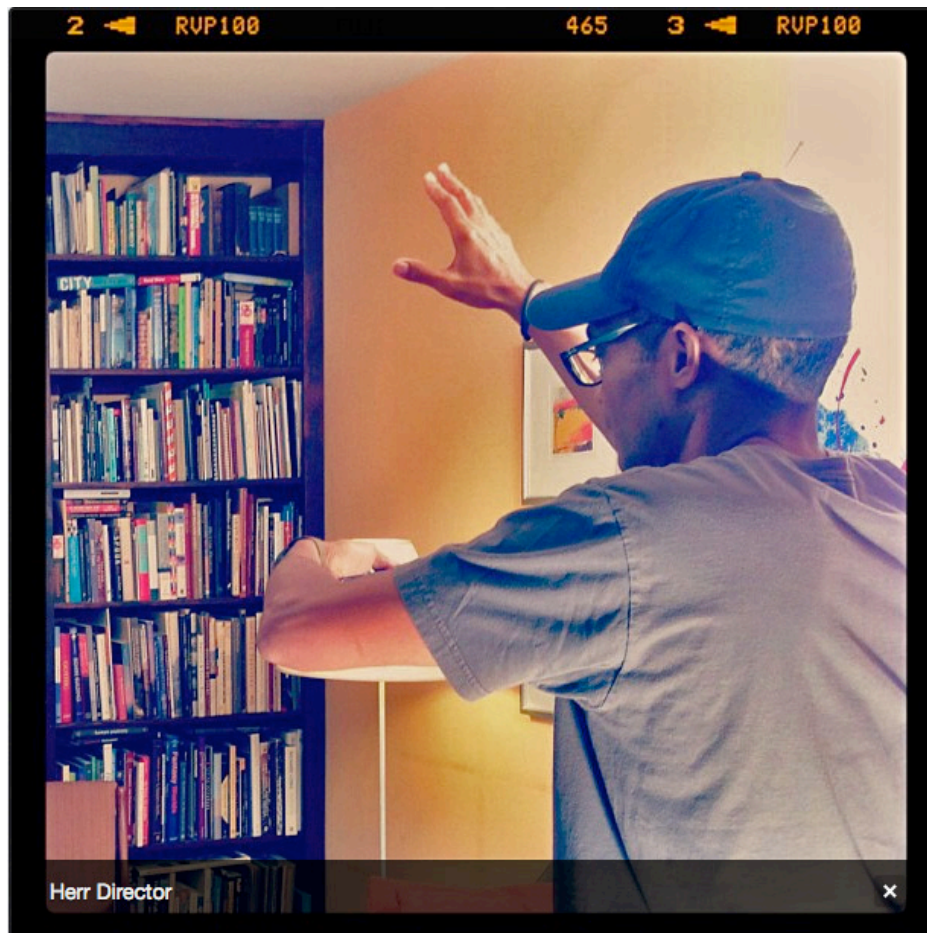
I teach and I learn. I make things. Continually. I'm very happy with that. My experience is more robust than I know. But I always crave more. Often with some sort of regret. I am still searching for higher places, higher callings, and new ideas to execute. I am still looking to make my next great thing (and feel no shame). I want to make great things. I want to be known as a person who made some interesting things. Great things. So I have to keep working. Working hard. Harder than ever before. Discipline. Trust. Perseverance. Hoops. Politics. Fortitude. I need to do all that to get to where I want to get. I also fully realize that I ~~may~~ will never, ever get to where I want to get. That's OK because I don't want to ever get to where I want to get. That would be my greatest disappointment and failure. So I keep moving forward. Upward. Step after step, day after day. No looking back. No retrospecting. Vision and mission just are words. Let the winds and the days guide. Not giving a shit is one of the greatest things I've learned. That and just letting your genius thrive is a gift (letting your gift thrive is genius). Don't stifle. Don't worry. Don't compare. Don't front. Don't fret. Just teach and learn. Make things. Continually. And be ~~happy~~ satisfied with that.





"Ultimately, optimism leads to disappointment."

#LPRoverheard



ty hardaway - photo (above) by Satyendra Patrabansh

AN ELABORATE SCHEME

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