

creative

1 ideas

this is where i toss interesting ideas for safe keeping. anything goes, it's a grand slurry. enter and be blessed with laughter and inspiration

1.1 the vision

1.1.1 so what am i doing here anyway? everythingism, reminded by lauren. editing's about between, changes. changes in color, composition, shapes, sound, movement... like comics it's the spaces between the action that matter, or at least the spaces can speak. so to paint, to draw is unlocking the code of preception, realizing my own wild fire. then music, the flow and groove into which the dance slides, the image dance, the idea dance. yeah it's linear, one thing to another building an ephinary. now interaction, all this get's bundled and points to a universal field theory of experience, where there is intelligence and presence. all around you the hints of something sublime recently passing. hello little traveler, welcome. what's happening here, eh?

1.1.2 so all this tech, how do i handle it all? how do i have it all blaze with brilliance, each effort? practice surely, but realizing also that everything is feeding each other, and i am on the path of fulfilment. i have chosen to become, and there is help everywhere.

1.2 democracy

1.2.1 america door to door

going door to door with a one page handout

democracy is not something that we inherit, democracy is not an entitlement. if we want to live in a democracy, if we believe that we should practice democracy, if we want to be a free nation, then it's time to make a payment, right now.

this is simple. 10 questions which lead to websites. a brief lead in which catches attention. (later - write other stances) we take our handout around...

thanks for your time. you might think i am a kook, but i feel very strongly about what's happening in our country so i am taking some time today to visit you and ask you what you think about the following. i didn't vote for gore or bush, actually. form teams of two, a younger person and an older person. walk around with your kid. dress neatly and make a reasoned presentation. do not sound alarmist or as if you have a chip on your shoulder. remain calm. i don't represent any organization, this is the web page of the fellow who started

world war II was a fight against fascism. fascism is defined as... propaganda. the major media is not doing their job anymore, they do not offer any dissenting opinions. this administration is not answerable to the american people. george bush may seem like a principled man who wants the best for the country, but we must judge by actions, not appearances.

all of the major bad guys around the world were trained and or supported by the usa. osama bin laden fought for the usa against the russians in afghanistan

why are we going to war against iraq? our own cia says it's not such a good idea, that it could make the terrorism situation worse. have the american people been presented with any evidence to show saddam hussain is an

immediate threat to the america or the world. if he is not a threat to the us, then what other reason would we have for going, is it just to take over the oil? if regime change is our goal, why did we help saddam to put down revolutionary forces within the country during the first gulf war? (2)

when passenger planes are hijacked, fighter planes are sent out to intercept, what happened on september 11? why didn't fighter planes track

why was conclusive evidence against osama bin laden never produced ?

why didn't we capture him, or find his body?

what am i asking you to do?

here is my latest idea about a people's network. if face to face contact can potentially have the greatest impact AND since are a number of issues that are not getting any attention in the media, i am thinking about writing 10 questions, putting them on one sheet of paper with some urls on the bottom, and going door to door. maybe hitting 10 houses everyday. people can go the library and check these urls out.

1.3 letter

1.3.1 Greetings friends,

The constitution suffered serious harm yesterday and the USA and the world are in big trouble. The last line of defense is you and me, the people - we are ULTIMATELY responsible for what our government does in our name. The only option left now is to take direct action. Each of us have to decide how we will go about it.

Bless you and good luck.

Dan Kelly

Integrity...

Here is a list who voted against war with Iraq and for the constitution's balance of power.

Senate

Akaka (D-HI)
Bingaman (D-NM)
Boxer (D-CA)
Byrd (D-WV)
Chafee (R-RI)
Conrad (D-ND)
Corzine (D-NJ)
Dayton (D-MN)
Durbin (D-IL)
Feingold (D-WI)
Graham (D-FL)
Inouye (D-HI)
Jeffords (I-VT)
Kennedy (D-MA)

Leahy (D-VT)
Levin (D-MI)
Mikulski (D-MD)
Murray (D-WA)
Reed (D-RI)
Sarbanes (D-MD)
Stabenow (D-MI)
Wellstone (D-MN)
Wyden (D-OR)

House

Abercrombie
Allen
Baca
Baird
Baldacci
Baldwin
Barrett
Becerra
Blumenauer
Bonior
Brady (PA)
Brown (FL)
Brown (OH)
Capps
Capuano
Cardin
Carson (IN)
Clay
Clayton
Clyburn
Condit
Conyers
Costello
Coyne
Cummings
Davis (CA)
Davis (IL)
DeFazio
DeGette
Delahunt
DeLauro
Dingell
Doggett
Doyle
Duncan
Eshoo
Evans
Farr
Fattah
Filner
Frank
Gonzalez
Gutierrez

Hastings (FL)
Hilliard
Hinchey
Hinojosa
Holt
Honda
Hooley
Hostettler
Houghton
Inslee
Jackson (IL)
Jackson-Lee (TX)
Johnson, E. B.
Jones (OH)
Kaptur
Kildee
Kilpatrick
Kleczka
Kucinich
LaFalce
Langevin
Larsen (WA)
Larson (CT)
Leach
Lee
Levin
Lewis (GA)
Lipinski
Lofgren
Maloney (CT)
Matsui
McCarthy (MO)
McCollum
McDermott
McGovern
McKinney
Meek (FL)
Meeks (NY)
Menendez
Millender-McDonald
Miller, George
Mollohan
Moran (VA)
Morella
Nadler
Napolitano
Neal
Oberstar
Obey
Olver
Owens
Pallone
Pastor
Paul
Payne

Pelosi
Price (NC)
Rahall
Rangel
Reyes
Rivers
Rodriguez
Roybal-Allard
Rush
Sabo
Sanchez
Sanders
Sawyer
Schakowsky
Scott
Serrano
Slaughter
Snyder
Solis
Stark
Strickland
Stupak
Thompson (CA)
Thompson (MS)
Tierney
Towns
Udall (CO)
Udall (NM)
Velazquez
Visclosky
Waters
Watson (CA)
Watt (NC)
WoolseyWu

1.4 song of myself 10/13

- 1.4.1 self, all there is
self, all that i know
and words are thoughts manifest, magic
everything coming into being that i speak
self, all that i want
self, all that i get
- 1.4.2 if this is a prison,
then what's freedom like?
do i dream remember?
is knowing enough?
- 1.4.3 self, source of love
self, beauty and bliss
self, complete trust
self, laughter and courage
nothing lacking
everything worthy
self

self
self

1.4.4 when we look outside
for the missing pieces
nothing can ever be found
nothing is missing
self

1.4.5 i have found the start
for prison unmaking
all worthy
i had forgotten
the source
self

1.4.6 and so we fail
brush off dust
little smile
back on the horse again

1.4.7 i smell the fumes of unfinished work
i long to breath fresh air
unfettered by shame and self loathing
this is the essence of the prison
hating self
looking outside for what's always within
your effects
are temporary
i return

1.4.8 and so the night begins again
let us pray
dear self
perfect always, welcome back

1.5 book

1.5.1

413 utopia boulevard
dialouges with a world savior

i work for the ministry of science fiction. after we overthrew the tyranny of the lizards, human nature turned out to be not quite as nasty as we had been told, (of course). poeple were generally nice to each other - person to person. those who weren't nice were treated with great love and appreciation, bombing them with love we call it, until some sort of turnaround (and it was inevitable) occured. there were still places of incarceration, but they weren't torture chambers of isolation and oppression, they were places of education and healing. once we realized that what was wrong with everything was not inherently our own nature, things just got so much easier.

my job follows the great tradition of taking a few interesting ideas

and projecting them ahead - extrapolation. the name ministry of science fiction is campy, but it's fun for us. It's a title and a department that never would have existed in the old world, back then governments did not incorporate humor or irony into their mandate, everything was so deadly serious. and i do mean deadly.

what i actually do is write. i am an author and my work is distributed just as in olden days to the general public. some of the fans are actually working for the government too, they take my ideas and see if any artful application is possible. Human history has been so strangled, so manipulated that we have no idea what we are. Through the ministry of science fiction and the fannish alliance we are attempting to rediscover our destiny. implementing ideas that could have been had we been allowed to go our own way.

the lizards. all great science fiction has the exposition, where the premises of the future scenario are explained to the reader. it's just that in this case, my exposition is history, i mean this actually happened.

the white lizards have been with us for perhaps tens of thousands of years. they are or were somewhat better resourced than earth beings, meaning that in comparison to the lizards we were like clever dogs, or cattle. But they could breed with us, and did. human stock was enhanced with lizard stock and they accelerated and manipulated our development. so we are creatures of this effort and everything "civilized" was colored by the lizard aesthetic. most of our historical horrors are directly linked to the lizard way. this provides humanity with a blanket excuse for why we were such awful stewards of the diversity and life support systems of our own planet, and why we tortured and murdered our kin.

every aspect of my life became focused onto the art, it seemed that everything was pointing to it, was fueling the effort. these were the great times, times for heros, and where do the heros come from? nowhere. they bubble out of nothing as all the cosmos did in the untime. they are those who've been crushed, and mauled. potential is realized where no potential exists. that's how we found our way out of the prison. and the whole planet was being fashioned into a prison.

is it better to not know what who you are and what you are missing? is it better to be ignorant of your divine nature, and will it exert itself regardless of your surroundings? who came to help us in our struggle? who landed and offered assistance, training? as above, so below. our backwater planet was exploited by a gang of thugs, whose control was in opposition to the design of the cosmos. looking for love, they found sweet earth and proceeded to rape her. after a time, one was no longer apart from the other, the ravagers were our relatives, but the yoke was not broken.

"without the idea of the prison, his life is just sour sweat. working and dreaming but getting nowhere, he had to justify this lack of accomplishment somehow. the conspiracy of the lizards was an easy out, a banal justification for the waste of a life, apology on an epic scale. a bloated ego prevented any real self assessment - he was no average everyman, he was a visionary talent, a real life super hero, Only overwhelming opposition of a highly malevolent nature could shut him down. given this premise, his personal mythology practically wrote itself. The lizards were running the show, and so earth's most noble children were lobotomized. potential revolutionaries and seditious mother fuckers were preemptively neutralized. killing them was not effective - they would just be reborn somewhere else. the saviors had to be made examples of, crippled for all to see. they could support the occupation and carry a message, walking billboards advertising the premise of the regime - intelligence and incentive made life painful. consciousness was a burden. And the message was received - humans duly deleted these characteristics from their lives, as spiders are swept from the eaves, and mice snagged in spring loaded traps.

but it carried him forward none the less, thinking he was a savior, a world healer. grandeur indeed. in his own mind he was a triple agent - a spiritual commando secreted to earth, then caught and neutralized by the enemy, but working his capture and humiliation into the effort towards ultimate liberation. he was the best of the best of the best, because he could laugh at himself, while swinging the sword of vivica. woe to ye foes of freedom and life, the broken man has arrived.

fifteen twenty fifty... these numbers just come into my mind and i wonder what these spontaneous numbers are symptomatic of.

everythingism, it was the struggle to express himself without limits. almost proved his undoing, until he found the context. it was glimpsed and slipped away again and again, but one day he realized that it was with him always and the illusion of catching and holding it implied a slipping away and a pursuit. by uncatching it, he at last became it.

so the plan, i had to have a plan. if we slipped out of the shackles, the proof might come in the form of a straightjacket or a police cruiser, as a column of tanks, canisters of gas or a dose of cancer, but what use is it to worry about such things? some basic preparations are advised, like addressing the perfect self, staying fit and happy, having some discipline and following our bliss, but the most important preparation is to be ready for anything. to keep an open mind and a sense of humor, those things are key in this particular conflict. finding a lawyer, cultivating some deep connections, and so on. but the threats, the big fears that are propagated through the prison, let us not magnify their importance.

let us acknowledge them, dance with them if we must, but no matter what, let us live! AND, if we live fully, if we move in an outrageous, ecstatic and attentive manner, then we cannot be touched by their machinations, our bodies will always be at right angles to the paths of their bullets. amen.

an angry man until he found his path, then joy only.

book one, earth riot

where the world savior, surrounded by razor wire, wakes with a smile

book two, utopia next door

the founding of the ministry of science fiction, the world citizen fair and everythingism.

book three, garage rocket

sustainability and stewardship opens the doors to the cosmos, and what we find there.

There are three things, make that two things... ok one thing i have to say about being alive. it's interesting.

with a broad brush, i sweep across the world painting what could be. the broad likes being my brush, she slaps me only lightly, with her head tilted slightly and gleam in her peepers like love.

and so we formed a new government, without waiting for permission. the constitution was rewritten to enable direct democracy, and to proof against the influence of corporate intrigue. there was a place for representation, but the representatives were fully accountable to their constituencies, and could be recalled. security and infrastructure was provided by the hacker elite and information hobbyists. the difficult question to answer was - what if we win, what if we do throw the bums out, then what? with an entire functioning government ready to go, it was a simple thing to compare the people's government to the acting government, and realize a switch would be worthwhile and absolutely doable. citizens were encouraged to contribute \$250 each to the operation of the government. this made the elected positions viable, a candidate could support a family, the experiment was pragmatic.

so i wondered, what if there's nothing i can do? i mean, am i up for it? these are the sorts of thoughts one thinks when confronted by a seemingly impossible task. gee willikers, that really seems like an impossible task the little voice inside whispers in a tremble-ee sort of whisper. ah heck, i've seen worse than this, way more impossible, why this is only slightly impossible. yep, why i could handle this one with one frontal lobe tied behind my back, and both my eyes gouged out with pokers. this is all recycled humor, but there are still some original ideas squirming around in the old bowl of consciousness, be patient. well as i was saying - planetary awakening, couldn't be a better time. visualization is one idea,

group energy generation. party for freedom. after the pure energy stuff, what sorts of action could one engage in, hopefully without getting arrested. one might want some ID to change into. one might like another identity, and have it on hand. one might at least like a few props stashed away somewhere, a cache. get the house up and running, then we can stash a cache. a cash cache. a few gold bars maybe, some greenbacks, a pistol, papers and so forth. spy stuff, in a briefcase w/encrypted safe house type information. easy. in an ammo box or garbage bag, under the earth, under the water even. righty right. well that was a nice little fantasy, but what will we do that will make going into hiding a possibility. am i going to just plot here in the safety of my trust fund, an armchair bond, a delusional unshaven wanna be anarchist?

see i get the studio up and running, and start getting the message out. web site i guess with links to media. updated weekly. my weekly paper. unwar.com taken

all the key sites should be mirrored to slow down denial of service by providers.

greed and fear, the darker aspects of selfishness, are the levers they use to pry us apart from each other.

1.5.2 how characters defeat night security

1.5.2.1 night security cameras are either going to be very expensive, or rely on infrared

1.5.2.2 let's say a place has lights. cutting power to the lights blinds the cameras, unless they are on a generator. dimming the lights might be effective too, cause then the cameras wouldn't have enough light to see, but the place would still look lit up to witnesses. the next question is have they installed any night vision cameras. if they use infrared, they could be detected, and then shot out with a specially loaded paintball. can one load their own paintballs? this would allow for a variety of interesting possibilities. oil filled paintballs could blind cameras and yet be self clearing, epoxy filled, with a breakable inner sleeve of hardener surrounded by resin could be interesting, etc. anyway, cameras are blinded with paintballs after being detected with infrared scopes. be probably a good idea to learn some basic security, perhaps go to school for this somewhere - security technician. invisible to infrared? cold?

1.5.3 lauren's song

1.5.3.1 life is over and i'm starting again
by lake michigan or the banks of the seinne
like a coma i've woken up from
feel the ray slanting in from the sun
my friend
we meet again

what a lovely surprise

you hold me down and you shout in my face
no reason needed to fight in the first place
we had to battle to find some release
then back in bed to patch up the meat
my friend
we meet again
such a wild ride

on the shaking crumbling edge of despair
there's enough room for a table and chairs
fix us a salad and a mess of chickpeas
we won't take this fate down on our knees
my friend
we meet again
between darkness and light

i knew your brother baby better than you
just heard some rumors that your marriage was through
then after 8 straight hours talking on the phone
our choices narrowed to a common home
animals and fallout, clutter and pain
and don't forget that our hair color's the same
interested parties reverently whisper our names
egos recontstructed and were breathing again
my friend
we meet again
between rebirth and demise

what happens next is anyone's guess
krishna, christ, allah, budda and all the rest
throw up their hands at our perfect mess
tried to pray, curse, accuse and confess
we can't help smiling at the shining sacred truth
you love me and i love you
my friend
let's meet again
between sunset and sunrise
truth and lies
earth and sky
wet and dry
because and why
hello and goodbye
give up and try
cake and pie
growl and sigh
you and i

1.5.4 what's the next project?

1.5.4.1 we are supposed to do a dvd for dick. what's on this dvd? ideally we would like the following

1.5.4.1.1 a song

- 1.5.4.1.1.1 live for simplicity, then maybe multi-track
- 1.5.4.1.1.2 lyrics streaming past, multiple versions fading in and out
- 1.5.4.1.2 a short film (story)
 - 1.5.4.1.2.1 about what, what do we have? montage or planned?
 - 1.5.4.1.2.1.1 montage - maho on the train, dancing in the bar
- 1.5.4.1.3 examples of software
 - 1.5.4.1.3.1 lines of code stream across the screen
 - 1.5.4.1.3.2 grewe
 - 1.5.4.1.3.3 sp
 - 1.5.4.1.3.4 perception
- 1.5.4.1.4 paintings
- 1.5.4.1.5 poetry
- 1.5.4.1.6 video of live performance

1.6 2003

1.6.1 video for lauren

- 1.6.1.1 to say goodbye to the lauren within, to acknowledge the real Lauren on her 38 birthday, and to let her know it was a valiant and worthy effort and that we were shining fools to attempt it, as few others would dare. To prepare the move forward by looking back, not through a fog of disappointment, but with some regard for our own courage and faith in possibility. Of course any pragmatist could have predicted our failure, but who wants to live in their world, in frozen limits, conditions and lack? let me burn a little rather than never light a tiny fire and feel the radiance, the glow, the dancing light which drives back the cold and makes the night forest visible, if only for a moment... as long as no animals or plants are injured in the process.
- 1.6.1.2 lauren song intercut with images, still and video.
- 1.6.1.3 this first phase is to play with the content, explore it, perhaps a better word would be to mine it, wander in it's echoing rooms and let it whisper it's story. sculpting video. good to be back... no one's gonna take this away my friend, let our voice be found.
- 1.6.1.4 grab the emails, especially the one about the count and then flip through them fast...
- 1.6.1.5 bring in massive amounts of snaps, 'specially england

1.7 anarchist boot camp (game)

- 1.7.1 basic usable tech
- 1.7.2 defeating security
- 1.7.3 protection and defense
- 1.7.4 nomadic life

- 1.7.5 non-violent victory, neutralizing rather than eliminating the adversary
- 1.7.6 creative prosperity
- 1.7.7 value creation and trade
- 1.7.8 this will be based on a basic d and d sort of scenario, with hierarchy and corporate organization vs the individual and clans of individuals. starts of simple with missions (levels) against various objectives... tapping into tv stations at their broadcast source, disabling this transmitter will drop the tower, please do not interfere with this transmission, thank you. how does that work - the way things work tv, radio transmitters. direct pirate intervention.
- 1.7.9 examples of success (myth) guerilla ops like american revolution, vietnam
- 1.8 what's the name of this new effort?
 - 1.8.1 stir fry
 - 1.8.2 mental health
 - 1.8.3 dregs and dreams
 - 1.8.4 foundation foundation
 - 1.8.5 informal unfettered
 - 1.8.6 nothing soup
 - 1.8.7 this is not a gallery (TINAG) pronounced, "ting"
 - 1.8.8 the envelope please
 - 1.8.9 a fortunate mistake
 - 1.8.10 recycle
 - 1.8.11 the anarchist's sock
 - 1.8.12 please use other door
 - 1.8.13 art now
- 1.9 archive edit
 - 1.9.1 portraying myself as a young vehicle of hot spark, as i see myself today
 - 1.9.2 icon - jesus loved to party
- 1.10 time each section, rough out what each scene needs timewise
- 1.11 billboard advertising
 - 1.11.1 Aerial Ads Banner
 - 517 244-0100
 - 1192 Hagadon Mason
 - Captive Audience Advertising
 - Grand Haven 888 322-7848
 - Lamar Advertising Co
 - 3691 Cass Rd Garfield 946-9000
 - MBC Sign Co
 - 428 Gitchegumee Bcly 269-3887

- 1.11.2 what would dorothy do?
- 1.11.3 do you want to be on the list
- 1.11.4 where were you when the shit went down?
- 1.11.5 where are the coffins
- 1.11.6 who are the terrorists
- 1.11.7 pay for your own chains
- 1.11.8 what is an electron?
- 1.11.9 give ME all the toys again - gw smile with an armful of toys - locomotive, ball, barbie, airplane, balloon
- 1.11.10 sign/icon ideas
 - 1.11.10.1 fascism by the pound
 - 1.11.10.2 my toys, your boys - picture of bush with an armload of tiny tanks and planes
 - 1.11.10.3 yard paintings
 - 1.11.10.4 sometimes nothing can be a real cool hand
 - 1.11.10.5 my empire right or wrong
 - 1.11.10.6 there's no such thing as a bad dream
 - 1.11.10.7 america is not a flag
 - 1.11.10.8 where there are rocks, watch out
 - 1.11.10.9 free florida
 - 1.11.10.10 truth, justice
 - 1.11.10.11 jesus parties
 - 1.11.10.12 jesus is sexy
 - 1.11.10.13 november erection
 - 1.11.10.14 patent me
 - 1.11.10.15 welcome to haiti, usa
 - 1.11.10.16 debush!
 - 1.11.10.17 surveille this! 4/19/04

1.12 script

- 1.12.1 (in the dennos parking lot) and in this place, somewhere in storage is something of mine, something i made and was never totally paid for, something i never totally finished either. here i insinuated myself for a time, helped along. dreamed on. an artist's ambition. without hunger, without fire the doors swing shut, my will was the shoe in the door, and now i am barefoot. ah, ah, ah
- 1.12.2 what's it feel like to be a dirty criminal? my trust fund and a nice place to live, so long as i didn't rock the boat, so long as i didn't live my life, eh? step up to my responsibilities and watch out, the hammer's coming down. there's only one alpha male, and it's the old man. he's got the hammer, better watch out. so you ought to go live elsewhere, this was a good idea maybe 10 years ago, but it's ceased being a sweet deal absolutely now. my investment, believing that i could be myself without

fear, trusting that i have been accepted for who i am. but there is no breakthrough, being myself is a threat to their happy life. take down your signs, don't get arrested for supporting the constitution, you ought to have your head examined. make money fool, that's what you are supposed to do.

1.12.3 and members of my family have used me without a second thought, my parents for instance. all their whining and complaining about steve, now when push comes to shove, i am also an outcast, the pattern is repeated. whoa to those who step out of line, who have integrity, who take care of themselves, for they shall be cast out.

1.13 outbound

1.13.1 start

1.13.1.1 this was next big thing. what does a man like me do with himself when he has the abundant gifts and opportunities i have? a minor prince, somewhat privileged and perhaps decadent and yet instilled with an awareness of responsibility for life and global awakening. the alarm goes off by degrees and little by little we come out of the sleep, and notice what we are and what we have. so at age 40, i took stock and decided it was time to set out, to find out, to fathom and steward as is my design and desire.

i come from a wealthy family, the kind that benefits from capital gains tax breaks. i don't know how much my father is worth, it's not that he wouldn't tell me if i asked, but i guess it just never seemed to be a question i cared enough to ask. he is the embodiment of the classic american dream of his day, a young man from modest beginnings, worked his way into corporate responsibility, executing some fortunate if somewhat conservative investments and makes good. four boys, married 50 plus years. my mother was the daughter of hungarian immigrants, living time capsules from the europe at the dawn of the 20th century before the bloom of mechanized war.

i am a 40 year old white guy, straight and spiritually undefined. an artist. so where's the conflict, the story here? what does this ordinary, unremarkable package have to offer the wider world? where do we begin?x

1.13.2 next

1.13.2.1 he would type and then hold the backspace key down just to hear the little purr the backspace code would make as it ran. so quiet, but he could hear the lines executing even so, he could actually experience the logic as sound. not so much a rainy night as dripping, with the growl of thunder all framed by ringing silence. the music of the moment, a composition perfect and spontaneous, never to be repeated.

1.13.2.2 dreams of wheels spinning, of danger and new roads, of wanting to be someone and fast. exodus into another identity, the promise of potential fulfilled. An egg, the white van, and in the morning a sleeping boy will hatch out of it. From the recharge of sleep, the little death where one gathers fuel, then wake and spend or squander it all the day long.

1.13.3 and again 7/24/03

- 1.13.3.1 funny dream, thought i was talking to dirk, he was asking me about the bike, and i told him it's schwarz color and he said "you bought it" then i realized that i was dreaming him and i woke myself up telling him that he was just my dream, i was dreaming him.
- 1.13.3.2 this is a story of how i lived, how i launched into my life at last. how i learned to be what i am.
- 1.13.3.3 the change started when they turned the death ray on me, when i noticed the velvet cage, when fascism turned fashionable in the land of the free. that's when the switches flipped, and i realized what that little stash of cash was for, what all my days on planet earth had been pointing towards. am i a super hero, a world saver? a sleeper surely in the iron prison, a commando, carefully tucked away, hidden right out in the open. a fortunate prince with nothing to gain from rocking the boat except a little fun and the restoration of planet earth.
- 1.13.3.4 so i decided to surprise, to reconfigure the landscape of ideas, with my metaphorical cape and my super powers. Let's not forget the treasure bequeathed to me, the 100k in stock for college, for my retirement, finally liquified and put to some good use. Film making equipment, a van to live in, a badass motorcycle for reconaissance and remote operations, a trailer to hide it in, a cover story. a simple idea, somewhat illegal, perhaps trivial but a beginning if nothing else. along the road, on the streets of america what can't be said, what might be read. an awakening in words and icons, just in time for the elections. The saints blessing my path... Don Quixote, Doug Michels, Kathrine Hepburn, Tim Leary, Joseph Campbell to name a few. Steve Redling, Hazel Kelly, John Barnes, Ashley Goersich, Allison Von Brock. All my dead friends and family, translated and so pulling the levers of heaven, manning their stations on the bridge of the starship Afterlife.
- 1.13.3.5 and that's how i won the war. just like anyone else would and has. by being myself, all the way. by blowing through the daily drudge, by asking for my bliss and not settling for less. the lesson here for those who might wish to follow my path is that the unique circumstances of your life can lead to your hearts desire. you don't need anything except yourself. the elements of my particular package were not essential. beware of getting caught up in the cash - for 20 years that 100k kept me locked down, afraid of fucking up. if you don't have 100k, you can decide to make it, but it's likely that you don't even need it. all you need is to believe in yourself - and no amount of money can ever buy that for you.
- 1.13.3.6 so that's how this story begins... with a treasure, a desire, a challenge and a mission. but i am getting ahead of myself. here's how it starts...
- 1.13.4 the angle, the look the feel 7/29/03
 - 1.13.4.1 the story is real life ability, innovative use of objects you find around the kitchen... how art and enthusiasm make miracles. a documentary about self made superheros .
 - 1.13.4.2 is it a docmentary or is it fiction. it has the look of fiction, the feel of fiction, sort of slick and beautiful and stimulating to watch... but it's all real, this all actually happens. it's like reality tv except we are following exemplary people around instead of dufesses on dates.
- 1.13.5 more impressions 8/22

1.13.5.1 what's my history, fine

1.13.5.2 some of the questions...

1.13.5.2.1 am i different? i see some of my friends, many of them here in northern michigan having children, and last night i realized something. people don't drop of the face of the earth when children come, they still get together with others like them, other parents - so their children can play together, so they can share the lessons of parenting. last night i saw all my northern michigan friends as if through a little window, and the window rapidly receding from me. i no longer fit in that frame, i have no natural fit there. they are now a community of families, and my destiny is elsewhere.

1.13.5.2.2 I want folks to ask about my adventure, to be curious about what i am experiencing, but why should i expect them to notice me? they are focused on their own epic projects - children! and my lone wolf relationship misfire artist trip is a million miles away, like a star in the night sky. do the stars ask for our attention, do single stars sob at not having our devotion?

1.13.5.2.3 on the way out

1.13.5.2.3.1 all these indicators lighting up, get out, move now. when i first came here in 1987 i stayed solitary for about three years, and that was as it should have been. i was doing the woods, the hermit in the cave by the beach. now as i prepare to leave benzie county, it is much the same. i have many friends yes, many faces who recognize mine, but we are of different worlds now. i am absolutely single and the rest are married and with children, raising families. the best men i know are devoted capable fathers, but i am something else - a free agent, an avatar perhaps, disguised in my brown paper wrapper. i am something else indeed and their lives seem lovely to see, but creating that for myself would be to cross thread the bolt of my being. i am not to be a father today. today i am a rider, a grizzled lone wolf, wrinkling, a little lonely - full of dissatisfaction and promise. the only way to keep my friendships alive is to journal, to document and think of them reading a snatch here or there, while they raise the future. i am the misfit brother to the world, the off color uncle. as for my sexuality, there's no clue. through affection and intimacy have i touched the divine, yet my four - five girlfriends are all awol. they call me to follow, and i do.

1.13.5.2.3.2 as we've seen in the earlier chapters, this trip has a variety of facets. today i would like to discuss my unique position as neo christ, as

world savior. who else could i be? i've talked about the feeling that i have a mission, that i've been dropped out of the cosmos to save this world somehow, to do some important work. either by design, accident or attack my plan for what i am supposed to do is not documented, except in the very fiber of my being. the savior saves, taking a page from allen watts, it's raining... what's raining? the rain is raining, but there's no distinction between rain and raining, the thing is what it does, so therefor the plan is me. what i do as a world savior is what i do as me, if this is my nature then i am it and every natural expression of dan kelly is exactly right, i thought of one possible exception - observing myself, taking complementarity into account can i be both a doer and an observer? either way observing is definitely what tiggers do best, and actually i feel it's possible to step out of duality (transcend) and both do and observe, otherwise what's the point of anything? so the upshot of this is that i am the plan, all i got to do is be natural, be myself and everything will be perfect.

1.13.5.2.3.3 so then i must be myself and how does one do that. honesty, self-examination etc. but i feel the one incontrovertible test is this - am i having fun? if i am having fun, if i am ecstatic then that's all the proof i need. so that's why we concentrate on having fun. amen.

1.13.5.2.3.4 one reel wonders was playing over and over in my head last night in my sleep. what has that got for me?

1.13.5.2.3.5 to write the owners manual for the human body

1.13.6 and again impressions 8/24

1.13.6.1 i saw natasha at the shed tonight, and man she is lovely. too bad i am off on a dangerous mission and may never see her again. even so, i sent her a mild mash note tonight. it's a delightful tiny seed, and that's all. even though that sounds pleasant, the romance and love trip, and of course there is the longing... i have other fish to fry, frankly i am sort of bored with the pattern. i've jerked off til i am broken, and though there's a little shame there, it's a vacation from the hot anguish, the burning empty wish for touch and comfort, from hugs and holding. but i remember what it was like, it was good. i don't shun it, but i am certainly not investing a ton of energy to cultivate it. my apologies. let me dance as i am, see me brilliant snapshot and then vanish. that is the mystery of me, a gladness lingering.

1.13.7 titles

1.13.7.1 catholics for breakfast, the jesus ride, song of startan, fried jesus finger
lickin' good

1.14 secrets

1.14.1 there are secrets i have
that i can't tell you
secrets i have about me

i entered, you opened
a chance to know
to touch and show and be

you listened with lips
to kiss naked and
sighing wide
because you love me too,
and that other guy, who?

i kissed and confused you
but at least i didn't loose you
after finding you so nearly missed
dancing like you want to live.

kama karma kara
delighted to serve you
lavish you unavailable
praise you unattainable
ravish you later
with fondness, sincerely
me

1.15 birthday song for kara

1.15.1 was gonna write a song for your birthday
was gonna write a song for your birthday
was gonna write a song for your birthday
but i didn't know what to say

1.15.2 we've never exactly been lovers
but you love unlike any other
friends forever you said
with pajamas off kissing in bed

1.15.3 worried about wrinkles and all that
and always complaining that you're getting fat
but what i see i am hungry to touch
cause the looking is never enough

1.15.4 murderer's thumbs and the big toes on your feet
your thoughtful and lovely and sweet
the shape of you kara is oh so divine
and how i long to spank your behind
with muscles cut and defined
but not a bit of you is mine

1.15.5 you come complete with a boyfriend installed
plus your catholic on top of it all
but you'd do the dali lama
and the eastern buddhist path
your so corny that it makes me laugh
so what kind of a song
could i write for you
beyond catagory and indescribable too
more mouthful than i could ever chew
all the words in the world would be too few.

1.16 catholics for breakfast 9/21/03

1.16.1 the rotting wasting farts, emerging late at night, the cat having gnawed the head of
the mouse. and empty i swing working without choice, some of this must be
recorded, released before it festers and cracks the vessel of the soul. dreams have
the answers, ask the dreams and write them down, they wait to give all knowing. if
only upon waking i could remember, but it's off like a shot to evade the awakening,
awake on a new day and yet asleep, desperately. i wait now, having severed the
nerves and pipes of my cock and left behind, only to wake with it tommorrow.

1.17 marion's demo

1.17.1 logs

1.17.1.1 hostos center for the performing arts (blue gentlewoman)

1.17.1.1.1 5:06 - 5:26

1.17.1.1.2 5:37 doll animation

1.17.1.1.3 5:52 - 6:20 mirror room is better (angle)

1.17.1.1.4 7:03-7:11 cartwheel character good

1.17.1.1.5 7:06 touch something I am not supposed to be feeling

1.17.1.1.6 7:42 zoom in to close up

1.17.1.1.7 7:55 arm up all the way (stay connected or not ->)

1.17.1.1.8 8:11 - 8:20 clear concise full frame movement

1.17.1.1.9 8:28 hands framed stage right

1.17.1.1.10 8:35 withdrawal

1.17.1.1.11 8:50 - 9:05 or more 9:50? entrance good chunk

1.17.1.1.12 9:57-10:33 arms out (sentence)

1.17.1.1.13 10:35-11:34 stopped hand relaxes (sentence)

1.17.1.1.14 ---

1.17.1.1.15 11:25 - 11:27 going down (use different sequences of the
same movement)

- 1.17.1.1.16 11:40 - 12:44 goddess profile (sentence) ends with pull out
- 1.17.1.2 marion and jean (male female duet)
 - 1.17.1.2.1 :29 or :52
 - 1.17.1.2.2 1:57 - 2:54 let it run, maybe loose a little in front (begins slowly then with the hip grind kicks into high gear)
- 1.17.1.3 17 years oldl
 - 1.17.1.3.1 start is nice, up and down on bent legs with flicking hands
 - 1.17.1.3.2 stage right move across (like julie) then stop
- 1.17.1.4 mirror DV (not captured)
 - 1.17.1.4.1 49:02 classical
 - 1.17.1.4.2 49:27 shadow on floor
 - 1.17.1.4.3 2:55 wierd jump cut (camera jar edited out of original)
 - 1.17.1.4.4 4:15 - 4:23 coming to camera then away, forwards and back
 - 1.17.1.4.5 4:31 - 4:36 sinewy fall back
 - 1.17.1.4.6 4:51 - 5:00 huff and opening legs
 - 1.17.1.4.7 6:15 thickness, opening space (jason and the argonauts when played fast)
 - 1.17.1.4.8 7:04 sliding into frame
 - 1.17.1.4.9 7:27 shoot not from the side
 - 1.17.1.4.10 somebodies taking me
- 1.17.1.5 el adas (marion and sara)
 - 1.17.1.5.1 sexual speed it up maybe
 - 1.17.1.5.2 4:26- 45:35 moving and turn
 - 1.17.1.5.3 45:44 - 45:50 kali
 - 1.17.1.5.4 45:50 - 46:00
 - 1.17.1.5.5 46:38 kick
 - 1.17.1.5.6 46:40 tangle and walk forward
 - 1.17.1.5.7 47:29 - 47:39 jumpy
 - 1.17.1.5.8 47:58 - 48:12
 - 1.17.1.5.9 49:05 - 49:45 close-ups with flute (take it)
 - 1.17.1.5.10 50:07 - 50:11 ... 50:46 separate... close
 - 1.17.1.5.11 50:37 51:15 start of legs
 - 1.17.1.5.12 52:57 lighting better, close ups
 - 1.17.1.5.13 53:57 - 54:23 fast and goes on
- 1.17.1.6 dumbo with heads
 - 1.17.1.6.1 34: doll sequence

1.17.1.6.2 flowing right and left

1.17.1.6.3 36: nice and cre?

1.17.1.6.4 37:23(!) - 37:30 stills

1.17.1.6.5 37:51 - 38:00

1.17.1.6.6 38:00 sexy

1.17.1.6.7 38:06 - 38:11 floating camera

1.17.1.6.8 38:21 - 38:40 marion's pick

1.17.1.6.9 40:16 - 40:23 fall sequence

1.17.1.7 concreta

1.17.1.7.1 00:36 - 1:26+ opening squirming

1.17.1.7.2 2:15 -2:30 drop down quick

1.17.1.7.3 2:48 - 2:59

1.17.1.7.4 3:18

1.17.1.7.5 3:29 - 3:36 good sequence (try slow during jump or all

1.17.1.7.6 4:24 - 4:30 nice spins

1.17.1.7.7 5:11 - 5:14?

1.17.1.7.8 5:49 (54:16?) spin and landing strong, folding up of knee

1.17.1.7.9 10:05 fall and wrap around

1.17.1.7.10 11:56 - 12:02 spins

1.17.1.7.11 12:34 - 12:39 swing and pull

1.17.1.7.12 13:37 - 13:51 sinewy and spank

1.17.1.7.13 13:58 - 14:03 nice flailing movement

1.17.1.7.14 14:14 - 14:35 on the floor plus

1.17.1.8 interviews ***

1.17.2 structure

1.17.2.1 chronological vs flow

1.17.2.2 requirements

1.17.2.2.1 what is it/when was it?

1.17.2.2.2 credits - who?

1.17.2.3 idea

1.17.2.3.1 beginning

1.17.2.3.1.1 fast montage

1.17.2.3.1.2 marion voice-over

1.17.2.3.2 main themes

1.17.2.3.2.1 history, evolution, process - creation of new work

1.17.2.3.2.2 chapters

1.17.2.3.2.3 seeing past the flaws in the documentation to the essence of the dance.

1.17.2.3.3 questions to answer - interview

1.17.2.3.4 documentation should be funded

1.17.2.3.4.1 preserve the process so that it persists... (the process facilitates to preserve, so that it persists)

1.17.2.3.5 longer takes with voice over

1.17.2.3.6 what i am looking for, what i am feeling

1.17.2.3.7 sound and breathing - lavalier microphone - music of the body, ethereal disembodied

1.17.3 camera shots

1.17.3.1 full body tight, no movement

1.17.3.2 full body follow left

1.17.3.3 full body follow right

1.17.3.4 close torso front

1.17.3.5 specific low angle 30 degrees (intimate part)

1.17.3.6 interview questions...

1.18 st marks open house

1.18.1 arrive promptly at 8:00pm

1.18.2 the ancestral estate of the charles clan,
two hundred and fifty avenue of saint
mark's in the heights of prospect,
brooklyn. where the bricks split wide to
give the earth sky

her limbs luxurious in the greens of
energy gathering.

, her limbs luxurious in dancing green.
mystic rituals invented, rediscovered,
stumbled upon.

1.18.3 greetings from marion ramirez, fabrice
covelli and dan kelly. on july 24 and 25,
our home becomes a performance and

exhibition venue. please arrive promptly Saturday at 7:00pm to participate in the opening event. come prepared to collaborate or just assimilate, as you please. Elaborate dress and ecstatic demeanor encouraged but not required. life sustaining will be provided***. you are invited.

1.18.4 on july 24 and 25, marion, fabrice and dan do art performance and exhibition at home. please arrive promptly Saturday at 7:30pm to participate in the opening event. come prepared to collaborate or just assimilate, as you please. Elaborate dress and ecstatic demeanor encouraged but not required. life sustaining will be provided***. you are invited.

1.18.5 Marion Fabrice and Dan, in our home art performance and exhibition july 24 and 25

1.18.6 ART IN OUR HOME, with marion ramirez, fabrice covelli and dan kelly, provides life sustaining performance, exhibition and more. From July 24 to 25, arrive promptly Saturday at 7:00pm - ready to collaborate or just assimilate as you please. You are invited. <http://artisthouse.com/home>.

the ancestral estate of the charles clan,
two hundred and fifty avenue of saint
mark's in the heights of prospect,
brooklyn. where the bricks split wide to
give the earth sky

1.18.7 neighbors to the world us. words to describe

1.18.8 dance

1.18.9 painting

- 2.1 the canopy
- 2.2 monologs
- 2.3 chapter one
 - 2.3.1 where dan throws himself a 40th birthday party, a hard start, magic awakened, king of all crescent, the canopy.
- 2.4 montage of past projects with an emphasis on technology
 - 2.4.1 what do I have pictures of, really rapid clips of past projects parties, me doing whatever
 - 2.4.1.1 hamlet
 - 2.4.1.2 box
 - 2.4.1.3 don't blink
 - 2.4.1.4 trying to play guitar with larry
 - 2.4.1.5 do i have any of playboys - mike does
 - 2.4.1.6 video jam - mine open houses
 - 2.4.1.7
- 2.5 hacks and stunts
 - 2.5.1 dirk shenanagins
 - 2.5.2 old buildings and bridges
 - 2.5.3 at the end of rentals
 - 2.5.4 when we get to heaven, we'll be able to watch it all again.
- 2.6 flow
 - 2.6.1 there's a pilgrimage to NM, lost and found. it's a romp, a celebration, a launching point for what is about to happen. but what was the trigger, why is north a focal point? back in time, 9/11 with dave and stella's mom. war and mayhem initiated, resistance, blockade and arrest, then departure.
 - 2.6.2 can we get pictures of that trip from them, where are they?
 - 2.6.3 trigger point - happy war! unwar, video of peace meetings, blockade, arrest, media and personal response, so my father said you're making life miserable for your mother and i ... so i left. god it's all good, the commando is called, i am on. all the vectors pushing me out, what matter their origin, the going was accomplished
 - 2.6.4 history in michigan, all those years, in training. way back machine gives a sense of how much we developed there, snippets from projects, artist to warrior to artist again.
 - 2.6.5 we pack up and leave
 - 2.6.6 image synopsis
 - 2.6.7
- 2.7 how things connect back to themselves. north manitou is a metaphor for looking back, we keep returning to the island and the spaces the moments there are links back
- 2.8 what would it be like to bring up scenes of barbarism happening in the world from various moments when i was oung

- 2.9 the vista is expansive, it's more than ego, it is all of us somehow,
- 2.10 the past is what, what have i become because of what i was?
- 2.11 self indulgence - to be able to figure out where we are, indulging ourselves is useful
- 3 the outline
 - 3.1 there he is on north manitou island
 - 3.1.1 why - because it's my 40th birthday (belated)
 - 3.1.2 i need a shot of the sacred
 - 3.1.3 i am about to reinvent myself, looking for inspiration
 - 3.1.4 it's a critical locus in the time space continuum, an attractor. an icon of the pattern, a portal between the now and the maybe
 - 3.2 from the island we leap - transitions
 - 3.2.1 from north, we explore the patterns of our life, hinting at what we are
 - 3.2.1.1 writing
 - 3.2.1.2 physical performance
 - 3.2.1.3 imagery, film
 - 3.2.1.4 music
 - 3.2.1.5 ethics, awareness
 - 3.2.1.6 women
 - 3.2.2 from north, we vector out to key moments in life - north as attractor, north as metaphor
 - 3.2.3 way back machine, do visuals moments on the island suggest crucial times past?
 - 3.2.4 what are the crucial times past?
 - 3.3 making of a saint, what's the story
 - 3.3.1 there's this guy who has all these gifts, and how he comes to work with all of them to accomplish something important
 - 3.3.2 is a saint just a spiritually evolved being, enlivening the universe by thier presence alone or is it important that he/she accomplish something concrete, physical during their earth stay? shifting energy in some recognizable way
 - 3.3.3 is it a heros journey, battling monsters, saving the world?
 - 3.3.4 i think a saint saves the world, somehow. save yourself, save the world
 - 3.3.5 discovering you are a real life superhero, what's your responsibility. those who find themselves awake - how do they wake up the rest of the world?
 - 3.3.5.1 there are so many things off balance, itemize them and ask... what do i do?
 - 3.3.5.2 itemize all my gifts and then figure out how they apply, what's the plan?
 - 3.3.5.3 the plan in progress, past plans, what we were and what we thought we were doing using old journals, old notebooks
 - 3.3.5.4

- 3.3.6 who i am, relaxing into who i am instead of fighting who i am or being ashamed of who i am - evolution
- 3.3.7 the big questions of my life
 - 3.3.7.1 who am i, who are we?
 - 3.3.7.2 can i heal the injuries i perceive?
 - 3.3.7.3 is my perception accurate or am i thinking there's a problem when there isn't any
 - 3.3.7.4 if there is a problem, is it an injury or am i sensing the difference between what we are and what we could be, am i an agent of evolution
 - 3.3.7.5 i feel different, i feel both capable of heroic action and daunted by the magnitude of my mission - to save the earth, change the course of history and awaken a species, steer the earth clear of apocalypse.
 - 3.3.7.6 the movies and books of my youth, did they program me to feel this way or do they resonate with what was already there?
 - 3.3.7.7 what hints do i have about my nature?
 - 3.3.7.8 who are my allies and how far can they get me? am i leveraging my alliances and strengths?
 - 3.3.7.9 creating a plan - the dossier, the interactive plan, the plan as a metaphor
 - 3.3.7.10 subtitles become headings in the plan
 - 3.3.7.10.1 red october or matrix flavor - feels like operations, data flow. the green on black is anachronistic crt, but that's not what the saint has, how about writing, scrawling
 - 3.3.7.10.2 the big questions...
 - who am i?
 - is there something wrong and if so, how can i help?
 - does my unique skill set offer any clues about the nature of my contribution / mission here on planet earth?
 - what sounds like fun?

3.4 this is a story about me, and how i came to be. there have been hints all along that i was something special, but what? why am i so gifted, so curious and so inconveniently ethical? as a kid, barely able to write my name, i knew. with crayons, construction paper and an encryption scheme of my own design i drafted a secret letter to my boss, i guess it was a sort of request for instructions. i snuck it in the mailbox unbeknownst to my parents but without address or stamp it came right back to them, presumably directly by the hand of a bemused mailman. when asked whether i had put it there, i of course denied it. to have let on that i was asking for instructions would have blown my cover. that's when i realized that i was going to have to go solo, and figure out my mission on earth by myself.

3.5 lovesick

- 3.5.1 mysterious afflictions
and
love trauma
- 3.5.2 What went wrong

3.5.3 damage report

3.5.4 Love - Dangerous / essential

4 notes

4.1 studio pro

4.1.1 light bugs

4.1.1.1 i noticed that when projecting a spotlight into the house in grewe, the doorframe creates a shadow on the foyer wall. when the lights inside the house (inside the doorframe) are turned on, the doorframe shadow gets darker! go figure. point lights outside the doorframe illuminate the room even if the door is closed... so, my solution is to use a point light source with shadows disabled, and turn it off when rendering inside the house with the house lights off.

4.1.2 rendering the grewe house.

4.1.2.1 i am rendering the lights on with the switch up and the lights off with the switch down. views where the switch is visible are critical. I think this is actually easier than rendering 3 separate switches (lights off open, lights on open and lights on closed) and swapping them around.

4.1.2.2 render the floor opening with no foyer, and then crop it a little over in photoshop. keep the elevators in the shot when opening. the foyer sprite will be in the foreground to cover up the extra floor (18 frames from the time the floor cracks to opens completely)

4.2 resources i should explore

4.2.1 the siggraph web site

4.2.2 the digital library

4.2.3 acm courses

4.3 what happened to games

4.3.1 as i walked by this game design book that chris left for me, I glanced at a discussion of level design, and here is the paraphrase - "is the level a deathmatch level, a capture the flag level or a tutorial level? the purpose of the level will significantly effect the design..." what happened to games is they locked into a pattern... games used to be new everytime, a totally unprecedented idea and a unique experience. now games have a format, a protocol, and the design is more about modifying an accepted idea rather than trail blazing and breakthroughs. the old time game designers were doing things that had never been seen before on the planet, newer games are just improvements on one idea.

4.3.2 so where does that leave me? sleepy in the hammock, ready to do laundry...

4.4 final cut pro notes

4.4.1 offline - doing things cheap the first time around

4.4.2 i want to take convert analog to dv/dvcam, dv/dvcam to analog, and record analog to dv/dvcam

4.5 scrolling text intro

- 4.5.1 Highway improvements near Casa Grande in Arizona brought to light another archeological site, Grewe. The Arizona Department of Transportation contracted Northland Research to survey and conserve the site and develop an educational package for the public. Distributed free to junior high students in Arizona, the Grewe CD-ROM includes both a reference component that documents the excavation and an experiential component, the Grewe Adventure game, that reveals concepts of archeology.
- 4.5.2 Grewe Adventure was designed and developed by Artist house, Inc. under the creative direction of Dan Kelly.
- 4.5.3 In the game Grewe Adventure players advance the plot by solving puzzles. Clues about the puzzles are provided through several parallel channels to support the cognitive preferences of different players.
- 4.5.4 The design was informed by practical considerations such as budget and time constraints, and the primary objective - to give players a taste of the essence of archeology - establishing rapport with an ancient people.
- 4.5.5 Sparking the imagination, artifacts are the most direct connection to Grewe's former inhabitants, the Hohokam - what is this, what was it for, who made it? Archeologists cannot answer these questions definitively, the best they can do is make an educated guess, theorize on available data. Grewe Adventure is centered around artifacts, leveraging the detailed reports of Northland Research and the abundant imagination of the player.
- 4.5.6 To suggest connections, contemporary analogs of Grewe's features and artifacts are presented. The hohokam pit house is a prominent feature of the grewe site, so the game starts with the player inheriting a modest contemporary house from a mysterious relative. Inside are objects familiar to the average junior high student - TV, clothing, makeup, video game, snacks, a bike and money. A few puzzles stand between between the player and these contemporary objects, and their discovery is not unlike the unearthing of artifacts at the grewe site, as they rise out of a secret underground cache...
- 4.5.7 The house turns out to have been the property of Professor Julie Mortlock, an archeologist. Thanks to her gifted grad student Philip Terminus, Mortlock has installed a time machine in the house, the Terminus Auto Paradox Resolving Space Time Transformer, or TAPRST. Terminus majored in both Archeology and Physics, which makes him a natural for time machine invention.
- 4.5.8 The time machine is a narrative tool, illustrating how even contemporary objects (and by extension, contemporary culture) are destined for obscurity. The player is eventually linked to the ancient inhabitants of Grewe through the lesson of the time machine - 1000 years from now, who will remember you? what will anyone know about your life? all they'll have are your artifacts.
- 4.5.9 As well as facilitating the observation and acquisition of artifacts, the time machine sets up the final and most involved puzzle. The player eventually becomes lost in space time, and only by identifying objects of archeological significance can the TAPRST be reoriented and return home. The site to be identified is Grewe. During the identification process, the player learns about the evolution of the neighborhoods at the Grewe site over time, makes educated guesses about representative artifacts and finds out what the hohokam ate.
- 4.5.10 The visual style of Grewe Adventure is not photo realistic, but combines hand painted scenes with pre-rendered 3D models, giving the player a subtle clue about the character of the interaction. The look of Grewe Adventure says, "You are not an autonomous agent in a complex world, you are playing a story. Grewe Adventure is

about focusing on the immediate challenge, on finding a solution and unraveling the plot. The visual style sets the player's expectations appropriately, so that they get the most out of the experience.

- 4.5.11 While the gameplay is focused, the ambient environment of Grewe Adventure is unfettered. Cars whiz by on the highway just out of sight, crickets trill, status messages flash by without any provocation by the player. It's a world that feels alive and authentic, independent of the player.
- 4.5.12 Grewe Adventure is available to individuals, schools and museums outside of Arizona. The hybrid macintosh and windows format CD-ROM includes an extensive multimedia reference library with maps of the site, photos of artifacts, PDF documents of Northland Research's reports, a video documentary of the excavation, curriculum connections to help teachers integrate the material into the classroom, and the Grewe Adventure game. For pricing or to place an order, visit <http://artisthouse.com/grewe>

4.6 scrolling text script

- 4.6.1 Highway improvements near Casa Grande in Arizona brought to light another archeological site, Grewe. The Arizona Department of Transportation contracted Northland Research to survey and conserve the site and develop an educational package for the public. Distributed free to junior high students in Arizona, the Grewe CD-ROM includes both a reference component that documents the excavation and an experiential component, the Grewe Adventure game, that reveals concepts of archeology. 43:00
 - 4.6.1.1 drum, title screen of grewe (no letter)
 - 4.6.1.2 casa grande (do we have?)
 - 4.6.1.3 montage of site and archeologists working
 - 4.6.1.4 screen shots main grewe (mike)
 - 4.6.1.5 fade back to opening of grewe adventure (no letter)
- 4.6.2 Grewe Adventure was designed and developed by Artist house, Inc. under the creative direction of Dan Kelly. 6:00
 - 4.6.2.1 ah logo
- 4.6.3 In the game Grewe Adventure players advance the plot by solving puzzles. Clues about the puzzles are provided through several parallel channels to support the cognitive preferences of different players. 10:00
 - 4.6.3.1 lights off, walking up to the secret combo, it fades
 - 4.6.3.2 door opening and closing
 - 4.6.3.3 door with help screen
 - 4.6.3.4 flipping pages of the journal, reading closeup
 - 4.6.3.5 swinging the pendulum
- 4.6.4 The design was informed by practical considerations such as budget and time constraints, and the primary objective - to give players a taste of the essence of archeology - establishing rapport with an ancient people. 13:00
 - 4.6.4.1 montage of features

- 4.6.5 Sparking the imagination, artifacts are the most direct connection to Grewe's former inhabitants, the Hohokam - what is this, what was it for, who made it? Archeologists cannot answer these questions definitively, the best they can do is make an educated guess, theorize on available data. Grewe Adventure is centered around artifacts, leveraging the detailed reports of Northland Research and the abundant imagination of the player. 26:00
 - 4.6.5.1 montage changes to artifacts, slows down focus on one or two artifacts
- 4.6.6 To suggest connections, contemporary analogs of Grewe's features and artifacts are presented. The hohokam pit house is a prominent feature of the grewe site, so the game starts with the player inheriting a modest contemporary house from a mysterious relative. Inside are objects familiar to the average junior high student - TV, clothing, makeup, video game, snacks, a bike and money. A few puzzles stand between the player and these contemporary objects, and their discovery is not unlike the unearthing of artifacts at the grewe site, as they rise out of a secret underground cache... 36:00
 - 4.6.6.1 pit house,
 - 4.6.6.2 walking toward shack in grewe
 - 4.6.6.3 help screen or letter about relative zoom in then out
 - 4.6.6.4 objects, TV, jacket, theatrical makeup, text about TV and video game, snacks, bike, and box of money
 - 4.6.6.5 floor opening and elevators up
- 4.6.7 The house turns out to have been the property of Professor Julie Mortlock, an archeologist. Thanks to her gifted grad student Philip Terminus, Mortlock has installed a time machine in the house, the Terminus Auto Paradox Resolving Space Time Transformer, or TAPRST. Terminus majored in both Archeology and Physics, which makes him a natural for time machine invention. 21:00
 - 4.6.7.1 shot of console,
 - 4.6.7.2 welcome to TAPRST, close-up
 - 4.6.7.3 close-up of date spinning and cactus growing
- 4.6.8 The time machine is a narrative tool, illustrating how even contemporary objects (and by extension, contemporary culture) are destined for obscurity. The player is eventually linked to the ancient inhabitants of Grewe through the lesson of the time machine - 1000 years from now, who will remember you? what will anyone know about your life? all they'll have are your artifacts.
 - 4.6.8.1 house falling down
 - 4.6.8.2 decayed objects in scoop
 - 4.6.8.3 close up of text
 - 4.6.8.4 fade to black
 - 4.6.8.5 close up of text for decayed artifact descriptions
- 4.6.9 As well as facilitating the observation and acquisition of artifacts, the time machine sets up the final and most involved puzzle. The player eventually becomes lost in space time, and only by identifying objects of archeological significance can the TAPRST be reoriented and return home. The site to be identified is Grewe. During the identification process, the player learns about the evolution of the neighborhoods at the Grewe site over time, makes educated guesses about representative artifacts and

finds out what the hohokam ate.

- 4.6.9.1 error flashing and erratics
- 4.6.9.2 launch the reconnaissance
- 4.6.9.3 balloon going up
- 4.6.9.4 the aerial coming up
- 4.6.9.5 scanning the site
- 4.6.9.6 neighborhoods lighting up
- 4.6.9.7 choosing search criteria, success
- 4.6.9.8 hornito, raising the agave

4.6.10 The visual style of Grewe Adventure is not photo realistic, but combines hand painted scenes with pre-rendered 3D models, giving the player a subtle clue about the character of the interaction. The look of Grewe Adventure says, "You are not an autonomous agent in a complex world, you are playing a story. Grewe Adventure is about focusing on the immediate challenge, on finding a solution and unraveling the plot. The visual style sets the player's expectations appropriately, so that they get the most out of the experience.

- 4.6.10.1 shots of the night sky, shots of grewe
- 4.6.10.2 lifting objects
- 4.6.10.3 selecting a house
- 4.6.10.4 selecting a artifact
- 4.6.10.5 success
- 4.6.10.6 cataloging
- 4.6.10.7 text of i am stuck in this chair

4.6.11 While the gameplay is focused, the ambient environment of Grewe Adventure is unfettered. Cars whiz by on the highway just out of sight, crickets trill, status messages flash by without any provocation by the player. It's a world that feels alive and authentic, independent of the player.

- 4.6.11.1 car noise
- 4.6.11.2 crickets
- 4.6.11.3 text as transform is starting
- 4.6.11.4 static as the gantry hits the wire
- 4.6.11.5 flashing status items

4.6.12 Grewe Adventure is available to individuals, schools and museums outside of Arizona. The hybrid macintosh and windows format CD-ROM includes an extensive multimedia reference library with maps of the site, photos of artifacts, PDF documents of Northland Research's reports, a video documentary of the excavation, curriculum connections to help teachers integrate the material into the classroom, and the Grewe Adventure game. For pricing or to place an order, visit <http://artisthouse.com/grewe>

- 4.6.12.1 screen shots from mike
- 4.6.12.2 video running

4.6.12.3 url

4.7 patents

4.7.1 description

perform search
here is prior art
problems to solve
here is the solution

4.7.2 dave raybeck

4.7.3 \$1500 search

4.7.4 \$5000 - \$7500

4.7.5 prosecution of the patent \$3000 - \$4000

4.7.6 extent of the protection

4.7.7 prior art

4.7.7.1 kid pix

4.7.7.2 hickman

4.7.7.3 412 566-6777

4.7.7.4 dvr@escm.com

4.7.8 mike flannigan

4.7.9 248 336-3005

4.7.10 uspto.gov

4.8 copenhagen

4.8.1 notes about mrs rauth

4.8.1.1 her concerns - the play won't be good enough to video tape, she might be ashamed to have her name associated with it. created a smokescreen of reasons about why we couldn't videotape - rights with french, disturb the actors, disturb the audience, damage the walls of the mills, have to talk to the board...

hissy fits about how things aren't going exactly the way she had planned, deriding the actors instead of encouraging them. actually becoming angry and tense to the point where she had to leave the room for 10-15 minutes.

to dan "you are the one who can't stay late, and you are also the one who doesn't know his lines"

poor communication skills, if her methods or decisions are questioned, she is more likely to go on the defensive rather than explaining. she attacks if she doesn't understand, rather than ask for more information.

unclear and inconsistent blocking, she doesn't remember what blocking she has given the actors, and gives conflicting instructions.

unprepared for marketing, disorganized. made corrections in the press release 4 different times and had to correct 3 separate items on the poster AFTER it was printed. a draft of the poster was emailed to her at least one week before printing and showed at rehearsal two days before printing.

i'll never work with her again. although some of her direction was interesting, her overall approach to the process is so disconcerting that i was very distracted and had difficulty focusing my energy on my role.

4.8.2 learning lines

4.8.2.1 there are phases of line learning.

4.8.2.2 where you read the lines and begin to become familiar with the jist of what's going on

4.8.2.3 memorizing, have the essence and can paraphrase them even if they are not verbatim. have them inside such that the full implications of the lines really sink in

4.8.2.4 memorizing, have our own lines much locked. know enough about the other actors lines that you can give them a little help.

4.8.3 going in with clear shared objectives

4.8.3.1 i wanted to video tape my own performance from the start, and when i started to run into trouble with fran i realized that I might come away with nothing except the memory, nothing to further my career and demonstrate credibility. this was really sad and it made me feel like i was wasting my time, it was totally uninspiring. it was not a given, i felt that i had once again squandered my power. it was only through good luck and the intervention of steve elrick that i got to do it, but i only confirmed this on the day of dress rehearsal so i had to set up mics and camera the day of the first show AND god forbid i should be able to get a decent camera operator. so not having a solid agreement up front with everyone was very discouraging. i need to communicate with others very clearly what my objectives are in a collaborative situation.

4.8.4 sam french and rights to video tape

4.8.4.1

TO:
Linda
Samuel French, Inc.
F (212) 206-9078

FROM:
Dan Kelly

Artist house, Inc.
F (231) 882-0460
P (231) 882-0640

I am producing a documentary about the renovation of a historic theater in Benzonia, Michigan, USA. On June 27 and 28, 2003 the Benzie County Players (an amateur theatrical company) are presenting Copenhagen by Michael Frayn as a fundraiser for the renovation effort. I am requesting permission to video tape the performances and include a short segment in my documentary.

The documentary will be broadcast on non-commercial public access cable TV to an audience of approximately 20,000 subscribers. Also, it will be distributed on VHS to arts organizations, private foundations and individuals supporting the renovation.

The Documentary's credits will conform to the format required by the agent, author and publisher of Copenhagen. Any fees associated with this request will be due only if the Copenhagen segments are included.

Your consideration is greatly appreciated. Please respond by fax or phone.

Dan Kelly
Artist house, Inc.

4.8.5 what i learned about acting

4.8.5.1 the second performance was better, i was more in the character eventhough i felt the audience was falling asleep at times, eventhough things felt bad on stage, like i was not getting across, things were working.

4.8.5.2 knowing the lines is everything, it's the foundation on which the character is constructed. having them down means i can realize the rest of the character.

5 thoughts from the boat

5.1 my rapport with my friends has declined, perhaps because we are all getting older and growing apart. i don't speak because i seem something of a bore, always thinking about the implications of my actions, what it means to throw perfectly good compost into the landfill, the innovation of war in the industrial age. garbage is garbage to the uninitiated, but to the activist it is many things,

many resources - compost, recycling, salvage, and what's left, plastic mostly. how to starve the landfills, it's what i think about when i am not traveling on a floating garbage production facility. paper plates, plastic cups and so on.

- 5.2 gee i am tired, i have a jammed finger which is stiff and highly sensitive. so let's sleep now little brother, and even though the world seems a little harsh a little unforgiving i still say - love, love, love.

6 openus

6.1 painting games

- 6.1.1 STARTS PALETTE IS READY
MAKE THE RAINBOW
THEN WALK AND THERE IS SOME POLLUTION
MAYBE REST
MAYBE WANDER ALITTLE
REDRAW RAINBOW WITH SLOSHING PAINT BUCKET
TAKES A COLOR BATH, GOES TO BLACK BATH
A LITTLE BLUE GETS NOTICED
THEN BLUE PURSUIT STARTS SLOW
THEN GETS MORE FRANTIC
MAYBE GETS RIGHT ANGLES
ENDS WITH ONLY BLUE LINES

6.2 what we have to do for painting

- 6.2.1 prep the palettes
- 6.2.2 practice getting on and off the screen
- 6.2.3 no wait a minute
- 6.2.4 get rid of white line - what is that
- 6.2.5 key shortcuts
- 6.2.6 where are old experiments?

7 photoshop lab notes

- 7.1 tool presets can be listed as text, which means they show up in alphabetical order rather than being listed by type of tool, which is key if we want to make matched sets of erasers and brushes

8 slogans

- 8.1 nuclear waste is forever
- 8.2 no president
- 8.3 arrested for telling the truth
- 8.4 the earth! the earth!

9 ryutero

- 9.1 ryutero sits on the roof of the building. he records himself talking into a tape deck. he is narrating an experience, something that happened to him. a woman comes to the door three floors below. there is a muffled ringing of the buzzer. the buzzer rings again more insistently. ryutero puts down the recorder and closes his eyes, and starts a sort of rap invocation. helper, hammer, healer, hostage, perfect, plunder, power, pressure. suddenly there's a shout ryutero! shudder, shower, shaping, secret, freedom, finger, foreign, feeling RYTERO! again a shout. cut to the door she is jumping up and down once for each syllable. then there's a moment when she stops looking up, silence. cut to over his shoulder, looking down, her looking up silence. back to her, silence. a bit of

paper flutters down. she picks it up. opens it, crunching it in her fist, she turns pacing back and forth, then through the gate and she is gone.

last scene rytero on the roof...

he's writing in his journal. "it's the 5th day and something is definitely happening. the machine works, it's actually unexpected. i am driven to do this thing, for the results i thought but deep down i didn't think there were going to be any results. no results, i feel confident, but i make the machine anyway. there are two minds. i think if i actually believed that the machine would work, i would never have built it. so i think i am building it and it will work, but the deep truth is that i don't think it will. i am hiding the results from myself. and now there's nothing to hide. it works, it is working now. and something is happening. i suppose i know what's going to happen to me now. i still cannot believe it and this i suppose is the only way i can continue."

bridge

long view of the roof. the hatch opens, and rytero climbs out. he's sits and listens. we hear the noises that he hears, faint like the cobblies moving in the extra dimensions. various angles, the sounds are around him spinning. he is in the center of a vortex. then he is writing in his journal... we see him writing and hear his thoughts, during this we cut to the subway to see the woman coming out of the turnstile, down the street, to the gate. hitting the buzzer. walking back and forth, back and forth...

"it's the 5th day and something is definitely happening. the machine works, it's actually unexpected. i am driven to do this thing, for the results i thought but deep down i didn't think there were going to be any results. no results, i feel confident, but i make the machine anyway. there are two minds. i think if i actually believed that the machine would work, i would never have built it. so i am building it because i think it will work, i think that is what i want, but the deep truth is that i don't think it will work. and it does work, it is working now. and something is happening. i was hiding the results from myself so i would act. i suppose i know what's going to happen to me now. i still cannot believe it and this i suppose is the only way i can continue. i don't think i can stop.

"ryutero!"

"so whatever happens next - it's whatever, some adjective describing what? there are no words no one sees what's about to happen, i alone experience my secret because i cannot begin to describe, more than words, more than me. so

"ryutero!"

cut to her looking up

"ryutero!"

"ryutero!"

"ryutero!"

silence

cut to him looking down - breathing

cut to her looking up

paper fluttering down, landing

she reads

ryutero whispers

"go"

she crumples the paper in her hand, paces back and forth to the gate and is gone.

- 10.1 two in a room. papers, clay, laptops, etc. various implements of design and creation. The laptops are skinned in fabric, they are warm and fuzzy, fun.
- 10.2 heros
 - 10.2.1 war and disease, natural disasters
 - 10.2.2 so where are the all gonna go, let's say conservatively 3 billion. other planets?
 - 10.2.3 we know earth is unique
 - 10.2.4 and so how we've got to create space for them
 - 10.2.5 minaturization?
 - 10.2.6 the fascinating life of bacteria
 - 10.2.7 accelerating moore's law?
 - 10.2.8 can we compute 3 billion, there's got to be detail
 - 10.2.9 eventually the detail falls apart, that's why things get all slippery at the quantum level
 - 10.2.10 it's the lower limit of detail
 - 10.2.11 and eventually you hit the computation, doesn't matter how smart your magnifying glass is, there just isn't anything left below the computation.
 - 10.2.12 ok so this is doable
 - 10.2.13 maybe we can improve on the scheme
 - 10.2.14 that's the spirit! (reminding that improvements may be premature)
 - 10.2.15 ok, well how about a working prototype first.
 - 10.2.16 you know, for kids (referring to something for kids to play with, as in the hudsucker proxy)
 - 10.2.17 right
 - 10.2.18 then phase two we can innovate
 - 10.2.19 being god is hard work
 - 10.2.20 what else would you rather do?
 - 10.2.21 make lunch
 - 10.2.22 that's also a creative act, so there's no choice
 - 10.2.23 god's sweatshop
 - 10.2.24 happy prisoner, she's get to create
 - 10.2.25 they'll be bursting in here any minute with the handcuffs and shock collars
 - 10.2.25.1 (referring to several ideas - it's illegal to create, because only god can create, especially the development of clandestine micro-universes where terrorists might hide, and even thinking along these lines is heresy. god is both all powerful and unknowable, god is other. god speaks through the authority of the state. all else is evil. align your life with the state and be bathed in gods grace - that's the party line. certainly, the universe and our experience of it demonstrates that someone was looking out for us, (god) but since we are the only ones capable of planning and implementing universes these days, we must be god's successors. god

was sentenced to create and either she paid her debt or escaped, leaving us. maybe she escaped into us, into the rocks and rivers. which would amount to the same thing, she is us. however, the prison regulations state that we are prisoners, and any other thoughts (and we have plenty of them) are contraband.)

10.2.26 they'll have to crash the entire net...

10.2.27 and incinerate the universe to keep this quiet

10.2.27.1 this is a clandestine micro-universe, it's a model of what god herself must have experienced and you can't flush the toilet in a dream. that is to say, if you have to pee and you're asleep, you can dream of peeing but you'll still need to go, so the dream re-occurs. you can dream of killing yourself, but you are still going to wake up and be alive. then you get to decide whether the dream is less real than waking life. so the authorities can break in and arrest our heros, but their conversation is the cosmic background radiation, what they are saying and planning is already everywhere, these are the crimes of the universe. god as hacker.

10.2.28 every stone knows the secret

10.2.29 and the wind whispers it to those who dare to listen

10.2.30 it's about time for a camping trip

10.2.31 exactly

10.2.32 so here's how we'll start...

10.3 we've got two people in a room, talking with papers, laptops and so forth. Back and forth, close-ups, mid-shots... at this point, we switch to barbies talking, skeletons, ecorches. modelling the universe.

10.4 we can do cam movements during the lines and then repeat them with the dolls to build the associations.

10.5 train layout, model of the enterprise, miniatures

10.6 ecorche in various positions, sitting, lying back, sculptures of the body

10.6.1 what is the architecture, the mechanisms, how does it function? we'll design the entire chassis and then enhance it with things you find around the house... the fruit and vegetable ecorche

10.7 influences

10.7.1 science fiction - the computational universe - random texts from the cosmic background radiation and the decay of radioactive elements.

10.7.2 hacker VCDs, the incorrigible hacker optimism

10.7.3 ecorche

10.8 *"I freed a thousand slaves, I could have freed a thousand more, if only they knew they were slaves." ~ Harriet Tubman*

11 measuring device

11.1 the measuring device

11.1.1 it's a circle from the side, two circles from the front and back. why is this important? it's where / the action, character, proportion. the measuring device

- 11.1.2 the central ball of the body
- 11.1.3 where we bend from
- 11.1.4 the center
- 11.1.5 a bowl holding a bag of water
- 11.1.6 it's where i begin
- 11.1.7 what I use the most and know the least about
- 11.1.8 pelvis
- 11.1.9 i am drawing this
- 11.1.10 p 155 body learning to apply it's full power..
- 11.1.11 the truncations of the pelvis - a physical model
- 11.1.12 images
 - 11.1.12.1 dan gesturing the figure
 - 11.1.12.2 the measuring device - " in the standing figure, three to the top of the torso"
 - 11.1.12.3 action (gesturing) **word only**
 - 11.1.12.4 character (how wide - calipers) **word only**
 - 11.1.12.5 proportion - the measuring device
- 11.1.13 why the pelvis? because it is the foundation of the figure. it's where the figure starts.
- 11.1.14 the body radiates out from the pelvis
- 11.1.15 the center of davinci's drawing?

12 the command center

12.1 2/27/05

- 12.1.1 my ass hurts. meanwhile...
- 12.1.2 our apartment is the command center, like a car. it may be comfortable and even fun to drive, but it's a place to get us other places. It's a module that transports us elsewhere. We are connected up to all matter of interesting feeds and from these feeds we choose the most engaging action and place to go. we can work from almost anywhere with enough hard drive space, so why stay here when we can be someplace where lovely women will flirt with us? where we can make new friends and meet new collaborators?
- 12.1.3 so that's the idea. we keep the place nice because we may be bringing people back here and also to keep it running efficiently. it may seem counter intuitive to keep it nice so that we leave it, but that's the jist. we understand that having an apartment in nyc is not the end, it's not the result, but a vehicle towards many exciting outcomes. the life of the hermit is over.
- 12.1.4 the metaphor is the professor. he can travel to many places in the control room, but he cannot experience life and the world from there, he has to fall out of the control room to engage physically. having my apartment play a central role in my new york life is like being trapped in the control room. so what if we can manipulate the world, we want to touch, taste and feel it wafting over us.