

A statement of your work process at CS and your project description

I arrived at Can Serrat expecting my time there to be a time of making, though it ended up being more of a time for gathering. Yet at the same time, I look back and see a lot of activity: I edited a freelance project, navigated my day job for two weeks, “gave” a character from an abandoned project to a fellow resident, made friends, explored the mountain, laughed a LOT, and collected many notes and observations about my experiences while in residence that feel resonant with the project that comes after the creative manuscript I’m currently closest to finishing. Actively being part of a creative community felt like an important part of the work process, also.

I incorporated journaling into my writing practice while at Can Serrat, so it perhaps seems fitting to share a selection from the first entry in a notebook I started while in residence. It’s continued on the following page.

Title of sample work: “From the notebook with donkeys on it”

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4/21/22

It was raining on our walk this morning. It rains here like how it rains in Oregon - our clothes were soaked through by the time we got back to the house but the rain doesn't come down sideways like it does in New York. I told Maddie that it's both a joke and a truth that Oregonians don't own umbrellas and she said it's the same in Dublin - why would you have one?

I think I *am* a plant, she said. She was so excited to be in the sun that I'd joked that she was photosynthesizing bc of how much she was soaking up the sun. The two moods of (some? most?) plants: *fuck yes sun* and *fuck yes rain*.

I'm gonna cry again, she said. It's so beautiful here. What is life? she said a few minutes later.

The mountain looks different in the rain, the mist covering parts of the stone pillars, emphasizing others - the rain and clouds help reveal the three (at least?) dimensionality of the mountain.

I'd showed her the texts I'd sent mat about her and how mat had said, What a gift it is that life can be a series of fallings in love. That's it, I'd said, that's the tweet to end all tweets.

Michelle was talking about titles. She said, If I have to try too hard to understand or have an experience with it, I'm not going to take the time - if it's too intellectual, it dampens my experience with the object and the article.

It's not a painting anymore, she said, it's a sentence about a painting.

Hugging tree in the rain: Maddie says, I think that's the tree today. She hugs it and I go to one beyond it. We hugged the trees for a long time - I felt myself trying to close my eyes, to be alone with the tree, noticing Maddie tilting her face to the sky for the rain. That was the best hug I've had, she said. I like this tree because I can reach around it.

I like things I can't reach around, I said without thinking. I'd told her about the times I hooked up with C.P. and how it was new and exciting to be physical with someone my own size. I like things that make me feel small - being little spoon, etc. It reminds me of Alexa's story game and the room inside the house that supposedly correlates to your relationships/significant other. I remember a large, open, fantasy-esque throne room, elegant, maybe elvish. It made me (Carlos makes me) feel small, in a good way. I wonder if "small" here in this context is another ways of saying the love and support I seek comes in the form of people and things who are able and willing to hold all of me.