Theatre of the Mind  Slpotting  Character  Want
Seduction  Story Time  THEORY OF STORY  Obsession
Want  Pointing out the View  Choice

Choreography  Sense of the Senses
THEATRE OF THE MIND  Evoking
Significant Detail  Thingness  Generosity

Character  Want/Don’t Want  Writer  Want/Don’t
Want

WANT/DON’T WANT  Reader
Want/Don’t Want  Reader Character
You Are Your Choices  CHARACTER  Story Character
Writer Character

Page Turnability
PLOD, PLOT, PLOTZ, SLBOT
Hope vs. Fear  Profluence

The Space Break  Iterative
STORY TIME  Compression  THIS INK BLACK MAGIC
Scene  Elongation  Summary
Scroll Back  Loop

Costly To Break This Contract
Thought

Authorial Distance  POV
Writer Obsession  First, Second,
Third, OM  Passion  OBSESSION  Theme

Character Obsession  Competition  Negative Capability
Lit of Illumination  WHAT  Heart
Reading Talent  Inner Dialect  Which Story to Write

FICTION WRITING-UG 1555-001 Spring 2014
Thurs 6:20-9:00, 1 Washington Place, # 401
Office hours: Thurs 5-6, 1 Washington Place, #613
Spain’s e-mail: clspain@msn.com

Kneeded:
Opn mind, obsession to learn, humbleness mixed with airgants (it takes a certain arrogance to imagine anyone would want to give up part of their life to read what you have written), a sense to be humored humbled bumbled.

Aim we for:
The goal of this class is to present the (mostly) verifiable, repeatable, teachable, learnable and nearly non-negotiable elements of The Theory of Story--elements that repeatedly (and verifiably) wake a WANT in the READER to reach for the next page and the next page and the next.

Mustards:
Submit 3 fictions (one a GSE constraint story, more on later), double-spaced and numbered, up to 12 pages long, with a mistspelling in first sentence of each. If part of a larger word work accompany submission with summary of project.
Be sure 15 copies arrive in class one week before your work is up for discussion. Extra stories to be left in my box.
Fill out story questionnaires for your peers’ drafts. Accompanying each questionnaire should be a written critique of 150-200 words. Each of these are brought to class in duplicate--hand one to author, one to me.
Choose an “almost fav” published story, bring in 15 copies. Participate in in-class exercises.
Fill out a GSE Questionnaire. Meet with story editor to discuss, write constraint story (this one of your three fiction submissions).

Grading? Grating? Greatening?

WHAT I SAID WHEN GALLATIN ASKED IF WORKSHOPS SHOULD BE LETTER GRADED OR PASS FAIL:
The most difficult task for the workshop instructor interested in teaching students how to create art—as opposed to how to critique art—is convincing them to take chances, to give themselves permission to fail. It is only with this permission that students have any hope of startling themselves with something new and different, with something that we might be lucky enough to call art. It is my experience that it is often the best students—academically speaking, 4.0 speaking—that are the most difficult to convince that embracing the possibility of failure is a good thing. These students are unaccustomed to failure, in fact have designed their lives to exclude the possibility of getting spanked with anything but an "A". They tend to be great essay writers and lousy artists. If they sense an "A" hovering like a halo on the horizon, as well as an "F" looming like an executioner's axe, what is the likelihood that they will risk failure, that they will ever take a chance? If I use letter grades I must acknowledge that what I am attempting to teach is not how to create art, but how to create competent copies of what we call art. I am more likely to foster quasi-plagiarist writing than anything that might ever delight the student or delight me.

Even if we convince students to take chances, to risk failure, the pitfalls of assigning letter grades in workshops remain, not the least of which is the subjectivity of evaluation that every teacher worth their salt must vouchsafe. If I assign letter grades I must acknowledge this assumes I will always be able to identify what good art is, and that I will be able to evaluate it at first glance. Anyone who has ever published a book—or seen their script translated to screen or hung a painting in an exhibition—and who has been excoriated and lavishly praised for the same piece of work will testify to the capriciousness of that game.

I had an independent study student who wrote a novella length piece of fiction that I judged wonderful; not perfect yet, but first class bold and courageous work, work that I call art. He was also taking a writing class in CAS and his teacher hated--my student said hated--this same work, and had him scared to death that he was going to get whacked with a lousy grade. There is no point in debating whose evaluation of the student's work was correct. What is important is to recognize that the threat of a lousy grade had a negative impact on this student's creativity, that it was more likely to stunt him, blunt his risk taking, limit his work.

What do I fear? I fear that when one decides to assign letter grades in a workshop one shifts from being a teacher of the methods of art to being a critic of art. And then I offer a worst case scenario of what critics do:

From what fabulous meeting of a slug with a pea-cock, from what genital antithesis, from what fatty oozings can have been generated this thing called M. Gustave Courbet? Under what gardener's cloche, with the help of what manure, as a result of what mixture of wine, beer, corrosive mucous and flatulent swelling can have grown this sonorous and hairy pumpkin, this aesthetic belly, this imbecilic and impotent incarnation of the Self?--attack engineered by Alexandre Dumas (Fils).
It seems to me that we must trust that the only reward with any lasting value is the reward of the process, the thrill of creating something that was not there before. This is what we are interested in, yes? The reward of an "A", the reward of a computer generated imprint of ink on white paper, the reward of this something that looks like a famished two-story alpine hut, seems such a meager gift compared to what you might be able to give a student if you can convince them to risk failure, to dance the thinnest ice, to create art.

Gallatin said letter grades.

So ..... 

Turn in three drafts, numbered and double-spaced, on time: 1/1

Complete all Story Questionnaires in duplicate: 25/25

Written critiques of the work of your peers (150-200 words) in duplicate: 25/25

Bring in copies of almost fav story: 10/10

Talk way too much--blah, blah, blah, your peers’ eyes glaze over: 0/10
Talk none at all: 0/10.
Talk just right: 10/10.

If you talk way way way too much, or unnecessarily repeat what someone has already said, or talk way way way too slowly: -10

Don’t act like a jerk (this means you are respectful of your peers and their work): 10/10

If, despite the request to not act like a jerk, you are nasty, mean, vindictive: -50

Attendance: 20/20

Spain likes your fictions or not: 0/0

So, perfecto is ..... 101

Workshops work because of synergy; if you can't commit to going shoulder to shoulder for a semester bail now. One excused absence will not effect your grade. Excused means you email me by noon on the day you expect to miss to let me know you will not be coming because you accidentally chopped off your arm, foot, nose. Two excused absences and I have the option of lowering your grade.

Any unexcused absence will (most-likely-probably) result in lowering of your grade. If you do miss class and you want credit for your story questionnaires and written critiques you must email them to author and cc Spain by Friday midnight after Thursday class you
miss. Don’t be late to class. If you have a job or any other regular commitment that you know will make you regularly late to class, bail now. Anyone coming in after 6:30 will be humiliated and if that happens often it will affect your grade.

Incompletes:

Only given to students who suffer compound fractures or similarly catastrophic fates.

1/30 SYL, Ground Rules
2/6 TOTM I
2/13 NO CLASS, NO CLASS
2/20 TOTM II
2/27 TOTM III
3/6 STORY TIME
3/13 THEME HANGOVERS/OBSESSION
3/20 SPRING BREAK
3/27 WANT//WHY
4/3 CHOICE FACTORIES
4/10 WRITER CHARACTER/REVISION
4/17 POINTING OUT THE VIEW
4/24 FILTERS
5/1 OBSTACLES
5/8 KITCHEN SINK
5/13 MAKEUP FOR 2/13 MISSED CLASS, REGULAR TIME, 6:20

WORKSHOP SOPs

For writer:
First off, don’t turn in anything that you think someone might find offensive or threatening. If you are wondering, clear with me first. That said, we should acknowledge how often interesting work makes us uncomfortable.

Writer says everything writer has to say on the page. This means that while your story is discussed/dissected you squirm/die a thousand deaths SILENTLY. At end of discussion Writer has a minute to ask any questions he/she felt were not already answered. This is not a time for the writer to explain what they meant to say.

--Try to hear everything you can.

For the reader/critic:

--Assume it is A DRAFT, not a finished fiction, somewhere early on the arc of becoming what it will become. We WASTE TREMENDOUS ENERGY if we critique these DRAFTS as if they were published fictions.

--Remember it is a fiction. Try not to to address the writer as if they are a character in the story.

--Be decent.

--Focus, as best you can, on THE HOW of the story, the WHY of effect, not the WHAT of what it is saying.

--Be prepared to concisely make a “single-most-important comment” about each story. You can choose to highlight something you thought worked particularly well, or to focus on something you felt was particularly problematic.

**BRIEF NOTE ON WHAT AND HOW**

In this class we are going to try and focus on THE HOW of story, not THE WHAT of what the draft is attempting to say. You will probably have to train yourself to do this because, most likely, in the majority of the literature classes you have taken you focused on THE WHAT. You will (most likely) have to actively work to turn your attention away from THE WHAT to begin to focus on THE HOW.

This doesn’t mean THE WHAT of what a writer writes is not important. With the finished piece there is nothing more important. The WHAT of what you write is what you are saying, is the search you are on, is WHAT matters to you, is WHAT makes you you. But it’s not teachable, by teacher or peer.

(But be sure that when we speak of WRITING FOR THE READER, of making adjustments to your writing for your reader, we are not talking about adjusting the WHAT, we are speaking of adjusting the HOW.)

**CRITICS**

Nobody ever raised a statue to a critic. --said somebody, may they pardon me for mangling the quote.

Vladimir—No no, after you.

Estragon—No no, you first.
v--I interrupted you.
e--On the contrary.
They glare at each other angrily.
v--Ceremonious ape!
e--Punctilious pig!
v--Finish your phrase, I tell you!
e--Finish your own!
Silence. They draw closer, halt.
v--Moron!
e--That's the idea, let's abuse each other.
They turn, move apart, turn again and face each other.
v--Moron!
e--Vermin!
v--Abortion!
e--Morpion.
v--Sewer-Rat!
e--Curate!
v--Cretin!
e--(with finality) Critic!
v--Oh!
He wilts, vanquished, and turns away.

This to emphasize that in this class, even though most of what we do is critiquing, we celebrate the writer, the creator. We devalue the critic, if not mock them.

Yes, when we think artists we think SUN-GODS, creators of rosy fingered dawnings of life-giving light, or we think creators of high-noon scorching illuminations (of the human heart).

And when we think critic we think pale reflection, auxiliary, dim moon.

CRITIQUING

When we are pale-reflecting, dim-mooning, we are not critiquing WHAT the piece is saying unless we can’t help ourselves.

Certainly we are not trying to teach THE WHAT. How could we?

We want to focus on THE HOW. Of course we must acknowledge that in some fundamental way THE HOW and THE WHAT are inextricably bound, but it’s a question of shading our attention.

We are critiquing the WRITER’S CRAFT CHOICES.
Again, to reiterate and repeat myself, It is not so important if we like WHAT THE STORY IS SAYING or not.

What we are trying to understand is how, word by word, scene by scene, summary by summary a writer vaults a fiction off the page and onto that stage in every reader’s mind. We are trying to learn how to seduce readers with sentences. Trying to learn how to accomplish the first and last task of every narrative, the waking of want in the reader to reach for the next page.

You hope to teach the writer something, you think you have something to teach them, and if they are lucky they might learn something, but mainly you teach yourself.

Like watching the first flight of a new flying something it is easy enough to know if a story stays aloft or not. But fathoming WHY a narrative flies or stalls calls for another level attention.

STUDENT (always and forever) CRITIC vs. CRITIC CRITIC

The difference? Something about stance. The Critic Critic guards a gate, and already knows the know. And their most important job is to say, No, you can't come in. The Student Critic is like Keats, living like a poet, living in uncertainty, learning, searching for why.

...several things dove-tailed in my mind, and at once it struck me what quality went to form a Man of Achievement, especially in Literature, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously - I mean Negative Capability, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason... Keats

In this class we ask that you try and develop your Student Critic Self.

When we critique a fiction, each of us (and the rest of the class) will most likely learn more about us (the critic) than we will about the fiction.

It should be obvious (but so often we forget) that there can only be so much strength to a brand new something a writer is coaxing into what it will eventually become.

It is folly (and would be overwhelming to any writer/new narrative) to lean on all of it--language, character, summary, scene, sense detail, specific detail, architecture, perspective, et cetera, et cetera--all at once.

We try to find that balance. Lean on it just right.

Different drafts call for different levels of attention.
Some submissions are only ready to bear up to inquiries of the broadest nature, to questions of obsession and want and profluence.

Sometimes, by happy miracle, an early draft is delivered to the workshop as if by the gods, and it is ready to have its structure leaned on, its scenes and summaries leaned on, perhaps even its sentences and metaphors leaned on.

Sometimes the piece is perfect. Not often, but it happened once. And we were looking so hard for what was wrong that we didn’t see what was right.

When we examine workshop drafts (turned in under deadline and duress) we should focus on potential as opposed to measuring workshop drafts up against the completed best.

ON BEING CRITIQUED

As writers of newly minted fictions we can only hear what we are ready to hear.

But hear everything you can.

Listen for the gifts your critics gift you, but don’t listen too hard, don’t lose your balance.

Hear what you can hear, what speaks to you, and let the rest dissipate, disassociate, disappear. This because so often the critical assessments of your peers will be diametrically opposed.

We must waltz our narratives--naked hearts--out in front of that gatling gun of subjective opinion, get bloodied and shredded, and be bulletproof as well. We are lucky to find one or two writer/teacher/critics who speak to our hearts, and who can hit .300 when they approach our work. That's if we are lucky. They are worth their weight in gold. Don't let them get away.

FIRST DRAFTS/EARLY WORKSHOP DRAFTS

The idea is to bring in something that can be leaned on. If you are sure it is finished, and the cement has set, it is a waste of everyone's time.

That said a true first draft is probably not what we want to drop on a workshop. With a day or two of distance we would most likely see for ourselves much of what the workshop has to tell us.

We don’t want to use class energy checking spelling and syntax.
It is a lucky day if an early draft even approximates a story. Generally early drafts are not about writing stories but about searching for stories (and how to best tell them).

Perhaps the most one can hope for is something to save, something we can't let go of, something that won't let go of us.

Great fictions are miracles.

Good fictions are miracles.

A story that takes wing (in a reader’s mind) is as much a miracle as flight itself. To assume a first draft will soar is as naive as stepping off a cliff with feathers glued to your fists.

Try to build your first and second and third drafts in sand, not concrete. You want to be able to kick it over; it will get kicked over; kicking it over is a good thing.

We revise words that aren't stories into words that are.

Writers are high wire walkers, engineers of thin cables of language across a (sometimes terrifying) yawning Arctic whiteness, catching their balance word by word, knowing wire walkers

\[ f \]

\[ a \]

\[ l \]

\[ l. \]

We will do it fifty times before we get it right. If our gods favor us.

Writing great fictions calls for skills equal in complexity to those skills needed to orchestrate great music, to direct great films. The range of knowledge necessary calling for (for most of us) years of study and practice.

Reader, critic, writer, remember, these are drafts.

FAILURE, FAIL-YOU-ARE
Wonderstand failure it no enemy.

Most any artistic triumph is an eyelash away from disaster.

We must give ourselves permission to fail, and to fail spectacularly.

The greatest hindrance to creativity is fear of failure. Whenever the punishment is too severe, creativity dies. Look at the unholywoods; if they fail somebody loses 100 million.

Writers are trapeze artists (didn’t we just say they were high-wire walkers? We did. Well, that too.) We fling ourselves, spinning and dancing on air with our language, and the reader has to make the catch.

Sometimes they don’t.

But when we do workshop work, we are not in front of a hostile crowd, we work over a net of peers. If the catch is missed, our fault or the reader's, and if we fall, we fall to friends.

The hope is that if we work long enough with a net under us, finally, we don't need it.

Like those Olympic ski aerialists who practice their flips and twists by landing in pools of warm welcoming water. They would never learn those moves over stone hard snow.

Yes, we must forgive each other for falling short (of course we must fall short), and, most importantly, we must forgive ourselves.

For the novice writer there is probably no more important quality to cultivate than forgiveness. Maybe for any writer. If we can’t forgive ourselves for our early efforts, for not measuring up to what we admire as great, we are doomed to half empty notebooks of paralyzed poetry and stunted stories.

…J.S. is perfectly right in regard to the slipshod Endymion. That it is so is no fault of mine.—No!—though it may sound a little paradoxical. It is as good as I had the power to make it—by myself—Had I been nervous about its being a perfect piece, and with that view asked advice, and trembled over every page, it would not have been written; for it is not in my nature to fumble—I will write independently.—I have written independently without Judgement—I may write independently and with judgment hereafter.—The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man: It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself—that which is creative must create itself—In Endymion, I leaped headlong into the Sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the Soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and
took tea and comfortable advice.—I was never afraid of failure; for I would sooner fail than not be among the greatest.—But I am nigh getting into a rant…Keats.

We pass on the Keats’ letter because it is instructive, because he articulated so well what is to be lost. If Keats had allowed himself to focus on what Endymion was not, if he had not given himself permission to write *without Judgment*, to flex and strengthen, to stretch his capacities, to fail, writing the 4000 lines in eight months, then the extraordinary reach of 1819 would not have happened, and the miracles of *Ode to a Nightingale, Ode on a Grecian Urn, Ode on Melancholy, To Autumn, La Belle Dame Sans Merci, Hyperion, The Fall of Hyperion, Bright Star*—would have been lost to all of us. So. So I just wanted to say that.

**Ode on a Grecian Urn**

1
Thou still unravish’d bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring’d legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities of mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

2
Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear’d,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal-yet, do not grieve:
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

3
Ah, happy, happy boughs! That cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new:
More happy love! More happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy’d,
For ever panting, and for ever young:
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy’d,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

4
Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead’st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadal,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e’er return.

5
O Attic shape! Fair attitude! With brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say’st,
“Beauty is truth, truth beauty,”-that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
--Keats

READING LIKE APPRENTICE WRITERS (hungry to learn) vs. READING LIKE READERS (or book reviewers or critics or teachers who already know)

Why does the reading of much good writing (as a reader) seem to have no connection with developing the ability to write good writing? This is true, isn’t it? Our proof? Some of the best-read people we know couldn’t write themselves a fictional parking ticket.

It seems that reading good writing (as a reader) gets you ready to write good writing about as well as taking a 767 first class from here to LA gets you ready to pilot the plane yourself.

WHY WHY WHY
And this: Might a measure of how well a writer is saying WHAT they are saying be the amount of attention (or lack of attention) the reader pays to the HOW of how they are saying it? So the better the writing (magic), the less likely we are to notice the HOW of the illusion?

Isn’t it true that the work of great writers—great anybodies, think Jordan, think Callas, think Hendrix, think Flannery—appears effortless? And do we learn any of their craft by watching them.

It is a litmus test, isn’t it? That illusion of effortlessness? With a great story we are lost in the dream, paying no attention to how the dream is generated. Yes? Maybe? And so the easiest choice (sometimes it seems almost the only choice) is to give into the seduction, and save learning for another day.

Yes, the reader, the reader reading for joy or distraction or illumination, of course doesn’t give a damn about how a piece of writing works. They want to be lost in the read, they are just hoping for something, maybe a juxtaposition of words that evokes startling beauty, maybe an epiphany, or perhaps they are just hoping for a momentary masking of the tick-tock, a quieting of THE GREAT THUDDING CLOCK that tick tocks away our lives.

Maybeperhaps?

When we read as readers it seems most of us only care that it works, that it loses us in a “fictional dream”—exceptions, of course, are the metafiction readers—that it transports us to a whaling ship sailing a Quito spring, or to a civil war field-hospital that Inman walks out of, or to a hotel room in Dublin where Gretta remembers her one true love, Michael Furey, and with such a fewness of words irrevocably changes Gabriel’s life.

Another question: Do we learn anything about the How of fiction from book reviewers? What are book reviewers doing when they review a book? I don’t know, probably each one is up to something slightly different. I suppose some are trying to help those of us who haven’t read the book decide if we should read the book.

Certainly some are just hoping to make a couple ducats. Because if you have anything to do with the book business you probably don’t even have enough coin for a single Starbucks giga-mocha-choke-a-bambino.

Some might be settling old scores, real or imagined.

And, of course, often you realize reviewers are showcasing their big brains, hoping to dazzle us with their interpretations, their language, their own The Me Show; although, generally I think this (immaturity? lack of self esteem?) razzle-dazzle is subordinated in the reviewing world, considered bad form when too obvious and out of control.
Usually we get some sort of synopsis from the reviewer, but, in general, we don’t get much of a nuts-and-bolts discussion of HOW a book’s words and sentences and scenes and summaries work. That said, it is easy to imagine a good part of the visceral response by the reviewer, the thumbs-up thumbs-down part of it, is a reaction to THE HOW of a book, even if THE HOW remains unexplored.

And what about book critics, do we learn anything about the HOW of fiction from what critics write?

What are book critics doing when they critique a fiction or a writer?

Probably some critics are publishing so they don’t perish; publishing so they can get or keep one of those increasingly elusive tenure track teaching jobs--publishing for the resume, for food in mouth, roof over head. Hard to argue against that.

Of course some critics must love language and story and just want to steep themselves in it and are trying to find a way to get paid.

But it does often seem the book critic doesn’t subordinate The Me, is more about championing THE ME, is about singing out, See me, my interpretation, how clever I am, let me tell you how much I know.

Not to say there aren’t literary critics trying to figure out HOW it works, word by word--Gerard Genette and other Structuralists. And others I am sure.

SO HOW MIGHT AN APPRENTICE WRITER READ?

Maybeperhaps, for the first read, you should give yourself permission to read with those same sympathies/tendencies/wants that the reader reads with, not asking for anything more than the reader asks for: seduction, fictional dream, mystery, profluence, take me away, mask the tic-tock.

But, for the second read, maybeperhaps you want to approach not as a reader, or as a reviewer, or as a critic, but in a way that might mimic the way an apprentice (of anything) learns.

Perhaps as apprentice word writers we should read like child mechanics taking apart our first car, trying to find the heart of its car-ness, scattering bolt and molded metal on a greasy floor. What is this? Is this the story’s engine? What is piston? What is cylinder? Where is this oil drip coming from? Time for a timing belt?

Or perhaps as apprentice writers we should read like apprentice carpenters, climbing around an old house looking to see how it was put together. Slab foundation? Deep basements? Sheet-rocked? Plaster on lathe? Balloon framing? Post and beam? Post and modern?
Or like a medical student, dissecting that body they give you to slice and dice, to peel the skin off of, to gut and learn on.

The questionnaires you are going to fill out are an attempt, no doubt painful, at getting you started reading the way apprentice writers might want to read. A way to tease out "the hows" of an effective piece of fiction.

So we ask you to ask yourselves: Does anyone want anything? How is time handled? Is it in scene, is it in summary? Does it come alive in the reader’s mind? And why? Which sense does the author favor? And what is the effect of that?

Now you can’t read like an apprentice wordwright always, or you’ll stop reading, because it’s work, not much fun, going down like Ipecac rather than candy. But our sense is that if you want to write, read like a writer as often as you can.

And if you are serious about a writing career, read like an apprentice writer as if your life depended on it, because your writing life does depend on it.

This worry: Is it possible that understanding “the how” of a performance actually hinders the experience of it?

Certainly this is the case with magic.

Or even a worse worry: Is it possible that knowing HOW something works (at least the early stages of apprehension of the HOW) actually hinders the creating of it?

There is probably something to this worry.

“If you try and take a cat apart to see how it works, the first thing you have on your hands is a non-working cat.” Douglas Adams

It seems likely there is a stage we (must?) pass through when learning THE HOW of writing that disturbs us--as the vast complexities of the craft are first illuminated--and perhaps this awareness might leave one feeling, at least temporarily, inadequate, self-conscious, not up to the task, blocked.

But we are also fairly confident that an informed approach to writing is the only way to give yourself a chance at repeatable success.

And another reason to forgive your early efforts: 10,000 hours