

There are grids like graphing paper. And then waves of energy bouncing over them, over the structure, but underneath the triangles. This is like a Rorschach Test.

(It looks like the first place here was vibrant and layered, and the 3rd was like a dream and kind of lack substance, or weight. The 4th taught you some hard lesson because it looks like flint and fire. The 5th is water overlaid with experience and the 6th looks like you held a whole country. The 7th could be underwater. Maybe you lived in Atlantis. Maybe there's an island. I'm not sure you really know how you feel about this place. 80% of this analysis is projection, I have to assume.)

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As we step, we map out a terrain of triangles. All the places we've been, the failed ideas and actual attempts, the final throw that finishes the map, and makes it irrelevant. The triangle that stuck.

"Where does the city ask you to stop, or ask you to move on?"

I never know when to move on. That's why I always end up with my back on the map, pressed to the ground, thrown.

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"The geese don't even go anywhere. It doesn't get cold enough for them to leave."

"Then why are they flying in V's?"

"They're just practicing."

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I know it's not only the triangles that are the point, but I can't stop seeing them now.

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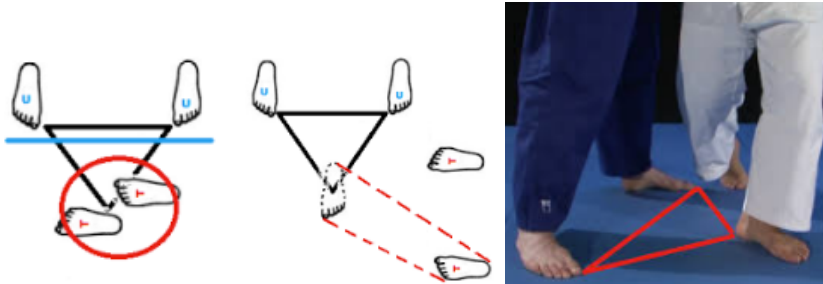
I've just been thinking about how hard it is to love something well, which is to say to love it just enough and not too much. Art is susceptible to that--susceptible to becoming an identity and an obsession, the meaning behind everything and also the motive.

Beginning and end, with no room for entry in the middle. I think what I'm writing is about that. It's about how triangles are 2 things coming together, creating a space where there's all this possibility, but only if you don't smother it.

And about how intensity isn't perceived well. If you love that possibility too much, nothing moves forward. You end up kind of stuck and alone, like a judo throw that doesn't work. It's just an awkward, useless position. You only ended up there because you got too close to someone, did too much of something.

As a method of avoiding that, I've been thinking about triangles. It's the top layer. I know it. But that's all I can look at without loving too much, without smearing anything.

In judo, many of the throws are based on triangles. The most classic techniques come from triangles. When we fight, we make a map on the mat. A whole history of anticipation and attempt. Judo demands a precision that is nearly oppressive, a structure where you have to find creativity within and between the rules and techniques. Some places are like that, too. I'll bet you've lived in a place like that before.



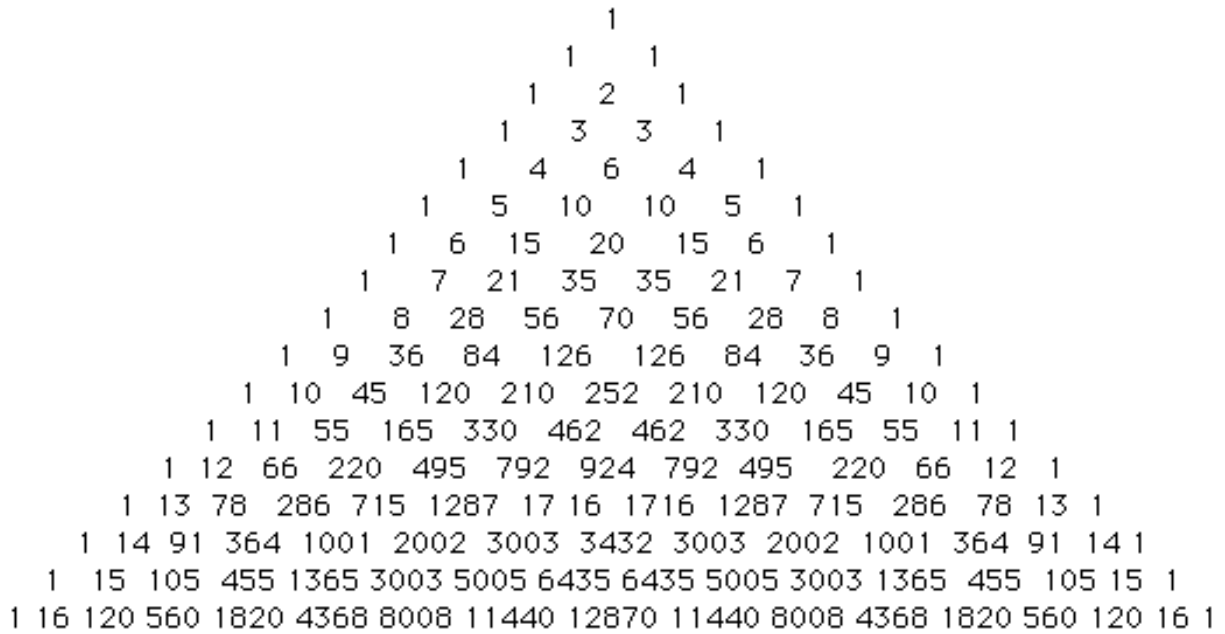
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I hate when people tell me I overthink things. I would go so far as to say it's my least favorite thing. But even I feel like I'm overthinking this. I'm starting to believe with my whole heart that I'm doing it wrong. Maybe all the thought I put into things means that I overlove them, like watering a plant too much.

"How does the space change when you enter it?"

Danielle: You can't really fit anything comfortably in a triangle. Squares just seem more complete to me.

Teddy: Did you know that they are the building blocks for most computer generated graphics? It's because they are easiest for a system to process. So video game developers use triangles to create props, people, cities, and everything else. Everything can be created using triangles and light tricks.

Pascal's triangle: It was beautiful, and no one seemed to care.



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One page in a strawberry-colored quiz-book invited me to doodle and find out what my subconscious is telling me through art. I made a page of triangles, upside-down and right-side up. Heavy lines, scratchy and lacking in precision. I just couldn't think of anything else to draw and nothing felt quite as comfortable as these shapes. That was the day I learned, via my quiz-book, that I'm "precise and grounded." I'm ashamed to admit how often these assessments pop up in my mind. Everything I do judged against this list of adjectives some lip-gloss hawking magazine made for me as a kid. I'm frustrated at how young girls are like wet clay, and how many hands reach to sink their thumbs in.

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Kirsten Aguilar, 1:41 PM: Those damn triangles. How do you figure that shit out?

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The formulas, for your reference:

$a^2+b^2=c^2$  (for right triangles only)

area=  $\frac{1}{2}$ base x ht

angle A + angle B + angle C= 180 deg.

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I wanted to make this an essay. When I first started, it was an essay. And now it's not, now it's like a long prose poem? I had to gut it, to cut all the way down and scrape off the things that would go and leave only what wouldn't budge. I don't think I finished that, because it was really uncomfortable. I felt like there would be nothing left. But it was the only thing that made sense. I don't have a complete sense of what it means. I've been trying to make a thesis in my head. I don't know if that means there's space in there for other people to fit, or if it signifies a lack of control.