

Strobe Genre, Utah!

by Ann Bogle

I am leaning on a future as on a door that is stuck but ajar. If it will not open, I have the past to connect me.

My physical health is good. My mental health as it is unbelievably called is at issue. My mind is well. My mood is troubled and ebullient.

Writers act unable to define their genres in the midst of composition. Time is the element most advanced in fiction. Point of view is next.

And it's useless to pretend to it in interviews about writing. Narrative is the term I use for story in essay.

Poets keyed to advanced topics in poetry and others leery of "experimental fiction" or "fiction" feel they are inventing plot for humankind.

Autobiography of Red just mentioned in a Tweet. That reminds me of my last night's delegating: *History of Dry*. Too many books remain written.

Co-polar order spectrum; strobe genre (the disco light of the 70s illumining and eclipsing fiction-non-fiction-non in one "article"); UTAH! a jump from forehead-down to standing fast, a cheer, for genre studies.

U of MN is looking to fill Instructor Z and B tracks. It reminds me of seat subclasses in coach.

Even airline rep's tend not to know what those subclasses mean. K was my most recent ticket in coach, I think.

