

Building a Ship
in a Bottle

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In the year 1981 I was feeling really wrung through the wringer. I had been out of the university for seven some years and tried a number of jobs no of which offered me any kind of success. In the university I was trained as a writer and kept on at that pursuit. By that time I was through with my most glib tract of poetry to that date, the verse was flowing from my pen and some of the ideas and images were very fine. I was alone mostly due to my financial problems that allowed for little socializing, in the usual ways for my upbringing. About the only activities I engaged in were free poetry meetings, readings or whatever that is best termed. The people were not personally suited to me, and these casual activities made me no friends at all.

I was in a position where the job market had me with no sort of normal paying working skills so that I was unable to put any sort of a life together that anyone could consider normal. I guess you could say I was in the position of the financial deviate. Not being particularly unattractive I was financially forced into a life where I could just not financially be there. I knew my artistic work had power and read it a few times here and there, but its power was generally unacceptable and grating on the times. The rest of the artists in town had their own school pretty well on its way and I worked in the dark developing a maverick style that caused a sensation that actually seemed to make people ~~see~~^{feel}. I had a power in my work so bad or off the track that it caused people interested in the arts pain. I was a typical loser with a pen attempting to work out his problems by developing cosmic constructs with the mechanisms of his own personal problems as a base. That far off the mark?