

8 One of my earliest memories is of the beach. The tide was coming in, so we gathered our toys and left. When I got home, I realized we forgot my Barrel of Monkeys, a styrofoam barrel with plastic monkeys you connect in a chain.

9 We went back to the beach the next day, and there were my monkeys in a different place, washed away by the tide but then washed up again. What the Lord taketh away he sometimes giveth back.

10 My father assures me we did not arrive in America on a propeller plane. He says it was a jet, a De Havilland Comet 4. He sent me a picture of it.

11 I reject this. It does not fit my narrative desire.

12 I was a Derridean pretty much before I was anything else, but eventually I became disenchanted with him.

13 Or more precisely I couldn't stand the Derrideans. It was like the difference between Christ and the Christians.

14 I have many memories, from different parts of my childhood and later, of being in airplanes. It seemed like a big thing.

15 When I was a kid and went to the beach, I thought sand bars were a kind of miracle. Out there, land past the water, sort of, and sometimes you had to pass through water over your head, and then you're standing again. The passage through water to land.

16 Actually I have more memories of airports, some of them very wrenching.

17 There's something about the machinery and the people coming and going, a site of anguish, rupture, and reunion.

18 I always get sentimental at the end of the school year.

19 Today we had graduation reviews. All the MFAs work is so much better than it was when they started. Is it something the teachers did?

20 My brother and I got sent to a Lutheran church to decide if we believed in God, but after two or three years, I guess we decided we didn't. Now I'm glad it happened because otherwise I really wouldn't understand Christians.

21 I kind of like the random thing.

22 Maybe anybody's writing would get better after two years of working on it.

23 The MFA thing is a sort of self-fulfilling prophecy. Poof, you're a writer.

24 Probably a lot of people today don't remember mimeographs, those ditto sheets they'd hand out in school, faint purple ink and smelling like acetone. They called mimeograph machines "spirit duplicators."

Matias Viegner